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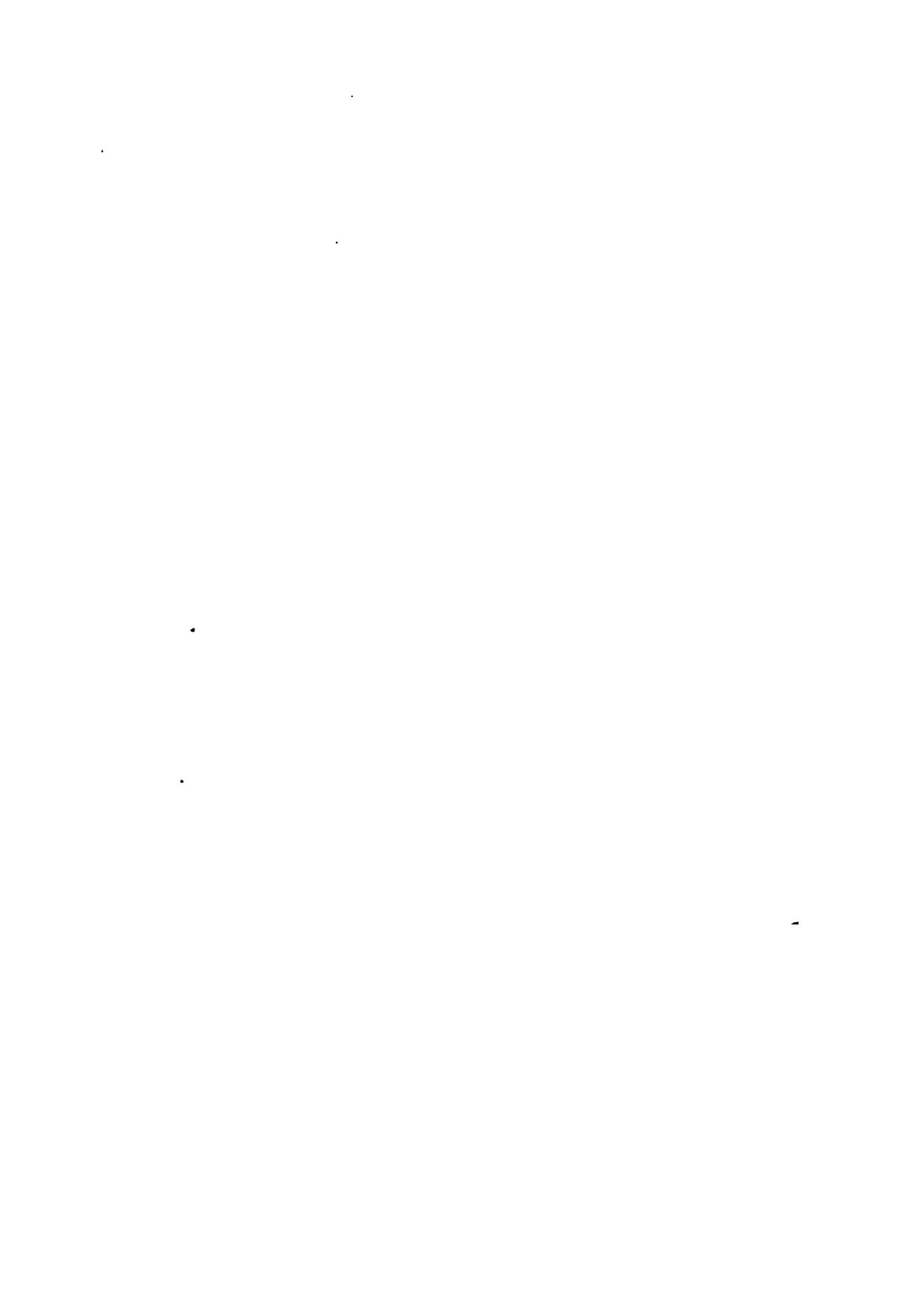
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ΜΗΙΑΙ ΕΡΧΟΜΕΝΗ ΠΡΙΩ, ΚΑΙ :

THE HOMILIES OF ST. GREGORY THE THEOLOGIAN.

From a Greek manuscript of the XIth century in the National Library at Paris.

The manuscript from which this fac-simile is taken is remarkable for the variety of its ornaments, its beautiful and large miniatures, its splendid headings and titles in gold, and its fine writing. The title and line at foot are in tall close conjoined Greek letters, occasionally enclosed in each other, and mingled with smaller letters all written in gold. This practice of gold writing was very common with the Greeks and very few of their manuscripts lack this embellishment, which was applied either by means of a pen with golden ink, or with a brush and gold leaf.

The translation of the title reads: "Oration of our Holy Gregory, Archbishop of Constantinople (surnamed) the Theologian, upon his discourses and upon Julian the exactor of tributes." The bottom line is the date "December 24," and the letters on the side are abbreviations for the Greek words which indicate that it is the seventh homily of the father.

St. Gregory who wrote the homily, is one of the three orthodox bishops of the eastern church, a native of Nazianzum in Cappadocia. The acknowledged superiority of his works has given them a reputation which is still maintained, and, in the early days caused the scribes to multiply copies. He became Archbishop of Constantinople in 380 A. D. but retired after a few years, and lived quietly in his native town where he died at the end of the Fourth century.



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FORTY-FIVE VOLUMES

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THOMAS JEFFERSON

1743-1826

BY PAUL LIPSON, JR.

THE consideration of Thomas Jefferson and his various aspects involves a certain difficulty, as a general rule, in that most people know him as the maker of books, but lack any clear idea of what the productions of his pen should really be. The value of his few publications, as should, of course, to the public, appear with the exception of one very important book, the "Notes on the State of Virginia," of all books produced south of Mason and Dixon's line. The first, first, (the reprinted,) was written to a colleague, and, as was then commonly printed, that a few friends might have copies, and no public edition. Even when it was no longer possible to prevent the publication of a separate edition, the summary View of the Rights of the American, the Declaration of Independence, the Bill of Rights, and the Territorial Ordinance of 1787, the original versions of which were all mere drafts or papers intended for the use of public bodies, as necessarily appearing without a name, and, as well, was the secret of authorship kept that the circulation of the same became the subject of serious historical controversy. In fact, the only important paper definitely put forth with his name was the original draft of the Bill of Rights, which has been called as the "ghost of the Constitution," which fact was rather an expression of its importance, influence, and durability, by no means an influential factor in its name.

Yet the fact remains that the writings of the single American have so powerfully influenced American thought and history. Jefferson was one of the most prolific of writers, and, if not himself a direct master of public thought through the press, he indirectly influenced public sentiment to an unmeasurable degree. Mention must be made, he wrote to James Madison roughly 1787, "that it is important to be taken, and begged him to enter the U.S. A states rights view of the Constitution was needed; he informed John Taylor of Meigs, 1791. His views on religion, ought to be made public; he advised Franklin to commit it to Joseph Priestley, and succeeded in getting him to do so. He also wrote the task to James Jefferson's often reported, as well as to John Taylor, or wrote for the press, yet by means of his complete silence, of his times approachability, and the quiet expression of his views. He



THOMAS JEFFERSON

(1743-1826)

BY PAUL LEICESTER FORD

THE consideration of Thomas Jefferson from the literary aspect involves a certain anomaly; for superficially he was not merely no maker of books, but took great pains that most of the productions of his pen should be only for the eye of his few intimates, or should, if issued to the public, appear without his name. His only important book, the 'Notes on Virginia,'—which has been, of all works produced south of Mason and Dixon's Line, the most frequently reprinted,—was written to oblige a single man, was then privately printed that a few friends might have copies, and was published only when it was no longer possible to prevent the appearance of a pirated edition. The *Summary View of the Rights of British America*, the *Declaration of Independence*, the *Bill for Religious Freedom*, the *Territorial Ordinance of 1784*, and the *Kentucky Resolutions of 1798*, were all mere drafts of papers intended for the use of public bodies, necessarily appearing without his name; and so well was the secret of authorship kept that the origin of two of them became the subject of serious historical controversy. Almost the only important paper definitely put forth with his name was his *inaugural address as President*; which has been hailed as the platform of a new party, but which in fact was rather an expression of its highest culmination, and therefore by no means an influential factor afterwards.

Yet the fact remains that the writings of no single American have so powerfully influenced American thought and history. Jefferson was one of the most prolific of writers; and if not himself a direct molder of public thought through the press, he indirectly affected public sentiment to an unmeasurable degree. Hamilton must be refuted: he wrote to James Madison, roughing out the line of argument to be taken, and begged him to enter the lists. A States-Rights view of the Constitution was needed: he inspired John Taylor to write it. His views on religion ought to be made public: he outlined a book, sent it to Joseph Priestley, and succeeded in getting him to undertake the task. It was Jefferson's often repeated assertion that he never wrote for the press; yet by means of his confidants, no man of his times approached him in the public expression of his ideas. He

worked in fact through other men; and his twenty-five thousand letters, in contrast to his half-dozen State papers of moment, revealed the methods by which he influenced public opinion, and created that mass of doctrine, nowhere formulated, that is to-day known as "the Jeffersonian principles."

The consensus of both public opinion and history has assigned to this man rank with Washington, Franklin, and Lincoln, as the four Americans who have reached the greatest eminence through public service. But while granting this position, a curious distinction is made, which deserves careful consideration. All men achieving political prominence are the object of attack, necessarily involving not merely criticism of their measures, but also of their character. Washington was accused of murder, treachery, corruption, hypocrisy, ingratitude, moral cowardice, and private immorality; Franklin was charged with theft, debauchery, intrigue, slander, and irreligion; while the manifold charges against Lincoln remain within the memory of many now living: and so there is nothing strange in the fact that Jefferson was accused of dishonesty, craftiness, slander, irreligion, immorality, cowardice, and incompetence. The contrast consists in the fact that while the failings of Washington, Franklin, and Lincoln have long since been forgotten, and their characters absolutely established in universal estimation, yet towards Jefferson there is still manifested by many a distinct partisan dislike; and as a natural corollary, by another class a distinct partisan affection. Our newspapers, our public orators, and even our histories, to this day give criticism or praise to him that rings so strongly as to suggest a conflict with the living, rather than judgment of the dead. No particular act of Jefferson excited any greater political opposition than did some advocated or enforced by Washington, Franklin, or Lincoln; and it is therefore necessary to seek some deeper reason for this difference than mere personality or policy. Without for a moment belittling the work of these others, the conclusion is forced that they worked for what was temporary, in the sense that when done it passed from the category of what is debatable to that which is decided; while what Jefferson worked for were issues of permanent importance,—in other words, that he was, and therefore still is, merely an expression of forces permanent in man; and to that fact is due the controversy which still centres about his name.

This is in effect to maintain that the political theories and usages originated or adopted by the great democrat have a far deeper and broader principle underlying them than is always recognized. In popular estimation, Jefferson stands as the founder of the Democratic party, and the developer of the theory of States-Rights; and on these foundations are based the so-called "Jeffersonian principles," and the

respect and acceptance, as well as the criticism and contravention, accorded to them. That this basis was deemed sufficient during his life, is natural; for judgment of a living man must always be partial and superficial. That this limited view should during that time acquire prestige and momentum enough to project it into history, is not strange; the more that the logical conclusions of certain theories advanced by him suited the policy of one of our political parties. The acceptance of this narrow view has enabled his antagonists and critics to charge him with hypocrisy, opportunism, and even lack of any political principles; and the contradictions and instability they have cited in his opinions and conduct have embarrassed even his most devoted adherents. If this view is still to be accepted, these criticisms must stand; and judged by them, the marvel of the Federalists and his later critics, that he should have been the chosen instrument of American democracy, is proper. The scholarly and recluse nature of his tastes and studies; the retiring and limited character of his intercourse with the world; the influence of his social equals; his dislike of party and personal antagonism; and his sensitiveness to abuse and criticism,—make his acceptance of that leadership as strange a problem as that the people should have chosen for their representative a man lacking nearly all of the personal qualities which are presumed to win popularity with the masses. And it is only explicable from the standpoint of his critics as the success of an ambitious and unprincipled self-seeking man, attained by astuteness and chicane so great as to deceive the people.

But if the people embody the total of human thought and experience, as our political theories maintain, there are better reasons than these for his elevation, and for the political influence his name has carried for over one hundred years; better reasons than the leadership of a party, or a fine-spun theory of the respective powers of the State and national governments. The explanation of these anomalies lies deeper than any mere matter of individuality, party success, or rigid political platform. Thus an understanding of what he endeavored to accomplish, explains or softens many of his apparent contradictions and questionable acts. The dominant principle of his creed was, that all powers belonged to the people; and that governments, constitutions, laws, precedents, and all other artificial clogs and "protections," are entitled to respect and obedience only as they fulfill their limited function of aiding—not curtailing—the greatest freedom to the individual. For this reason he held that no power existed to bind the people or posterity, except in their own acts. For this reason he was a strict construer of the national Constitution where he believed it destructive of personal freedom; and he construed it liberally where it threatened to limit the development of

the people. He was the defender of the State governments; for he regarded them as a necessary division for local self-government and as natural checks on the national power, and so a safeguard to the people. That he appealed to them in his Resolutions of 1798 was because he believed the people for once unable to act for their own interest; and the theories of that paper are a radical and short-lived contradiction of his true beliefs. Because he believed the national judiciary and the national bank to be opposed to the will of the people, he attacked them. Because he believed he was furthering the popular will, he interfered in the legislative department and changed office-holders. Because he wished the people free to think and act, he favored separation from England, abolition of religion, and the largest degree of local self-government. As already suggested, his methods and results were not always good, and his character and conduct had many serious flaws. Yet in some subtle way the people understood him, and forgave in him weaknesses and defects they have seldom condoned. And eventually this judgment will universally obtain, as the fact becomes clearer and clearer that neither national independence nor State sovereignty, with the national and party rancors that attach to them, were the controlling aim and attempt of his life; that no party or temporary advantage was the object of his endeavors, but that he fought for the ever enduring privilege of personal freedom.

Recognition of the principles for which he fought does not, however, imply indorsement of his methods and instruments. Many of his failings can be traced to cowardice; the physical side of which was well known to his age, and the moral side of which is visible in nearly everything he did or wrote. Yet even with this allowance, it is difficult to reconcile such a faith as his in the people, with his constant panics over the smallest events. Indeed, it is hard to believe it possible that a man so instinct with the popular mood could shy wildly at the levees of Washington, and the birth-night balls, as evidences of a monarchical tendency; or conceive that his walking to his inauguration, and his reception of a foreign minister in soiled linen and "slippers down at the heel," were serious political manœuvres. If he truly believed this "the strongest government on earth," it seems little less than fatuous in him to declare that the scribbling of one abusive editor had "saved our Constitution," and to refer the success of the Democratic party in 1800 to the influence of another. Still more of his defects can be accounted for by the influence of those with whom he labored: Demos being seldom scrupulous in its ways, and fighting without the feelings or code that go to make warfare a duel of equal conditions. His patronage of such hack libelers as Freneau, Bache, Duane, Paine, and Callender, to say nothing of

the half rebellious democratic societies made up chiefly of the mobs of the large cities and the "moonshiners" of the mountains, is well-nigh impossible to account for without a confession of the lack of certain moral qualities innate in most men, and of the *noblesse oblige* of his class.

Not less extraordinary is the freedom and sweepiness of his criticism of the financial plans of Hamilton,—certainly the ablest financier ever in charge of our national treasury,—when Jefferson himself was seldom able to add up a column of figures correctly, for over fifty years of his life was hopelessly insolvent, almost brought about the national mortification of the public arrest for debt of the President of the United States, was the recipient of several public subscriptions that he might live, and in his last years even urged the Legislature of Virginia to allow a lottery in his behalf. As he was blind morally in many respects, so too he seemed blind to the greatest truth of our governing principle,—the rights of the minority, as compared with those of the majority. "The will of the majority is the natural law of society," he wrote; and except for the momentary attitude taken in the Resolutions of 1798, he never urged what is so obvious to any but partisans. On the contrary, his course in Virginia in the destruction of the old aristocracy, and his attack on the Supreme Court, show how absolutely he was lacking in the spirit of majority and minority compromise which is really the basis of republican government. It is true that in his inaugural address he said, "We are all Republicans: we are all Federalists;" but this only referred to the Federalists who were already coalescing with the Republicans, and towards the leaders of the opposing party he ever held an intolerant and unforgiving course.

A study of his life goes far to explain these facts. From his father, Peter Jefferson, an uneducated Indian-fighter, pioneer, and surveyor, he received an inheritance both of common-sense and of sympathy with the masses. From his mother, Jane Randolph, came a strain of the best gentry blood of Virginia; a line at once famous for its lawyers and statesmen, and shadowed by hereditary insanity. These dual heritages from his parents were both of vital influence in his career. Born on April 2d, 1743, at Shadwell, Virginia, on the foot-hills of the Blue Ridge, then one of the most western of settlements, the frontier life unquestionably developed the qualities he had received from his father; and bred in this cradle of democracy, he was ever after able to appreciate and to sympathize with the spirit. Nor was his mother's influence less potent; for, carefully educated at William and Mary College, and with an entrée to the best society of the colony, he became the cultivated gentleman that he was. From this double or complex nature flowed curious results. During his whole

life he was fighting the battle of the masses, yet at no period did he ever associate with them save in his own county, and then only as a great planter, or county squire; nor is there discernible in anything he did or wrote, the feeling of personal as opposed to theoretical liking for mankind. Humane, sympathetic, broad-minded, he always was in his views and actions; but in relations to his fellow-kind he seems to have had a distinct repugnance to association with *hoi polloi*. On the contrary, the chief happiness of his life was found in his intercourse with his social equals; and when his adoption of the people's cause had produced social ostracism by the society of Philadelphia, so that old friends of his "crossed the street merely to avoid touching their hats to him," and in his own words, "many declined visiting me with whom I had been on terms of the greatest friendship and intimacy," he ever after, when alluding to the period, used expressions implying that he had endured the keenest suffering. With scarcely an exception, democracy the world over has fought its battles with self-made men as leaders; men near enough the soil not to feel, or at least able to resist, the pressure of higher social forces: but Jefferson was otherwise, and the suffering this alienation and discrimination caused him is over and over again shown by his reiterated expressions of hatred of the very politics to which he gave the larger part of his life.

— Nor was it merely by heritage that Jefferson took rank with the "classes"; for intellectually as well, he belonged among them. From his youth he was a close and hard student: he stated himself that he studied over ten hours a day; and James Duane asserted in 1775 that Jefferson was "the greatest rubber-off of dust that he had met with; that he has learned French, Spanish, and wants to learn German." He believed in the study of original sources; and in his desire to study these, even taught himself Anglo-Saxon that he might investigate the development of English law. Only when theorizing on the great principles controlling society does he seem to have taken distinct enjoyment in the political side of his career; and this distinction no doubt accounts for his great reputation as a theoretical statesman, and his almost absolute failure in every executive office he held. Not the least influence in his life was his intense interest in everything scientific. An eclipse, a new animal or plant, the meteorology or the longitude of a place, or any other scientific datum, was eagerly sought for. Mathematics was another youthful passion, and to this late in life he returned. In his early days he took great pleasure in music, fiction, and poetry; but with advancing years he lost this liking to such a degree that he himself said of the last, "So much has my relish for poetry deserted me that at present I cannot read even Virgil with pleasure." In the words of a

biographer, "His instincts were those of a liberal European nobleman, like the Duc de Liancourt; and he built himself at Monticello a chateau above contact with man." Here the management of his farm was his constant delight, but chiefly on its experimental or scientific side, and it is to be noted that practically it never yielded him a profit; here he gathered an unusually fine library of standard books (for the time); and here, except for his few intimates, he shut out the world.

The result of these influences was that from his early manhood he became a thorough skeptic of tradition and precedent; and in his own words, he "never feared to follow truth and reason, to whatever results they led, and bearding every authority which stood in their way." In fact, all through his life there was a certain affectation of original thinking; and a contemporary who knew him well declared that "it constituted a part of Mr. Jefferson's pride to run before the times in which he lived." This foible made him dreaded by the conservatives, and the Federalists were never tired of charging him with being a radical and a man of sublimated theories; but in the main his imagination was balanced by an almost equally strong logical quality of mind.

Almost alone of the Revolutionary leaders, Jefferson was born on the frontier. Among those conditions he passed the formative period of his life; and as representative of this region he made his first essay in politics in 1765, and naturally as an advocate and defender of the democratic mountaineers. In the Virginia Assembly, in which his earliest battles were fought, the strongest line of party division was between the aristocratic "planter" interest—great landed and slaveholding proprietors, with the prestige and inertia of favorable laws and offices—and the "settler" interest inhabiting the frontier, far from the law or protection of government, but strong in numbers, independence, and necessities; and in these conflicts he learned how absolutely selfish and grasping all class legislation is. Then came the Revolution; and Jefferson saw governments deriving their authority from laws innumerable, and their force from the strongest nation of Europe, utterly destroyed, with hardly a blow, merely through their non-recognition by the masses. With the Committees of Safety and the Congresses that succeeded, and in which he took a prominent part, he saw the experiment of "a government of the people, by the people, for the people," established and tested. Even more: he was the leader in Virginia from whom the great democratic movement received its greatest impulse; and chiefly by his measures were the State church swept away, and the laws of entail and primogeniture abolished,—reforms which, in his own words, inaugurated "a system by which every fibre would be eradicated of ancient or future

aristocracy, and a foundation laid for a government truly republican.* Had he been in America between 1784 and 1788, he too might have become doubtful as to how far the masses could control themselves; for the reaction of the Revolutionary struggle was severe, and strained democratic institutions almost to anarchy. He would have seen, too, his bills for the establishment of a vast system of public schools and libraries but dead letters, and his act for religious freedom result in the closing of many churches. But in these years he was serving as our minister to France, and witnessing there another great struggle between the privileged and unprivileged. So he returned to America in 1789 true to the influences and lessons of his life, which had taught him to believe that only the people truly knew what the people needed; that those who could take care of themselves were wise and practical enough to help care for the nation; and that the only way of enforcing laws was that they should be made by those who were to obey them. In this country, then in a state of reaction from the anarchy of the last few years, he found his theories in disfavor with the conservative, and government slipping more and more from the control of the governed. Though he reluctantly accepted the appointment of Secretary of State under the new government, to oblige Washington, he disapproved very quickly the Federalist concept of national powers; and after vainly opposing the policy of the administration in which he had taken office, both openly and by stealth, he finally sought voluntary retirement as the greatest protest he could make. Even in this, however, his opposition was maintained; and when finally the Federalist party, misled by its leaders, revolted the nation by its actions, Jefferson was swept into power as the representative of the other extreme. Twice he was chosen President, and nearly every Legislature in the Union petitioned him to serve a third term; but he declined, and passed into retirement, from which he never was tempted, and in which he died on July 4th, 1826,—exactly fifty years after the adoption of his Declaration of Independence.

Paul L. Worcester Ford

THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE, 1776

Copy prepared by Jefferson to show his draft and the wording adopted by Congress

CONGRESS proceeded the same day* to consider the declaration of Independence which had been reported & lain on the table the Friday preceding, and on Monday referred to a comm^{ee} of the whole. The pusillanimous idea that we had friends in England worth keeping terms with, still haunted the minds of many. For this reason those passages which conveyed censures on the people of England were struck out, lest they should give them offence. The clause too, reprobating the enslaving the inhabitants of Africa, was struck out in complaisance to South Carolina and Georgia, who had never attempted to restrain the importation of slaves, and who on the contrary still wished to continue it. Our northern brethren also I believe felt a little tender under those censures; for tho' their people have very few slaves themselves, yet they had been pretty considerable carriers of them to others. The debates having taken up the greater parts of the 2d, 3d & 4th days of July were,† in the evening of the last, closed; the declaration was reported by the comm^{ee}, agreed to by the house, and signed by every member present except Mr. Dickinson.‡ As the sentiments of men are known not only by what

* Monday, July 1. No sitting was held on Saturday.

† The "Resolution" for independence was under discussion on the 1st of July; the Declaration on July 2d, 3d, and 4th.

‡ The question whether the Declaration was signed on the 4th of July, as well as on the 2d of August, has been a much vexed one; but a careful study of it must make almost certain that it was not. The MS. 'Journal of Congress' (that printed by order of Congress being fabricated and altered) merely required its "authentication," which we know from other cases was by the signatures of the president and secretary; who accordingly signed it "by order and in behalf of the Congress," and the printed copies at once sent out had only these signatures. It is also certain that several of the members then in Congress would have refused to sign it on that day, and that the Congress therefore had good cause to postpone the signing till certain of the delegations should receive new instructions, or be changed; and also till its first effect on the people might be seen. For these reasons the Declaration was not even entered in the journal, though a blank was left for it; and when it was inserted at a later period, the list of signers was taken from the engrossed copy,—though had there been one signed on the 4th of July, it would certainly have been the one printed from, as including the men who were in Congress on that day and who voted on the question, instead of one signed by a number of men who were neither present nor members when the Declaration was adopted. Moreover, though the printed journal afterwards led John Adams to believe and state that the Declaration was signed on the 4th, we have his contemporary statement, on July 9th, that "as soon as an American seal is

they receive, but what they reject also, I will state the form of the declaration as originally reported. The parts struck out by Congress shall be distinguished by a black line drawn under them; & those inserted by them shall be placed in the margin or in a concurrent column.

A Declaration by the representatives of the United States of America, in *General* Congress assembled

When in the course of human events it becomes necessary for one people to dissolve the political bands which have connected them with another, and to assume among the powers of the earth the separate & equal station to which the laws of nature and of nature's God entitle them, a decent respect to the opinions of mankind requires that they should declare the causes which impel them to the separation.

We hold these truths to be self-evident: that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their creator with inherent and certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty, & the pursuit of happiness: that to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed; that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, & to institute new government, laying it's foundation on such principles, & organizing it's powers in such form, as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety & happiness. Prudence indeed will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown that

prepared, I conjecture the Declaration will be subscribed by all the members.» And we have the positive assertion of McKean that «no person signed it on that day»; and this statement is substantiated by the later action of Congress in specially permitting him to sign what he certainly would have already done on the 4th, had there been the opportunity. Opposed to these direct statements and probabilities, we have Jefferson's positive statement, three times repeated, that such a signing took place; but as he follows his nearly contemporary one with the statements that it was «signed by every member present except Mr. Dickinson,» when we have proof positive that all the New York delegates refused to even vote, much less sign, and that Dickinson was not even present in Congress on that day, it is evident that this narrative is not wholly trustworthy.

mankind are more disposed to suffer while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. But when a long train of abuses & usurpations begun at a distinguished period and pursuing invariably the same object, evinces a design to reduce them under absolute despotism, it is their right, it is their duty to throw off such government, & to provide new guards for their future security. Such has been the patient sufferance of these colonies; & such is now the necessary which constrains them to expunge their former systems of government. The history of the present king of Great Britain is a history of unremitting injuries & usurpations, among which appears no solitary fact to contradict the uniform all having tenor of the rest but all have in direct object the establishment of an absolute tyranny over these states. To prove this, let facts be submitted to a candid world for the truth of which we pledge a faith yet unsullied by falsehood.

He has refused his assent to laws the most wholesome & necessary for the public good.

He has forbidden his governors to pass laws of immediate & pressing importance, unless suspended in their operation till his assent should be obtained; & when so suspended, he has utterly neglected to attend to them.

He has refused to pass other laws for the accommodation of large districts of people, unless those people would relinquish the right of representation in the legislature, a right inestimable to them, & formidable to tyrants only.

He has called together legislative bodies at places unusual, uncomfortable, and distant from the depository of their public records, for the sole purpose of fatiguing them into compliance with his measures.

He has dissolved representative houses repeatedly, & continually for opposing with manly firmness his invasions on the rights of the people.

He has refused for a long time after such dissolutions to cause others to be elected, whereby the legislative powers, incapable of annihilation, have returned to the people at large for their

exercise, the state remaining in the meantime exposed to all the dangers of invasion from without & convulsions within.

He has endeavored to prevent the population of these states; for that purpose obstructing the laws for naturalization of foreigners, refusing to pass others to encourage their migrations hither, & raising the conditions of new appropriations of lands.

He has suffered the administration of justice totally to obstruc-
ce in some of these states refusing his assent to laws ^{ed} by
for establishing judiciary powers.

He has made our judges dependant on his will alone, for the tenure of their offices, & the amount & payment of their salaries.

He has erected a multitude of new offices by a self-assumed
power and sent hither swarms of new officers to harass our people and eat out their substance.

He has kept among us in times of peace standing armies and
ships of war without the consent of our legislatures.

He has affected to render the military independant of, & superior to the civil power.

He has combined with others to subject us to a jurisdiction foreign to our constitutions & unacknowledged by our laws, giving his assent to their acts of pretended legislation for quartering large bodies of armed troops among us; for protecting them by a mock-trial from punishment for any murders which they should commit on the inhabitants of these states; for cutting off our trade with all parts of the world; for imposing taxes on us without our consent; for depriving us [] of the benefits ^{in many} of trial by jury; for transporting us beyond seas to be ^{cases} tried for pretended offences; for abolishing the free system of English laws in a neighboring province, establishing therein an arbitrary government, and enlarging it's boundaries, so as to render it at once an example and fit instrument for introducing the same absolute rule into these states; for taking away our charters, abolishing our most valuable laws and altering ^{colonies} fundamentally the forms of our governments; for suspending our own legislatures & declaring themselves invested with power to legislate for us in all cases whatsoever.

He has abdicated government here withdrawing his governors, and declaring us out of his allegiance and protection.

He has plundered our seas, ravaged our coasts, burnt our towns, & destroyed the lives of our people.

by de-
claring
us out of
his pro-
tection,
and
waging
war
against
us.

He is at this time transporting large armies of foreign mercenaries to compleat the works of death, desolation & tyranny already begun with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy [] unworthy the head of a civilized nation.

He has constrained our fellow citizens taken captive on the high seas to bear arms against their country, to become the executioners of their friends & brethren, or to fall themselves by their hands.

He has [] endeavored to bring on the inhabitants of our frontiers the merciless Indian savages, whose known rule of warfare is an undistinguished destruction of all ages, sexes, & conditions of existence.

He has incited treasonable insurrections of our fellow-citizens, with the allurements of forfeiture & confiscation of our property.

He has waged cruel war against human nature itself, violating it's most sacred rights of life and liberty in the persons of a distant people who never offended him, captivating & carrying them into slavery in another hemisphere, or to incur miserable death in their transportation thither. This piratical warfare, the opprobrium of INFIDEL powers, is the warfare of the CHRISTIAN king of Great Britain. Determined to keep open a market where MEN should be bought & sold, he has prostituted his negative for suppressing every legislative attempt to prohibit or to restrain this execrable commerce. And that this assemblage of horrors might want no fact of distinguished die, he is now exciting those very people to rise in arms among us, and to purchase that liberty of which he has deprived them, by murdering the people on whom he also obtruded them: thus paying off former crimes committed against the LIBERTIES of one people, with crimes which he urges them to commit against the LIVES of another.

In every stage of these oppressions we have petitioned for redress in the most humble terms: our repeated petitions have been answered only by repeated injuries.

A prince whose character is thus marked by every act which may define a tyrant is unfit to be the ruler of a [] people ^{free} who mean to be free. Future ages will scarcely believe that the hardiness of one man adventured, within the short compass of twelve years only, to lay a foundation so broad & so undisguised for tyranny over a people fostered & fixed in principles of freedom.

Nor have we been wanting in attentions to our British brethren. We have warned them from time to time of attempts by their legislature to extend a jurisdiction over these our states. We have reminded them of the circumstances of our emigration & settlement here, no one of which could warrant so strange a pretension: that these were effected at the expense of our own blood & treasure, unassisted by the wealth or the strength of Great Britain: that in constituting indeed our several forms of government, we had adopted one common king, thereby laying a foundation for perpetual league & amity with them: but that submission to their parliament was no part of our constitution, nor ever in idea, if history may be credited: and, we [] appealed to their native justice and magnanimity ^{have and we have conjured them by would inevitably} as well as to the ties of our common kindred to disavow these usurpations which were likely to interrupt our connection and correspondence. They too have been deaf to the voice of justice & of consanguinity, and when occasions have been given them, by the regular course of their laws, of removing from their councils the disturbers of our harmony, they have, by their free election, re-established them in power. At this very time too they are permitting their chief magistrate to send over not only soldiers of our common blood, but Scotch & foreign mercenaries to invade & destroy us. These facts have given the last stab to agonizing affection, and manly spirit bids us to renounce forever these unfeeling brethren. We must endeavor to forget our former love for them, and hold

them as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends. We might have been a free and a great people together; but a communication of grandeur & of freedom it seems is below their dignity. Be it so, since they will have it. The road to happiness & to glory is open to us too. We will tread it apart from them, and acquiesce in the necessity which denounces our eternal separation []!

We must therefore and hold them as we hold the rest of mankind, enemies in war, in peace friends.

We therefore the representatives of the United States of America in General Congress assembled do in the name & by authority of the good people of these states reject & renounce all allegiance & subjection to the kings of Great Britain & all others who may hereafter claim by, through or under them: we utterly dissolve all political connection which may heretofore have subsisted between us & the people or parliament of Great Britain: & finally we do assert & declare these colonies to be free & independent states, & that as free & independent states, they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce, & to do all other acts & things which independent states may of right do.

We therefore the representatives of the United States of America in General Congress assembled, appealing to the supreme judge of the world for the rectitude of our intentions, do in the name, & by the authority of the good people of these colonies, solemnly publish & declare that these united colonies are & of right ought to be free & independent states; that they are absolved from all allegiance to the British crown, and that all political connection between them & the state of Great Britain is, & ought to be, totally dissolved; & that as free & independent states they have full power to levy war, conclude peace, contract alliances, establish commerce & to do all other acts & things which independent states may of right do.

And for the support of this declaration we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, & our sacred honor.

And for the support of this declaration, with a firm reliance on the protection of divine providence we mutually pledge to each other our lives, our fortunes, & our sacred honor.*

The Declaration thus signed on the 4th on paper, was engrossed on parchment, & signed again on the 2d. of August.†

On Friday July 12. the Committee appointed to draw the articles of confederation reported them, and on the 22d. the house resolved themselves into a committee to take them into consideration. On the 30th. & 31st. of that month and 1st. of the ensuing, those articles were debated which determined the proportion or quota of money which each state should furnish to the common treasury, and the manner of voting in Congress. The first of these articles was expressed in the original draught in these words. "Art. XI. All charges of war & all other expenses that shall be incurred for the common defence, or general welfare, and allowed by the United States assembled, shall be defrayed out of a common treasury, which shall be supplied by the several colonies in proportion to the number of inhabitants of every age, sex & quality, except Indians not paying taxes, in each colony, a true account of which, distinguishing the white inhabitants, shall be triennially taken & transmitted to the Assembly of the United States."

* This is printed just as Jefferson prepared it for the press, the reproduction being from his first draft, now in the Department of State. In addition, they have a fair copy, made by Jefferson for Madison, which was reproduced in the 'Madison Papers.' The "fair copy" laid before Congress has disappeared, if ever preserved. A copy given to Mazzei was given by him to the Countess de Tessie in France, and has been lost sight of, as well as a copy sent to Edmund Pendleton. But in the possession of the Hon. Elliot Danforth of Albany is a copy which may possibly be the latter. In the American Philosophical Society is the copy he sent to R. H. Lee, which is printed in Lee's 'Life of R. H. Lee.'

† This is an interlineation made at a later period—apparently after the question as to the signing of the Declaration was raised. Jefferson has also written the following on a slip and pasted it on the sheet:—

"Some erroneous statements of the proceedings on the declaration of independence having got before the public in latter times, Mr. Samuel A. Wells asked explanations of me, which are given in my letter to him of May 12, 19. before and now again referred to. I took notes in my place while these things were going on, and at their close wrote them out in form and with correctness, and from 1 to 7 of the two preceding sheets are the originals then written; as the two following are of the earlier debates on the Confederation, which I took in like manner."

ON FICTION

From a letter to Robert Skipwith, August 3d, 1771

I SAT down with the design of executing your request to form a catalogue of books to the amount of about £50 sterl., but could by no means satisfy myself with any partial choice I could make. Thinking therefore it might be agreeable to you, I have framed such a general collection as I think you would wish and might in time find convenient to procure. Out of this you will choose for yourself to the amount you mentioned for the present year, and may hereafter proceed in completing the whole. A view of the second column in this catalogue would, I suppose, extort a smile from the face of gravity. Peace to its wisdom! Let me not awaken it. A little attention, however, to the nature of the human mind evinces that the entertainments of fiction are useful as well as pleasant. That they are pleasant when well written, every person feels who reads. But wherein is its utility? asks the reverend sage, big with the notion that nothing can be useful but the learned lumber of Greek and Roman reading with which his head is stored.

I answer, everything is useful which contributes to fix in the principles and practice of virtue. When any original act of charity or of gratitude, for instance, is presented either to our sight or imagination, we are deeply impressed with its beauty, and feel a strong desire in ourselves of doing charitable and grateful acts also. On the contrary, when we see or read of any atrocious deed, we are disgusted with its deformity and conceive an abhorrence of vice. Now every emotion of this kind is an exercise of our virtuous dispositions; and dispositions of the mind, like limbs of the body, acquire strength in exercise. But exercise produces habit; and in the instance of which we speak, the exercise, being of the moral feelings, produces a habit of thinking and acting virtuously. We never reflect whether the story we read be truth or fiction. I appeal to every reader of feeling and sentiment, whether the fictitious murder of Duncan by Macbeth in Shakespeare does not excite in him as great a horror of villainy as the real one of Henry IV. by Ravaillac, as related by Davila? And whether the fidelity of Nelson and generosity of Blandford in Marmontel do not dilate his breast and elevate his sentiments as much as any similar incident which real

history can furnish? We are therefore wisely framed to be as warmly interested for a fictitious as for a real personage. The field of imagination is thus laid open to our use, and lessons may be formed to illustrate and carry home to the heart every moral rule of life. Thus a lively and lasting sense of filial duty is more effectually impressed on the mind of a son or daughter by reading 'King Lear' than by all the dry volumes of ethics and divinity that ever were written. This is my idea of well-written romance, or tragedy, comedy, and epic poetry.

THE MORAL INFLUENCE OF SLAVERY

From 'Notes on Virginia,' 1782

IT is difficult to determine on the standard by which the manners of a nation may be tried, whether catholic or particular. It is more difficult for a native to bring to that standard the manners of his own nation, familiarized to him by habit. There must doubtless be an unhappy influence on the manners of our people produced by the existence of slavery among us. The whole commerce between master and slave is a perpetual exercise of the most boisterous passions,—the most unremitting despotism on the one part and degrading submissions on the other. Our children see this, and learn to imitate it; for man is an imitative animal. This quality is the germ of all education in him. From his cradle to his grave he is learning to do what he sees others do. If a parent could find no motive either in his philanthropy or his self-love for restraining the intemperance of passion towards his slave, it should always be a sufficient one that his child is present. But generally it is not sufficient. The parent storms; the child looks on, catches the lineaments of wrath, puts on the same airs, in the circle of smaller slaves gives a loose to the worst of passions, and thus nursed, educated, and daily exercised in tyranny, cannot but be stamped by it with odious peculiarities. The man must be a prodigy who can retain his manners and morals undepraved by such circumstances. And with what execrations should the statesman be loaded who, permitting one-half the citizens thus to trample on the rights of the other, transforms those into despots and these into enemies, destroys the morals of the one part and the *amor patriæ* of the other! For if a slave can have a country in this world, it must

be any other in preference to that in which he is born to live and labor for another; in which he must lock up the faculties of his nature, contribute as far as depends on his individual endeavors to the evanishment of the human race, or entail his own miserable condition on the endless generations proceeding from him. With the morals of the people, their industry is destroyed. For in a warm climate, no man will labor for himself who can make another labor for him. This is so true, that of the proprietors of slaves a very small proportion indeed are ever seen to labor. And can the liberties of a nation be thought secure when we have removed their only firm basis, a conviction in the minds of the people that these liberties are of the gift of God? that they are not to be violated but with his wrath? Indeed I tremble for my country when I reflect that God is just; that his justice cannot sleep forever; that considering numbers, nature, and natural means only, a revolution of the wheel of fortune, an exchange of situation, is among possible events; that it may become probable by supernatural interference! The Almighty has no attribute which can take side with us in such a contest. But it is impossible to be temperate, and to pursue this subject through the various considerations of policy, of morals, of history natural and civil. We must be contented to hope they will force their way into every one's mind. I think a change already perceptible, since the origin of the present revolution. The spirit of the master is abating, that of the slave rising from the dust, his condition mollifying; the way, I hope, preparing under the auspices of heaven for a total emancipation, and that this is disposed in the order of events to be with the consent of the masters, rather than by their extirpation.

LETTER TO MR. HOPKINSON

PARIS, December 23d, 1786.

Dear Sir:

MY LAST letter to you was dated August 14th. Yours of May 27th and June 28th were not then received, but have been since. I take the liberty of putting under your cover another letter to Mrs. Champis, as also an inquiry after a Dr. Griffiths. A letter to M. Le Vieillard, from the person he had consulted about the essence L'Orient, will convey to you the result of

my researches into that article. Your spring-block for assisting a vessel in sailing cannot be tried here; because the Seine being not more than about forty toises wide, and running swiftly, there is no such thing on it as a vessel with sails. I thank you for the volume of the Philadelphia transactions, which came safely to hand, and is in my opinion a very valuable volume, and contains many precious papers. The paccan-nut is, as you conjecture, the Illinois nut. The former is the vulgar name south of the Potomac, as also with the Indians and Spaniards, and enters also into the botanical name, which is Juglano Paccan. I have many volumes of the 'Encyclopédie' for yourself and Dr. Franklin; but as a winter passage is bad for books, and before the spring the packets will begin to sail from Havre to New York, I shall detain them till then. You must not presume too strongly that your comb-footed bird is known to M. De Buffon. He did not know our panther. I gave him the stripped skin of one I bought in Philadelphia, and it presents him a new species, which will appear in his next volumes. I have convinced him that our deer is not a Chevreuil; and would you believe that many letters to different acquaintances in Virginia, where this animal is so common, have never enabled me to present him with a large pair of their horns, a blue and red skin stuffed, to show him their colors, at different seasons. He has never seen the horns of what we call the elk. This would decide whether it be an elk or a deer. I am very much pleased with your project on the harmonica, and the prospect of your succeeding in the application of keys to it. It will be the greatest present which has been made to the musical world this century, not excepting the piano-forte. If its tone approaches that given by the finger as nearly only as the harpsichord does that of the harp, it will be very valuable. I have lately examined a foot-bass newly invented here by the celebrated Krumfoltz. It is precisely a piano-forte, about ten feet long, eighteen inches broad, and nine inches deep. It is of one octave only, from fa to fa. The part where the keys are, projects at the side in order to lengthen the levers of the keys. It is placed on the floor, and the harpsichord or other piano-forte is set over it, the foot acting in concert on that, while the fingers play on this. There are three unison chords to every note, of strong brass wire, and the lowest have wire wrapped on them as the lowest in the piano-forte. The chords give a fine, clear, deep tone, almost like the pipe of an organ. Have they connected

you with our mint? My friend Monroe promised me he would take care for you in that, or perhaps the establishment of that at New York may have been incompatible with your residence in Philadelphia. A person here has invented a method of coining the French écu of six livres, so as to strike both faces and the edge at one stroke, and makes a coin as beautiful as a medal. No country has ever yet produced such a coin. They are made cheaper too. As yet, he has only made a few to show the perfection of his manner. I am endeavoring to procure one to send to Congress as a model for their coinage. They will consider whether, on establishing a new mint, it will be worth while to buy his machines if he will furnish them. A dislocation of my right wrist, which happened to me about a month after the date of my last letter to you, has disabled me from writing three months. I do it now in pain, and only in cases of necessity or of strong inclination, having as yet no other use of my hand. I put under your cover a letter from my daughter to her friend. She joins me in respects to your good mother, to Mrs. Hopkinson and yourself, to whom I proffer assurances of the esteem with which I am, dear Sir, your sincere friend and servant.

LETTER TO DR. STYLES

PARIS, July 17th, 1785.

Sir:

I HAVE long deferred doing myself the honor of writing to you, wishing for an opportunity to accompany my letter with a copy of the 'Bibliothèque Physico-économique'; a book published here lately in four small volumes, and which gives an account of all the improvements in the arts which have been made for some years past. I flatter myself you will find in it many things agreeable and useful. I accompany it with the volumes of the *Connoissance des Tems* for the years 1781, 1784, 1785, 1786, 1787. But why, you will ask, do I send you old almanacs, which are proverbially useless? Because in these publications have appeared, from time to time, some of the most precious things in astronomy. I have searched out those particular volumes which might be valuable to you on this account. That of 1781 contains De la Caille's catalogue of fixed stars reduced to the commencement of that year, and a table of the aberrations and

nutations of the principal stars. 1784 contains the same catalogue with the nebuleuses of Messier. 1785 contains the famous catalogue of Flamsteed, with the positions of the stars reduced to the beginning of the year 1784, and which supersedes the use of that immense book. 1786 gives you Euler's lunar tables corrected; and 1787, the tables for the planet Herschel. The two last needed not an apology, as not being within the description of old almanacs. It is fixed on grounds which scarcely admit a doubt that the planet Herschel was seen by Mayer in the year 1756, and was considered by him as one of the zodiacal stars, and as such, arranged in his catalogue, being the 964th which he describes. This 964th of Mayer has been since missing, and the calculations for the planet Herschel show that it should have been, at the time of Mayer's observation, where he places his 964th star. The volume of 1787 gives you Mayer's catalogue of the zodiacal stars. The researches of the natural philosophers of Europe seem mostly in the field of chemistry, and here principally on the subjects of air and fire. The analysis of these two subjects presents to us very new ideas. When speaking of the 'Bibliothèque Physico-économique,' I should have observed that since its publication, a man in this city has invented a method of moving a vessel on the water by a machine worked within the vessel. I went to see it. He did not know himself the principle of his own invention. It is a screw with a very broad thin worm, or rather it is a thin plate with its edge applied spirally round an axis. This being turned, operates on the air as a screw does, and may be literally said to screw the vessel along; the thinness of the medium, and its want of resistance, occasion a loss of much of the force. The screw, I think, would be more effectual if placed below the surface of the water. I very much suspect that a countryman of ours, Mr. Bushnel of Connecticut, is entitled to the merit of a prior discovery of this use of the screw. I remember to have heard of his submarine navigation during the war; and from what Colonel Humphreys now tells me, I conjecture that the screw was the power he used. He joined to this a machine for exploding under water at a given moment. If it were not too great a liberty for a stranger to take, I would ask from him a narration of his actual experiments, with or without a communication of his principle, as he should choose. If he thought proper to communicate it, I would engage never to disclose it, unless I could find an opportunity

of doing it for his benefit. I thank you for your information as to the great bones found on the Hudson River. I suspect that they must have been of the same animal with those found on the Ohio; and if so, they could not have belonged to any human figure, because they are accompanied with tusks of the size, form, and substance of those of the elephant. I have seen a part of the ivory, which was very good. The animal itself must have been much larger than an elephant. Mrs. Adams gives me an account of a flower found in Connecticut, which vegetates when suspended in the air. She brought one to Europe. What can be this flower? It would be a curious present to this continent.

The accommodation likely to take place between the Dutch and the Emperor, leaves us without that unfortunate resource for news which wars give us. The Emperor has certainly had in view the Bavarian exchange of which you have heard; but so formidable an opposition presented itself, that he has thought proper to disavow it. The Turks show a disposition to go to war with him; but if this country can prevail on them to remain in peace, they will do so. It has been thought that the two Imperial courts have a plan of expelling the Turks from Europe. It is really a pity so charming a country should remain in the hands of a people whose religion forbids the admission of science and the arts among them. We should wish success to the object of the two empires, if they meant to leave the country in possession of the Greek inhabitants. We might then expect, once more, to see the language of Homer and Demosthenes a living language. For I am persuaded the modern Greek would easily get back to its classical models. But this is not intended. They only propose to put the Greeks under other masters; to substitute one set of barbarians for another.

Colonel Humphreys having satisfied you that all attempts would be fruitless here to obtain money or other advantages for your college, I need add nothing on that head. It is a method of supporting colleges of which they have no idea, though they practice it for the support of their lazy monkish institutions.

I have the honor to be, with the highest respect and esteem, Sir, your most obedient and most humble servant.

LETTER TO JAMES MADISON

PARIS, December 20th, 1787.

Dear Sir:

MY LAST to you was of October the 8th, by the Count de Moustier. Yours of July the 18th, September the 6th, and October the 24th were successively received yesterday, the day before, and three or four days before that. I have only had time to read the letters; the printed papers communicated with them, however interesting, being obliged to lie over till I finish my dispatches for the packet, which dispatches must go from hence the day after to-morrow. I have much to thank you for; first and most for the cyphered paragraph respecting myself. These little informations are very material towards forming my own decisions. I would be glad even to know when any individual member thinks I have gone wrong in any instance. If I know myself, it would not excite ill blood in me; while it would assist to guide my conduct, perhaps to justify it, and to keep me to my duty, alert. I must thank you, too, for the information in Thomas Burke's case; though you will have found by a subsequent letter that I have asked of you a further investigation of that matter. It is to gratify the lady who is at the head of the convent wherein my daughters are, and who, by her attachment and attention to them, lays me under great obligations. I shall hope, therefore, still to receive from you the result of all the further inquiries my second letter had asked. The parcel of rice which you informed me had miscarried, accompanied my letter to the Delegates of South Carolina. Mr. Bourgoin was to be the bearer of both; and both were delivered into the hands of his relation here, who introduced him to me, and who, at a subsequent moment, undertook to convey them to Mr. Bourgoin. This person was an engraver, particularly recommended to Dr. Franklin and Mr. Hopkinson. Perhaps he may have mislaid the little parcel of rice among his baggage. I am much pleased that the sale of western lands is so successful. I hope they will absorb all the certificates of our domestic debt speedily, in the first place; and that then, offered for cash, they will do the same by our foreign ones.

The seasons admitting only of operations in the cabinet, and these being in a great measure secret, I have little to fill a

letter. I will therefore make up the deficiency by adding a few words on the constitution proposed by our convention.

I like much the general idea of framing a government which should go on of itself, peaceably, without needing continual recurrence to the State legislatures. I like the organization of the government into legislative, judiciary, and executive. I like the power given the legislature to levy taxes; and for that reason solely, I approve of the greater House being chosen by the people directly. For though I think a House so chosen will be very far inferior to the present Congress, will be very ill qualified to legislate for the Union, for foreign nations, &c., yet this evil does not weigh against the good, of preserving inviolate the fundamental principle that the people are not to be taxed but by representatives chosen immediately by themselves. I am captivated by the compromise of the opposite claims of the great and little States, of the latter to equal, and the former to proportional influence. I am much pleased, too, with the substitution of voting by person, instead of that of voting by States; and I like the negative given to the Executive, conjointly with a third of either House; though I should have liked it better, had the judiciary been associated for that purpose, or vested separately with a similar power. There are other good things of less moment.

I will now tell you what I do not like. First, the omission of a bill of rights, providing clearly, and without the aid of sophism, for freedom of religion, freedom of the press, protection against standing armies, restriction of monopolies, the eternal and unremitting force of the habeas corpus laws, and trials by jury in all matters of fact triable by the laws of the land and not by the laws of nations. To say, as Mr. Wilson does, that a bill of rights was not necessary, because all is reserved in the case of the general government which is not given, while in the particular ones all is given which is not reserved, might do for the audience to which it was addressed: but it is surely a *grat's dictum*, the reverse of which might just as well be said; and it is opposed by strong inferences from the body of the instrument, as well as from the omission of the clause of our present Confederation which has made the reservation in express terms. It was hard to conclude, because there has been a want of uniformity among the States as to the cases of trial by jury, because some have been so incautious as to dispense with this mode of trial in

certain cases, therefore the more prudent States shall be reduced to the same level of calamity. It would have been much more just and wise to have concluded the other way; that as most of the States had preserved with jealousy this sacred palladium of liberty, those who had wandered should be brought back to it: and to have established general right rather than general wrong. For I consider all the ill as established which may be established. I have a right to nothing which another has a right to take away; and Congress will have a right to take away trials by jury in all civil cases. Let me add, that a bill of rights is what the people are entitled to against every government on earth, general or particular; and what no just government should refuse, or rest on inference.

The second feature I dislike, and strongly dislike, is the abandonment in every instance of the principle of rotation in office, and most particularly in the case of the President. Reason and experience tell us that the first magistrate will always be re-elected if he may be re-elected. He is then an officer for life. This once observed, it becomes of so much consequence to certain nations to have a friend or a foe at the head of our affairs, that they will interfere with money and with arms. A Galloman or an Angloman will be supported by the nation he befriends. If once elected, and at a second or third election outvoted by one or two votes, he will pretend false votes, foul play, hold possession of the reins of government, be supported by the States voting for him,—especially if they be the central ones, lying in a compact body themselves and separating their opponents; and they will be aided by one nation in Europe while the majority are aided by another. The election of a President of America, some years hence, will be much more interesting to certain nations of Europe than ever the election of a king of Poland was. Reflect on all the instances in history, ancient and modern, of elective monarchies, and say if they do not give foundation for my fears; the Roman emperors, the popes while they were of any importance, the German emperors till they became hereditary in practice, the kings of Poland, the deys of the Ottoman dependencies. It may be said that if elections are to be attended with these disorders, the less frequently they are repeated the better. But experience says, that to free them from disorder they must be rendered less interesting by a necessity of change. No foreign power, no domestic party, will waste

their blood and money to elect a person who must go out at the end of a short period. The power of removing every fourth year by the vote of the people is a power which they will not exercise; and if they are disposed to exercise it, they would not be permitted. The king of Poland is removable every day by the Diet. But they never remove him. Nor would Russia, the Emperor, etc., permit them to do it. Smaller objections are, the appeals on matters of fact as well as laws; and the binding all persons, legislative, executive, and judiciary, by oath, to maintain that Constitution. I do not pretend to decide what would be the best method of procuring the establishment of the manifold good things in this Constitution, and of getting rid of the bad. Whether by adopting it, in hopes of future amendment; or after it shall have been duly weighed and canvassed by the people, after seeing the parts they generally dislike, and those they generally approve, to say to them, "We see now what you wish. You are willing to give to your federal government such-and-such powers; but you wish at the same time to have such-and-such fundamental rights secured to you, and certain sources of convulsion taken away. Be it so. Send together deputies again. Let them establish your fundamental rights by a sacro-sancit declaration, and let them pass the parts of the Constitution you have approved. These will give powers to your federal government sufficient for your happiness."

This is what might be said, and would probably produce a speedy, more perfect, and more permanent form of government. At all events, I hope you will not be discouraged from making other trials, if the present one should fail. We are never permitted to despair of the commonwealth. I have thus told you freely what I like, and what I dislike, merely as a matter of curiosity; for I know it is not in my power to offer matter of information to your judgment, which has been formed after hearing and weighing everything which the wisdom of man could offer on these subjects. I own, I am not a friend to a very energetic government. It is always oppressive. It places the governors indeed more at their ease, at the expense of the people. The late rebellion in Massachusetts has given more alarm than I think it should have done. Calculate that one rebellion in thirteen States in the course of eleven years is but one for each State in a century and a half. No country should be so long without one. Nor will any degree of power in the hands of government prevent

insurrections. In England, where the hand of power is heavier than with us, there are seldom half a dozen years without an insurrection. In France, where it is still heavier, but less despotic as Montesquieu supposes than in some other countries, and where there are always two or three hundred thousand men ready to crush insurrections, there have been three in the course of the three years I have been here, in every one of which greater numbers were engaged than in Massachusetts, and a great deal more blood was spilt. In Turkey, where the sole nod of the despot is death, insurrections are the events of every day. Compare again the ferocious depredations of their insurgents with the order, the moderation, and the almost self-extinguishment of ours. And say finally whether peace is best preserved by giving energy to the government, or information to the people. This last is the most certain and the most legitimate engine of government. Educate and inform the whole mass of the people. Enable them to see that it is their interest to preserve peace and order, and they will preserve them. And it requires no very high degree of education to convince them of this. They are the only sure reliance for the preservation of our liberty. After all, it is my principle that the will of the majority should prevail. If they approve the proposed Constitution in all its parts, I shall concur in it cheerfully, in hopes they will amend it whenever they shall find it works wrong. This reliance cannot deceive us as long as we remain virtuous; and I think we shall be so as long as agriculture is our principal object, which will be the case while there remain vacant lands in any part of America. When we get piled upon one another in large cities, as in Europe, we shall become corrupt as in Europe, and go to eating one another as they do there. I have tired you by this time with disquisitions which you have already heard repeated by others a thousand and a thousand times; and therefore shall only add assurances of the esteem and attachment with which I have the honor to be, dear sir, your affectionate friend and servant.

P. S.—The instability of our laws is really an immense evil. I think it would be well to provide in our constitutions, that there shall always be a twelvemonth between the engrossing a bill and passing it; that it should then be offered to its passage without changing a word; and that if circumstances should be thought to require a speedier passage, it should take two-thirds of both Houses, instead of a bare majority.

DOUGLAS JERROLD

(1803-1857)

HERE is a winning quality in Douglas Jerrold, whether as man or writer. Popularly known as a brilliant wit, and often regarded as a cynical one, he was a manly and big-hearted moralist, a hater of sham, a lover of lovely things,—one who did good while he gave pleasure.

He was born in London January 3d, 1803; his father, Samuel Jerrold, being actor and theatre lessee of the not too successful kind. Douglas William (the son's full name) had no regular education: he learned to read and write from a member of a theatrical company, and being of a studious turn, got by his own exertions such knowledge of Latin, French, and Italian as should enable him to make the acquaintance of their dramatic literature. He acted occasionally as a boy and young man, but never cared for a player's life. For the two years between 1813 and 1815 he served as midshipman in the navy: the episode was not ill suited to his careless, generous nature. He returned to London in 1816 and apprenticed himself to a printer. The family was poor, and Douglas eked out his actor-father's income by doing journalistic work and articles for periodicals. Soon he began dramatic composition with the play 'More Frightened than Hurt,' which was produced in London in 1820; and although looked at askance by managers at first, was eventually translated into French, and twice retranslated into English and played under other names. His earliest genuine hit, however, was the lively comedy-farce 'Black-Eyed Susan: or, All in the Downs' (1829), which was brought out at the Surrey Theatre, and was acted four hundred times that year. From this encouragement Jerrold made forty plays during twenty-odd years, many of the dramas scoring successes. Other well-known pieces are 'The Rent Day,' 'Nell Gwynne,' 'Time Works Wonders,' and 'The Bubbles of the Day.' In 1836 he managed the Strand Theatre, which proved a bad venture.



DOUGLAS JERROLD

All this dramatic activity, even, does not represent Jerrold's best work; nor did it call out his most typical and welcome powers. He continued to do other literary work, and his journalistic career was strenuous. He contributed to leading papers like the *Athenæum* and *Blackwood's*, and edited various periodicals, such as the *Illuminated Magazine*, the *Shilling Magazine*, and the *Heads of the People*,—in most cases with a disastrous financial result. He made a success, however, of *Lloyd's Weekly Newspaper*, for which he wrote in each number three columns of leaders and did literary reviews, receiving £1,000 salary.

When *Punch* was founded in 1841, Jerrold's happiest vein sought an outlet. He at once became a contributor, and continued to be one for the rest of his life, some sixteen years. His articles, signed Q., were one of the features of that famous purveyor of representative British fun, pictorial and literary. The series of *Punch* papers perhaps most familiar to the general public appeared as a book in 1846, under the title 'Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures.' 'Punch's Letters to his Son' and 'Cakes and Ale' are also widely known. Jerrold himself cared most for his writings in which his serious views and deeper purpose came out: the 'Chronicles of Clovernook,' his pet book, is an example. Indeed, the fact that he was an advanced thinker, a broad-minded humanitarian preacher, is illustrated in such a moral allegory as that here selected. Jerrold's reputation as a wit has naturally enough deflected attention from this aspect of his work, which well deserves appreciation. A collective edition of his works in eight volumes appeared in 1851-4; and in 1888 his son, William Blanchard Jerrold, edited in book form the 'Wit and Wisdom of Douglas Jerrold.'

Jerrold was short and stocky in person, with clear-cut features, blue eyes, and in his later years picturesque gray hair. He was of a social nature; fond of music, a good singer himself; impulsive, fiery, hasty often in letting loose the arrows of his wit,—but simple, almost boyish in manner, and a warm-hearted man whose interest in the right was intense. Always impractical, he left his affairs in a complicated condition. In short, his was a character whose faults are palpable but which is withal very lovable.

THE TRAGEDY OF THE TILL

THE HERMIT'S STORY

"T IS a strange tale, but it hath the recommendation of brevity. Some folks may see nothing in it but the tricksiness of an extravagant spirit; and some perchance may pluck a heart of meaning out of it. However, be it as it may, you shall hear it, sir.

"There was a man called Isaac Pugwash, a dweller in a miserable slough of London, a squalid denizen of one of the foul nooks of that city of Plutus. He kept a shop; which, though small as a cabin, was visited as granary and storehouse by half the neighborhood. All the creature comforts of the poor—from bread to that questionable superfluity, small beer—were sold by Isaac. Strange it was that with such a trade Pugwash grew not rich. He had many bad debts, and of all shopkeepers was most unfortunate in false coin. Certain it is, he had neither eye nor ear for bad money. Counterfeit semblances of majesty beguiled him out of bread and butter, and cheese, and red herring, just as readily as legitimate royalty struck at the mint. Malice might impute something of this to the political principles of Pugwash; who, as he had avowed himself again and again, was no lover of a monarchy. Nevertheless, I cannot think Pugwash had so little regard for the countenance of majesty as to welcome it as readily when silvered copper as when sterling silver. No: a wild, foolish enthusiast was Pugwash; but in the household matter of good and bad money he had very wholesome prejudices. He had a reasonable wish to grow rich, yet was entirely ignorant of the byways and short cuts to wealth. He would have sauntered through life with his hands in his pockets and a daisy in his mouth; and dying with just enough in his house to pay the undertaker, would have thought himself a fortunate fellow,—he was, in the words of Mrs. Pugwash, such a careless, foolish, dreaming creature. He was cheated every hour by a customer of some kind; and yet to deny credit to anybody—he would as soon have denied the wife of his bosom. His customers knew the weakness, and failed not to exercise it. To be sure, now and then, fresh from conjugal counsel, he would refuse to add a single herring to a debtor's score: no, he would not be sent to the workhouse by anybody. A quarter of an hour after, the denied herring, with an added small loaf, was given to the little

girl sent to the shop by the rejected mother: 'he couldn't bear to see poor children wanting anything.'

"Pugwash had another unprofitable weakness. He was fond of what he called Nature, though in his dim close shop he could give her but a stifling welcome. Nevertheless he had the earliest primroses on his counter,—'they threw,' he said, 'such a nice light about the place.' A sly, knavish customer presented Isaac with a pot of polyanthus; and won by the flowery gift, Pugwash gave the donor ruinous credit. The man with wall-flowers regularly stopped at Isaac's shop, and for only sixpence Pugwash would tell his wife he had made the place a Paradise. 'If we can't go to Nature, Sally, isn't it a pleasant thing to be able to bring Nature to us?' Whereupon Mrs. Pugwash would declare that a man with at least three children to provide for had no need to talk of Nature. Nevertheless, the flower-man made his weekly call. Though at many a house the penny could not every week be spared to buy a hint, a look of Nature for the darkened dwellers, Isaac, despite of Mrs. Pugwash, always purchased. It is a common thing, an old familiar cry," said the Hermit, "to see the poor man's florist, to hear his loud-voiced invitation to take his nosegays, his penny roots; and yet is it a call, a conjuration of the heart of man overlabored and desponding—walled in by the gloom of a town—divorced from the fields and their sweet healthful influences—almost shut out from the sky that reeks in vapor over him;—it is a call that tells him there are things of the earth besides food and covering to live for; and that God in his great bounty hath made them for all men. Is it not so?" asked the Hermit.

"Most certainly," we answered: "it would be the very sinfulness of avarice to think otherwise."

"Why, sir," said the Hermit benevolently smiling, "thus considered, the loud-lunged city bawler of roots and flowers becomes a high benevolence, a peripatetic priest of Nature. Adown dark lanes and miry alleys he takes sweet remembrances—touching records of the loveliness of earth, that with their bright looks and balmy odors cheer and uplift the dumpish heart of man; that make his soul stir within him; and acknowledge the beautiful. The penny, the ill-spared penny—for it would buy a wheaten roll—the poor housewife pays for a root of primrose, is her offering to the hopeful loveliness of Nature; is her testimony of the soul struggling with the blighting, crushing circumstance

of sordid earth, and sometimes yearning towards earth's sweetest aspects. Amidst the violence, the coarseness, and the suffering that may surround and defile the wretched, there must be moments when the heart escapes, craving for the innocent and lovely; when the soul makes for itself even of a flower a comfort and a refuge."

The Hermit paused a moment, and then in blither voice resumed. "But I have strayed a little from the history of our small tradesman Pugwash. Well, sir, Isaac for some three or four years kept on his old way, his wife still prophesying in loud and louder voice the inevitable workhouse. He would so think and talk of Nature when he should mind his shop; he would so often snatch a holiday to lose it in the fields, when he should take stock and balance his books. What was worse, he every week lost more and more by bad money. With no more sense than a buzzard, as Mrs. Pugwash said, for a good shilling, he was the victim of those laborious folks who make their money, with a fine independence of the State, out of their own materials. It seemed the common compact of a host of coiners to put off their base-born offspring upon Isaac Pugwash; who, it must be confessed, bore the loss and the indignity like a Christian martyr. At last, however, the spirit of the man was stung. A guinea—as Pugwash believed, of statute gold—was found to be of little less value than a brass button. Mrs. Pugwash clamored and screamed as though a besieging foe was in her house; and Pugwash himself felt that further patience would be pusillanimity. Whereupon, sir, what think you Isaac did? Why, he suffered himself to be driven by the voice and vehemence of his wife to a conjurer, who in a neighboring attic was a sidereal go-between to the neighborhood—a vender of intelligence from the stars to all who sought and duly fee'd him. This magician would declare to Pugwash the whereabouts of the felon coiner, and—the thought was anodyne to the hurt mind of Isaac's wife—the knave would be law-throttled.

"With sad indignant spirit did Isaac Pugwash seek Father Lotus; for so, sir, was the conjurer called. He was none of your common wizards. Oh no! he left it to the mere quack-salvers and mountebanks of his craft to take upon them a haggard solemnity of look, and to drop monosyllables heavy as bullets upon the ear of the questioner. The mighty and magnificent hocus-pocus of twelvepenny magicians was scorned by Lotus. There

was nothing in his look or manner that showed him the worse for keeping company with spirits; on the contrary, perhaps the privileges he enjoyed of them served to make him only the more blithe and jocund. He might have passed for a gentleman at once easy and cunning in the law; his sole knowledge, that of labyrinthine sentences made expressly to wind poor common-sense on parchment. He had an eye like a snake, a constant smile upon his lip, a cheek colored like an apple, and an activity of movement wide away from the solemnity of the conjurer. He was a small, eel-figured man of about sixty, dressed in glossy black, with silver buckles and flowing periwig. It was impossible not to have a better opinion of sprites and demons, seeing that so nice, so polished a gentleman was their especial pet. And then, his attic had no mystic circle, no curtain of black, no death's-head, no mummy of apocryphal dragon,—the vulgar catchpennies of fortune-telling trader. There was not even a pack of cards to elevate the soul of man into the regions of the mystic world. No, the room was plainly yet comfortably set out. Father Lotus reposed in an easy-chair, nursing a snow-white cat upon his knee; now tenderly patting the creature with one hand, and now turning over a little Hebrew volume with the other. If a man wished to have dealings with sorry demons, could he desire a nicer little gentleman than Father Lotus to make the acquaintance for him? In few words Isaac Pugwash told his story to the smiling magician. He had, amongst much other bad money, taken a counterfeit guinea: could Father Lotus discover the evil-doer?

“‘Yes, yes, yes,’ said Lotus, smiling, ‘of course—to be sure; but that will do but little: in your present state— But let me look at your tongue.’ Pugwash obediently thrust the organ forth. ‘Yes, yes, as I thought. ‘Twill do you no good to hang the rogue; none at all. What we must do is this,—we must cure you of the disease.’

“‘Disease!’ cried Pugwash. ‘Bating the loss of my money, I was never better in all my days.’

“‘Ha! my poor man,’ said Lotus, ‘it is the benevolence of nature, that she often goes on quietly breaking us up, ourselves knowing no more of the mischief than a girl’s doll when the girl rips up its seams. Your malady is of the perceptive organs. Leave you alone and you’ll sink to the condition of a baboon.’

“‘God bless me!’ cried Pugwash.

“‘A jackass with sense to choose a thistle from a toadstool will be a reasoning creature to you! for consider, my poor soul,’ said Lotus in a compassionate voice,—‘in this world of tribulation we inhabit, consider what a benighted nincompoop is man, if he cannot elect a good shilling from a bad one.’

“‘I have not a sharp eye for money,’ said Pugwash modestly. ‘It’s a gift, sir; I’m assured it’s a gift.’

“‘A sharp eye! an eye of horn,’ said Lotus. ‘Never mind, I can remedy all that; I can restore you to the world and to yourself. The greatest physicians, the wisest philosophers, have in the profundity of their wisdom made money the test of wit. A man is believed mad; he is a very rich man, and his heir has very good reason to believe him lunatic: whereupon the heir, the madman’s careful friend, calls about the sufferer a company of wizards to sit in judgment on the suspected brain, and report a verdict thereupon. Well, ninety-nine times out of the hundred, what is the first question put as test of reason? Why, a question of money. The physician, laying certain pieces of current coin in his palm, asks of the patient their several value. If he answer truly, why truly there is hope; but if he stammer or falter at the coin, the verdict runs, and wisely runs, mad—incapably mad.’

“‘I’m not so bad as that,’ said Pugwash, a little alarmed.

“‘Don’t say how you are—it’s presumption in any man,’ cried Lotus. ‘Nevertheless, be as you may, I’ll cure you if you’ll give attention to my remedy.’

“‘I’ll give my whole soul to it,’ exclaimed Pugwash.

“‘Very good, very good; I like your earnestness: but I don’t want all your soul,’ said Father Lotus smiling,—‘I want only part of it; that, if you confide in me, I can take from you with no danger,—ay, with less peril than the pricking of a whitlow. Now then, for examination. Now to have a good stare at this soul of yours.’ Here Father Lotus gently removed the white cat from his knee,—for he had been patting her all the time he talked,—and turned full round upon Pugwash. ‘Turn out your breeches pockets,’ said Lotus; and the tractable Pugwash immediately displayed the linings. ‘So!’ cried Lotus, looking narrowly at the brown holland whereof they were made, ‘very bad indeed; very bad: never knew a soul in a worse state in all my life.’

“Pugwash looked at his pockets, and then at the conjurer; he was about to speak, but the fixed, earnest look of Father Lotus held him in respectful silence.

"'Yes, yes,' said the wizard, still eying the brown holland, 'I can see it all: a vagabond soul; a soul wandering here and there, like a pauper without a settlement; a ragamuffin soul.'

"Pugwash found confidence and breath. 'Was there ever such a joke?' he cried: 'know a man's soul by the linings of his breeches pockets!' and Pugwash laughed, albeit uncomfortably.

"Father Lotus looked at the man with philosophic compassion. 'Ha, my good friend!' he said, 'that all comes of your ignorance of moral anatomy.'

"'Well, but, Father Lotus—'

"'Peace!' said the wizard, 'and answer me. You'd have this soul of yours cured?'

"'If there's anything the matter with it,' answered Pugwash. 'Though not of any conceit I speak it, yet I think it as sweet and as healthy a soul as the souls of my neighbors. I never did wrong to anybody.'

"'Pooh!' cried Father Lotus.

"'I never denied credit to the hungry,' continued Pugwash.

"'Fiddle-de-dee!' said the wizard very nervously.

"'I never laid out a penny in law upon a customer; I never refused small beer to—'

"'Silence!' cried Father Lotus: 'don't offend philosophy by thus bragging of your follies. You are in a perilous condition; still you may be saved. At this very moment, I much fear it, gangrene has touched your soul; nevertheless, I can separate the sound from the mortified parts, and start you new again as though your lips were first wet with mother's milk.'

"Pugwash merely said,—for the wizard began to awe him,—'I'm very much obliged to you.'

"'Now,' said Lotus, 'answer a few questions, and then I'll proceed to the cure. What do you think of money?'

"'A very nice thing,' said Pugwash, 'though I can do with as little of it as most folks.'

"Father Lotus shook his head. 'Well, and the world about you?'

"'A beautiful world,' said Pugwash; 'only the worst of it is, I can't leave the shop as often as I would, to enjoy it. I'm shut in all day long, I may say, a prisoner to brick-dust, herrings, and bacon. Sometimes when the sun shines and the cobbler's lark over the way sings as if he'd split his pipe, why then, do you

know, I do so long to get into the fields; I do hunger for a bit of grass like any cow.'

"The wizard looked almost hopelessly on Pugwash. 'And that's your religion and business? Infidel of the counter! Saracen of the till! However—patience,' said Lotus, 'and let us conclude.—And the men and women of the world, what do you think of them?'

"'God bless 'em, poor souls!' said Pugwash. 'It's a sad scramble some of 'em have, isn't it?'

"'Well,' said the conjurer, 'for a tradesman, your soul is in a wretched condition. However, it is not so hopelessly bad that I may not yet make it profitable to you. I must cure it of its vagabond desires, and above all make it respectful of money. You will take this book.' Here Lotus took a little volume from a cupboard, and placed it in the hand of Pugwash. 'Lay it under your pillow every night for a week, and on the eighth morning let me see you.'

"'Come, there's nothing easier than that,' said Pugwash with a smile; and reverently putting the volume in his pocket (the book was closed by metal clasps, curiously chased), he descended the garret stairs of the conjurer.

"On the morning of the eighth day Pugwash again stood before Lotus.

"'How do you feel now?' asked the conjurer with a knowing look.

"'I haven't opened the book—'tis just as I took it,' said Pugwash, making no further answer.

"'I know that,' said Lotus: 'the clasps be thanked for your ignorance.' Pugwash slightly colored; for to say the truth, both he and his wife had vainly pulled and tugged, and fingered and coaxed the clasps, that they might look upon the necromantic page. "Well, the book has worked," said the conjurer; 'I have it.'

"'Have it! what?' asked Pugwash.

"'Your soul,' answered the sorcerer. 'In all my practice,' he added gravely, 'I never had a soul come into my hands in worse condition.'

"'Impossible!' cried Pugwash. 'If my soul is as you say, in your own hands, how is it that I'm alive? How is it that I can eat, drink, sleep, walk, talk, do everything, just like anybody else?'

“‘Ha!’ said Lotus, ‘that’s a common mistake. Thousands and thousands would swear, ay, as they’d swear to their own noses, that they have their souls in their own possession: bless you,’ and the conjurer laughed maliciously, ‘it’s a popular error. Their souls are altogether out of ‘em.’

“‘Well,’ said Pugwash, ‘if it’s true that you have indeed my soul, I should like to have a look at it.’

“‘In good time,’ said the conjurer, ‘I’ll bring it to your house and put it in its proper lodging. In another week I’ll bring it to you: ‘twill then be strong enough to bear removal.’

“‘And what am I to do all the time without it?’ asked Pugwash in a tone of banter. ‘Come,’ said he, still jesting, ‘if you really have my soul, what’s it like? What’s its color?—if indeed souls have colors.’

“‘Green—green as a grasshopper, when it first came into my hands,’ said the wizard; ‘but ‘tis changing daily. More: it was a skipping, chirping, giddy soul; ‘tis every hour mending. In a week’s time, I tell you, it will be fit for the business of the world.’

“‘And pray, good father,—for the matter has till now escaped me,—what am I to pay you for this pain and trouble; for this precious care of my miserable soul?’

“‘Nothing,’ answered Lotus, ‘nothing whatever. The work is too nice and precious to be paid for; I have a reward you dream not of for my labor. Think you that men’s immortal souls are to be mended like iron pots, at tinker’s price? Oh no! they who meddle with souls go for higher wages.’

“After further talk Pugwash departed, the conjurer promising to bring him home his soul at midnight that night week. It seemed strange to Pugwash, as the time passed on, that he never seemed to miss his soul; that in very truth he went through the labors of the day with even better gravity than when his soul possessed him. And more: he began to feel himself more at home in his shop; the cobbler’s lark over the way continued to sing, but awoke in Isaac’s heart no thought of the fields; and then for flowers and plants, why, Isaac began to think such matters fitter the thoughts of children and foolish girls than the attention of grown men, with the world before them. Even Mrs. Pugwash saw an alteration in her husband; and though to him she said nothing, she returned thanks to her own sagacity that made him seek the conjurer.

"At length the night arrived when Lotus had promised to bring home the soul of Pugwash. He sent his wife to bed, and sat with his eyes upon the Dutch clock, anxiously awaiting the conjurer. Twelve o'clock struck, and at the same moment Father Lotus smote the door-post of Isaac Pugwash.

"'Have you brought it?' asked Pugwash.

"'Or wherefore should I come?' said Lotus. 'Quick: show a light to the till, that your soul may find itself at home.'

"'The till!' cried Pugwash; 'what the devil should my soul do in the till?'

"'Speak not irreverently,' said the conjurer, 'but show a light.'

"'May I live forever in darkness if I do!' cried Pugwash.

"'It is no matter,' said the conjurer; and then he cried, 'Soul, to your earthly dwelling-place! Seek it—you know it.' Then turning to Pugwash, Lotus said, 'It is all right. Your soul's in the till.'

"'How did it get there?' cried Pugwash in amazement.

"'Through the slit in the counter,' said the conjurer; and ere Pugwash could speak again, the conjurer had quitted the shop.

"For some minutes Pugwash felt himself afraid to stir. For the first time in his life he felt himself ill at ease, left as he was with no other company save his own soul. He at length took heart, and went behind the counter that he might see if his soul was really in the till. With trembling hand he drew the coffer, and there, to his amazement, squatted like a tailor upon a crown piece, did Pugwash behold his own soul, which cried out to him in notes no louder than a cricket's, 'How are you? I am comfortable.'

"It was a strange yet pleasing sight to Pugwash, to behold what he felt to be his own soul embodied in a figure no bigger than the top joint of his thumb. There it was, a stark-naked thing with the precise features of Pugwash; albeit the complexion was of a yellower hue. 'The conjurer said it was green,' cried Pugwash: 'as I live, if that be my soul—and I begin to feel a strange, odd love for it—it is yellow as a guinea. Ha! ha! Pretty, precious, darling soul!' cried Pugwash, as the creature took up every piece of coin in the till, and rang it with such a look of rascally cunning, that sure I am Pugwash would in past times have hated the creature for the trick. But every day Pugwash became fonder and fonder of the creature in the

till: it was to him such a counselor and such a blessing. Whenever the old flower-man came to the door, the soul of Pugwash from the till would bid him pack with his rubbish; if a poor woman—an old customer it might be—begged for the credit of a loaf, the Spirit of the Till, calling through the slit in the counter, would command Pugwash to deny her. More: Pugwash never again took a bad shilling. No sooner did he throw the pocket-piece down upon the counter than the voice from the till would denounce its worthlessness. And the soul of Pugwash never quitted the till. There it lived, feeding upon the color of money, and capering and rubbing its small scoundrel hands in glee as the coin dropped—dropped in. In time the soul of Pugwash grew too big for so small a habitation, and then Pugwash moved his soul into an iron box; and some time after he sent his soul to his banker's,—the thing had waxed so big and strong on gold and silver."

"And so," said we, "the man flourished, and the conjurer took no wages for all he did to the soul of Pugwash?"

"Hear the end," said the Hermit. "For some time it was a growing pleasure to Pugwash to look at his soul, busy as it always was with the world-buying metals. At length he grew old, very old; and every day his soul grew uglier. Then he hated to look upon it; and then his soul would come to him, and grin its deformity at him. Pugwash died, almost rich as an Indian king; but he died shrieking in his madness to be saved from the terrors of his own soul."

"And such the end," we said; "such the Tragedy of the Till? A strange romance."

"Romance!" said the Sage of Bellyfule: "sir, 'tis a story true as life. For at this very moment how many thousands, blind and deaf to the sweet looks and voice of nature, live and die with their souls in a Till!"

SARAH ORNE JEWETT

(1849-)

THE deeds of young authors, like the deeds of young soldiers, are a continual surprise to the mature. We forget that characters and situations which pass before us unheeded from their very familiarity, strike the apprehension of youth from their very novelty.

Sarah Orne Jewett was born in South Berwick, Maine, in 1849; a product of the best New England birth and breeding. Besides the usual school training, she received a deeper culture from her father, a physician and a man of wide attainments and keen observation. A country doctor, he had to make excursions inland and along-shore to visit his scattered patients; and the young girl sitting beside him learned to know the characters she was to immortalize in literature, as she knew the landscape and the sky. She was a girl not past her youth when her first book, 'Deephaven,' was published in 1877. This was a story of New England life, told in the form of an autobiography; and slight as it was in incident, betrayed a breadth and a refinement which seemed to come from careful training, but which were really the unerring product of a genuine gift for literature, kindled by the observation of a fresh mind and an affectionate sympathy.

The effect upon her many readers was like the gift of sight to the blind. Frequenters of the town—for 'Deephaven' stands for any fisher village on the Maine coast—recalled having seen "Mrs. Bonny" searching for a tumbler, the meek widow with the appearance of a black beetle and the wail of a banshee, the funeral procession on its sad journey, the Captains, the interesting ladies "Mrs. Kew" and "Mrs. Dockum." 'Deephaven' was followed by a series of stories, all breathing forth an air of calm leisure that in its avoidance of hurry or catastrophe suggests the almost forgotten note of Goldsmith and Irving.

Miss Jewett's portrayal of character, habits, traits, speech, was all perfectly true, although drawn from that very rural and village New



SARAH ORNE JEWETT

England life which other writers, clever and merciless, had convinced the world to be wholly sordid and melancholy. With wider comprehension, she showed that there are differing points of view of any given conditions, and that a life in these pinched and narrow surroundings may be as complex an affair as one passed in the heart of London. Her patriotic and kindly part was to portray it with a good deal of horizon, a clear sky, and vital human interest.

Her gift has been exercised, for the most part, in the field in which America has only France as her rival,—that of the short story. She has written one novel, 'A Country Doctor';—for 'Deephaven' is a series of figures, landscapes, and interiors, rather than a woven scheme. Perhaps the rare intuition which taught her the secrets of her shy reserved characters, revealed to her that her strength does not lie in the constructive power which holds in its grasp varied and complex interests, terminating in an inevitable conclusion.

A simple incident suffices for her machinery; her local color is a part of the substance of her creation, not imposed upon it, and no more than Hawthorne does she seem to be conscious of the necessity of making it a setting for her figures. She writes of that into which she was born; and her creations—even when they are in such foreign settings as Irish-American life, in the inimitable stories 'The Bro-gans,' 'Between Mass and Vespers,' and 'A Little Captive Maid'—glow with that internal personality which is never counterfeited, as has been said of Hawthorne's 'Marble Faun.'

The emotion of love as a passion, the essential of a novel, is almost absent from her sketches; or, treated as one of many other emotions and principles, has a certain originality due to its abstemiousness. Life indeed, as portrayed by her, proceeds so exactly as it would naturally proceed, that when the incident has been told, and the quiet, veracious talk has been retailed, the story comes to an end because it could not go on without being a different story. This method would not do for a novel: and yet, little composition as there seems to be about them, Miss Jewett's stories are as delicately constructed, with as true a method and as perfect a knowledge of technique, as Guy de Maupassant's; and they are permeated with a humor he never knew. "It is not only the delightful mood in which these little masterpieces are written," says Mr. Howells of 'The King of Folly Island,' "but the perfect artistic restraint, the truly Greek temperance without one touch too much, which render them exquisite, make them perfect in their way."

Her lovely spirit, sweet and compassionate, is a tacit appeal for the characters at which her humor bids us smile. Her people are introduced sitting in their quiet New England homes, going about their small affairs: housewives, captains unseaworthy through time or

stress of weather, the village schoolmistress or seamstress, the old soldier, the heroine with blue eyes and rosy cheeks, walking through the scene without one fluttering ribbon of coquetry,—all these appear with as little grouping as if we had walked into "Deephaven" or "Winby" itself. With perfect sympathy she takes under her protection all those whom irreverence or thoughtlessness has flouted, or whom personal peculiarities have made ridiculous. With her we are amused by their quaintness; but human nature, even forlorn and fallen human nature, is dignified into its true likeness under her serene and compassionate touch. Her charm is the charm which Richard Dole found in "A Marsh Island," where he was so willingly a prisoner; and is that which comes from the view of a landscape, broad, unaccented, lying under a summer sky, breathing the fragrance of grass and wild flowers. It does not invite criticism any more than it deprecates close scrutiny.

If artist may be compared with artist, Miss Jewett may be described as a water-colorist; her sketches resting for their value not upon dramatic qualities or strong color, but upon their pure tone and singleness of effort. And she is not sensibly in her story, any more than a painter is in his picture. It is in this that her engaging modesty and admirable self-restraint lie.

Miss Jewett is the author of a dozen volumes of fiction, among the more important of which are—"A Marsh Island" (1885); "A White Heron and Other Stories" (1886); "The King of Folly Island, and Other People" (1888); "Strangers and Wayfarers" (1890); "A Native of Winby, and Other Tales" (1893); "The Life of Nancy" (1895); and "The Country of the Pointed Firs," 1896.

MISS TEMPY'S WATCHERS

From "The King of Folly Island, and Other People." Copyright 1888, by Sarah O. Jewett. Reprinted by permission of Houghton, Mifflin & Co., publishers, Boston.

THE time of year was April; the place was a small farming town in New Hampshire, remote from any railroad. One by one the lights had been blown out in the scattered houses near Miss Tempy Dent's; but as her neighbors took a last look out of doors, their eyes turned with instinctive curiosity toward the old house, where a lamp burned steadily. They gave a little sigh. "Poor Miss Tempy!" said more than one bereft acquaintance; for the good woman lay dead in her north chamber, and the light was a watchers' light. The funeral was set for the next day at one o'clock.

The watchers were two of the oldest friends, Mrs. Crowe and Sarah Ann Binson. They were sitting in the kitchen, because it seemed less awesome than the unused best room; and they beguiled the long hours by steady conversation. One would think that neither topics nor opinions would hold out, at that rate, all through the long spring night; but there was a certain degree of excitement just then, and the two women had risen to an unusual level of expressiveness and confidence. Each had already told the other more than one fact that she had determined to keep secret; they were again and again tempted into statements that either would have found impossible by daylight. Mrs. Crowe was knitting a blue yarn stocking for her husband; the foot was already so long that it seemed as if she must have forgotten to narrow it at the proper time. Mrs. Crowe knew exactly what she was about, however; she was of a much cooler disposition than Sister Binson, who made futile attempts at some sewing, only to drop her work into her lap whenever the talk was most engaging.

Their faces were interesting,—of the dry, shrewd, quick-witted New England type, with thin hair twisted neatly back out of the way. Mrs. Crowe could look vague and benignant, and Miss Binson was, to quote her neighbors, a little too sharp-set; but the world knew that she had need to be, with the load she must carry of supporting an inefficient widowed sister and six unpromising and unwilling nieces and nephews. The eldest boy was at last placed with a good man to learn the mason's trade. Sarah Ann Binson, for all her sharp, anxious aspect, never defended herself when her sister whined and fretted. She was told every week of her life that the poor children never would have had to lift a finger if their father had lived; and yet she had kept her steadfast way with the little farm, and patiently taught the young people many useful things, for which, as everybody said, they would live to thank her. However pleasureless her life appeared to outward view, it was brimful of pleasure to herself.

Mrs. Crowe, on the contrary, was well-to-do; her husband being a rich farmer and an easy-going man. She was a stingy woman, but for all that she looked kindly; and when she gave away anything, or lifted a finger to help anybody, it was thought a great piece of beneficence, and a compliment indeed, which the recipient accepted with twice as much gratitude as double the gift that came from a poorer and more generous acquaintance.

Everybody liked to be on good terms with Mrs. Crowe. Socially she stood much higher than Sarah Ann Binson. They were both old schoolmates and friends of Temperance Dent, who had asked them one day, not long before she died, if they would not come together and look after the house, and manage everything when she was gone. She may have had some hope that they might become closer friends in this period of intimate partnership, and that the richer woman might better understand the burdens of the poorer. They had not kept the house the night before; they were too weary with the care of their old friend, whom they had not left until all was over.

There was a brook which ran down the hillside very near the house, and the sound of it was much louder than usual. When there was silence in the kitchen, the busy stream had a strange insistence in its wild voice, as if it tried to make the watchers understand something that related to the past.

"I declare, I can't begin to sorrow for Tempy yet. I am so glad to have her at rest," whispered Mrs. Crowe. "It is strange to set here without her, but I can't make it clear that she has gone. I feel as if she had got easy and dropped off to sleep, and I'm more scared about waking her up than knowing any other feeling."

"Yes," said Sarah Ann, "it's just like that, ain't it? But I tell you we are goin' to miss her worse than we expect. She's helped me through with many a trial, has Temperance. I ain't the only one who says the same neither."

These words were spoken as if there were a third person listening; somebody beside Mrs. Crowe. The watchers could not rid their minds of the feeling that they were being watched themselves. The spring wind whistled in the window crack now and then, and buffeted the little house in a gusty way that had a sort of companionable effect. Yet on the whole it was a very still night, and the watchers spoke in a half-whisper.

"She was the freest-handed woman that ever I knew," said Mrs. Crowe decidedly. "According to her means, she gave away more than anybody. I used to tell her 'twa'n't right. I used really to be afraid that she went without too much,—for we have a duty to ourselves."

Sister Binson looked up in a half-amused, unconscious way, and then recollected herself.

Mrs. Crowe met her look with a serious face. "It ain't so easy for me to give as it is for some," she said simply, but with an effort which was made possible only by the occasion. "I should like to say, while Tempy is laying here yet in her own house, that she has been a constant lesson to me. Folks are too kind, and shame me with thanks for what I do. I ain't such a generous woman as poor Tempy was, for all she had nothin' to do with, as one may say."

Sarah Binson was much moved at this confession, and was even pained and touched by the unexpected humility. "You have a good many calls on you," she began, and then left her kind little compliment half finished.

"Yes, yes; but I've got means enough. My disposition's more of a cross to me as I grow older, and I made up my mind this morning that Tempy's example should be my pattern henceforth." She began to knit faster than ever.

"'Tain't no use to get morbid; that's what Tempy used to say herself," said Sarah Ann, after a minute's silence. "Ain't it strange to say 'used to say'?" and her voice choked a little. "She never did like to hear folks git goin' about themselves."

"'Twas only because they're apt to do it so as other folks will say 'twasn't so, an' praise 'em up," humbly replied Mrs. Crowe, "and that ain't my object. There wa'n't a child but what Tempy set herself to work to see what she could do to please it. One time my brother's folks had been stopping here in the summer, from Massachusetts. The children was all little, and they broke up a sight of toys, and left 'em when they were going away. Tempy come right up after they rode by, to see if she couldn't help me set the house to rights, and she caught me just as I was going to fling some of the clutter into the stove. I was kind of tired out, starting 'em off in season. 'Oh, give me them!' says she, real pleading; and she wropped 'em up and took 'em home with her when she went, and she mended 'em up and stuck 'em together, and made some young one or other happy with every blessed one. You'd thought I'd done her the biggest favor. 'No thanks to me. I should ha' burnt 'em, Tempy,' says I."

"Some of 'em came to our house, I know," said Miss Binson. "She'd take a lot o' trouble to please a child, 'stead o' shoving of it out o' the way, like the rest of us when we're drove."

"I can tell you the biggest thing she ever gave, and I don't know's there's anybody left but me to tell it. I don't want it forgot," Sarah Binson went on, looking up at the clock to see how the night was going. "It was that pretty-looking Trevor girl, who taught the Corners school, and married so well afterwards, out in New York State. You remember her, I dare-say?"

"Certain," said Mrs. Crowe, with an air of interest.

"She was a splendid scholar, folks said, and give the school a great start; but she'd overdone herself getting her education, and working to pay for it, and she all broke down one spring, and Tempy made her come and stop with her awhile,—you remember that? Well, she had an uncle, her mother's brother out in Chicago, who was well off and friendly, and used to write to Lizzie Trevor, and I daresay make her some presents; but he was a lively, driving man, and didn't take time to stop and think about his folks. He hadn't seen her since she was a little girl. Poor Lizzie was so pale and weakly that she just got through the term o' school. She looked as if she was just going straight off in a decline. Tempy she cosseted her up awhile, and then, next thing folks knew, she was tellin' round how Miss Trevor had gone to see her uncle, and meant to visit Niagary Falls on the way and stop over night. Now I happened to know, in ways I won't dwell on to explain, that the poor girl was in debt for her schoolin' when she come here, and her last quarter's pay had just squared it off at last, and left her without a cent ahead hardly: but it had fretted her thinking of it, so she paid it all; they might have dunned her that she owed it to. An' I taxed Tempy about the girl's goin' off on such a journey, till she owned up, rather'n have Lizzie blamed, that she'd given her sixty dollars, same's if she was rolling in riches, and sent her off to have a good rest and vacation."

"Sixty dollars!" exclaimed Mrs. Crowe. "Tempy only had ninety dollars a year that came in to her; rest of her livin' she got by helpin' about, with what she raised off this little piece o' ground, sand one side an' clay the other. An' how often I've heard her tell, years ago, that she'd rather see Niagary than any other sight in the world!"

The women looked at each other in silence; the magnitude of the generous sacrifice was almost too great for their comprehension.

"She was just poor enough to do that!" declared Mrs. Crowe at last, in an abandonment of feeling. "Say what you may, I feel humbled to the dust;" and her companion ventured to say nothing. She never had given away sixty dollars at once, but it was simply because she never had it to give. It came to her very lips to say in explanation, "Tempy was so situated;" but she checked herself in time, for she would not break in upon her own loyal guarding of her dependent household.

"Folks say a great deal of generosity, and this one's being public-sperited, and that one free-handed about giving," said Mrs. Crowe, who was a little nervous in the silence. "I suppose we can't tell the sorrow it would be to some folks not to give, same's 'twould be to me not to save. I seem kind of made for that, as if 'twas what I'd got to do. I should feel sights better about it if I could make it evident what I was savin' for. If I had a child, now, Sarah Ann," and her voice was a little husky,—"if I had a child, I should think I was heapin' of it up because he was the one trained by the Lord to scatter it again for good. But here's Crowe and me, we can't do anything with money, and both of us like to keep things same's they've always been. Now Priscilla Dance was talking away like a mill-clapper, week before last. She'd think I would go right off and get one o' them new-fashioned gilt-and-white papers for the best room, and some new furniture, an' a marble-top table. And I looked at her, all struck up. 'Why,' says I, 'Priscilla, that nice old velvet paper ain't hurt a mite. I shouldn't feel 'twas my best room without it. Dan'el says 'tis the first thing he can remember rubbin' his little baby fingers on to it, and how splendid he thought them red roses was.' I maintain," continued Mrs. Crowe stoutly, "that folks wastes sights o' good money doin' just such foolish things. Tearin' out the insides o' meetin'-houses, and fixin' the pews different; 'twas good enough as 'twas, with mendin': then hard times come, an' they want to put it all back same's 'twas before."

This touched upon an exciting subject to active members of that parish. Miss Binson and Mrs. Crowe belonged to opposite parties, and had at one time come as near hard feelings as they could and yet escape them. Each hastened to speak of other things and to show her untouched friendliness.

"I do agree with you," said Sister Binson, "that few of us know what use to make of money beyond every-day necessities. You've seen more o' the world than I have, and know what's

expected. When it comes to taste and judgment about such things, I ought to defer to others;" and with this modest avowal the critical moment passed when there might have been an improper discussion.

In the silence that followed, the fact of their presence in a house of death grew more clear than before. There was something disturbing in the noise of a mouse gnawing at the dry boards of a closet wall near by. Both the watchers looked up anxiously at the clock; it was almost the middle of the night, and the whole world seemed to have left them alone with their solemn duty. Only the brook was awake.

"Perhaps we might give a look up-stairs now," whispered Mrs. Crowe, as if she hoped to hear some reason against their going just then to the chamber of death; but Sister Binson rose, with a serious and yet satisfied countenance, and lifted the small lamp from the table. She was much more used to watching than Mrs. Crowe, and much less affected by it. They opened the door into a small entry with a steep stairway; they climbed the creaking stairs, and entered the cold upper room on tiptoe. Mrs. Crowe's heart began to beat very fast as the lamp was put on a high bureau, and made long fixed shadows about the walls. She went hesitatingly toward the solemn shape under its white drapery, and felt a sense of remonstrance as Sarah Ann gently, but in a business-like way, turned back the thin sheet.

"Seems to me she looks pleasanter and pleasanter," whispered Sarah Ann Binson impulsively, as they gazed at the white face with its wonderful smile. "To-morrow 'twill all have faded out. I do believe they kind of wake up a day or two after they die, and it's then they go." She replaced the light covering, and they both turned quickly away; there was a chill in this upper room.

"'Tis a great thing for anybody to have got through, ain't it?" said Mrs. Crowe softly, as she began to go down the stairs on tiptoe. The warm air from the kitchen beneath met them with a sense of welcome and shelter.

"I don't know why it is, but I feel as near again to Tempy down here as I do up there," replied Sister Binson. "I feel as if the air was full of her, kind of. I can sense things now and then that she seems to say. Now I never was one to take up with no nonsense of sperits and such, but I declare I felt as if she told me just now to put some more wood into the stove."

Mrs. Crowe preserved a gloomy silence. She had suspected before this that her companion was of a weaker and more credulous disposition than herself. "'Tis a great thing to have got through," she repeated, ignoring definitely all that had last been said. "I suppose you know as well as I that Tempy was one that always feared death. Well, it's all put behind her now; she knows what 'tis." Mrs. Crowe gave a little sigh, and Sister Binson's quick sympathies were stirred toward this other old friend, who also dreaded the great change.

"I'd never like to forgit almost those last words Tempy spoke plain to me," she said gently, like the comforter she truly was. "She looked up at me once or twice, that last afternoon after I come to set by her and let Mis' Owen go home; and I says, 'Can I do anything to ease you, Tempy?' and the tears come into my eyes so I couldn't see what kind of a nod she give me. 'No, Sarah Ann, you can't, dear,' says she; and then she got her breath again, and says she, looking at me real meanin', 'I'm only a-gettin' sleepier and sleepier; that's all there is,' says she, and smiled up at me kind of wishful, and shut her eyes. I knew well enough all she meant. She'd been lookin' out for a chance to tell me, and I don't know's she ever said much afterwards."

Mrs. Crowe was not knitting; she had been listening too eagerly. "Yes, 'twill be a comfort to think of that sometimes," she said in acknowledgment.

"I know that old Dr. Prince said once in evenin' meetin' that he'd watched by many a dyin' bed, as we well knew, and enough o' his sick folks had been scared o' dyin' their whole lives through; but when they come to the last, he'd never seen one but was willin', and most were glad, to go. "'Tis as natural as bein' born or livin' on," he said. I don't know what had moved him to speak that night. You know he wa'n't in the habit of it, and 'twas the monthly concert of prayer for foreign missions anyways," said Sarah Ann; "but 'twas a great stay to the mind to listen to his words of experience."

"There never was a better man," responded Mrs. Crowe in a really cheerful tone. She had recovered from her feeling of nervous dread, the kitchen was so comfortable with lamplight and firelight; and just then the old clock began to tell the hour of twelve with leisurely whirring strokes.

Sister Binson laid aside her work, and rose quickly and went to the cupboard. "We'd better take a little to eat," she

explained. "The night will go fast after this. I want to know if you went and made some o' your nice cupcake, while you was home to-day?" she asked in a pleased tone; and Mrs. Crowe acknowledged such a gratifying piece of thoughtfulness for this humble friend who denied herself all luxuries. Sarah Ann brewed a generous cup of tea, and the watchers drew their chairs up to the table presently, and quelled their hunger with good country appetites. Sister Binson put a spoon into a small old-fashioned glass of preserved quince, and passed it to her friend. She was most familiar with the house, and played the part of hostess. "Spread some o' this on your bread and butter," she said to Mrs. Crowe. "Tempy wanted me to use some three or four times, but I never felt to. I know she'd like to have us comfortable now, and would urge us to make a good supper, poor dear."

"What excellent preserves she did make!" mourned Mrs. Crowe. "None of us has got her light hand at doin' things tasty. She made the most o' everything, too. Now, she only had that one old quince-tree down in the far corner of the piece; but she'd go out in the spring and tend to it, and look at it so pleasant, and kind of expect the old thorny thing into bloomin'."

"She was just the same with folks," said Sarah Ann. "And she'd never git more'n a little apernful o' quinces, but she'd have every mite o' goodness out o' those, and set the glasses up onto her best-room closet shelf, *so* pleased. 'Twa'n't but a week ago to-morrow mornin' I fetched her a little taste o' jelly in a teaspoon; and she says 'Thank ye,' and took it; an' the minute she tasted it she looked up at me as worried as could be. 'Oh, I don't want to eat that,' says she. 'I always keep that in case o' sickness.' 'You're goin' to have the good o' one tumbler yourself,' says I. 'I'd just like to know who's sick now, if you ain't!' An' she couldn't help laughin', I spoke up so smart. Oh dear me, how I shall miss talkin' over things with her! She always sensed things, and got just the p'int you meant."

"She didn't begin to age until two or three years ago, did she?" asked Mrs. Crowe. "I never saw anybody keep her looks as Tempy did. She looked young long after I begun to feel like an old woman. The doctor used to say 'twas her young heart, and I don't know but what he was right. How she did do for other folks! There was one spell she wasn't at home a day for a fortnight. She got most of her livin' so, and that made her

own potatoes and things last her through. None o' the young folks could get married without her, and all the old ones was disappointed if she wa'n't round when they was down with sickness and had to go. An' cleanin', or tailorin' for boys, or rug-hookin',—there was nothin' but what she could do as handy as most. 'I do love to work!'—'a'n't you heard her say that twenty times a week?'

Sarah Ann Binson nodded, and began to clear away the empty plates. "We may want a taste o' somethin' more towards mornin'," she said. "There's plenty in the closet here; and in case some comes from a distance to the funeral, we'll have a little table spread after we get back to the house."

"Yes, I was busy all the mornin'. I've cooked up a sight o' things to bring over," said Mrs. Crowe. "I felt 'twas the last I could do for her."

They drew their chairs near the stove again, and took up their work. Sister Binson's rocking-chair creaked as she rocked; the brook sounded louder than ever. It was more lonely when nobody spoke, and presently Mrs. Crowe returned to her thoughts of growing old.

"Yes, Tempy aged all of a sudden. I remember I asked her if she felt as well as common, one day, and she laughed at me good. There: when Dan'el begun to look old, I couldn't help feeling as if somethin' ailed him, and like as not 'twas somethin' he was goin' to git right over, and I dosed him for it stiddy, half of one summer."

"How many things we shall be wanting to ask Tempy!" exclaimed Sarah Ann Binson after a long pause. "I can't make up my mind to doin' without her. I wish folks could come back just once, and tell us how 'tis where they've gone. Seems then we could do without 'em better."

The brook hurried on, the wind blew about the house now and then; the house itself was a silent place, and the supper, the warm fire, and an absence of any new topics for conversation made the watchers drowsy. Sister Binson closed her eyes first, to rest them for a minute; and Mrs. Crowe glanced at her compassionately, with a new sympathy for the hard-worked little woman. She made up her mind to let Sarah Ann have a good rest, while she kept watch alone; but in a few minutes her own knitting was dropped, and she too fell asleep. Overhead, the pale shape of Tempy Dent, the outworn body of that generous,

loving-hearted, simple soul, slept on also in its white raiment. Perhaps Tempy herself stood near, and saw her own life and its surroundings with new understanding. Perhaps she herself was the only watcher.

Later, by some hours, Sarah Ann Binson woke with a start. There was a pale light of dawn outside the small windows. Inside the kitchen the lamp burned dim. Mrs. Crowe awoke too.

"I think Tempy'd be the first to say 'twas just as well we both had some rest," she said, not without a guilty feeling.

Her companion went to the outer door, and opened it wide. The fresh air was none too cold, and the brook's voice was not nearly so loud as it had been in the midnight darkness. She could see the shapes of the hills, and the great shadows that lay across the lower country. The east was fast growing bright.

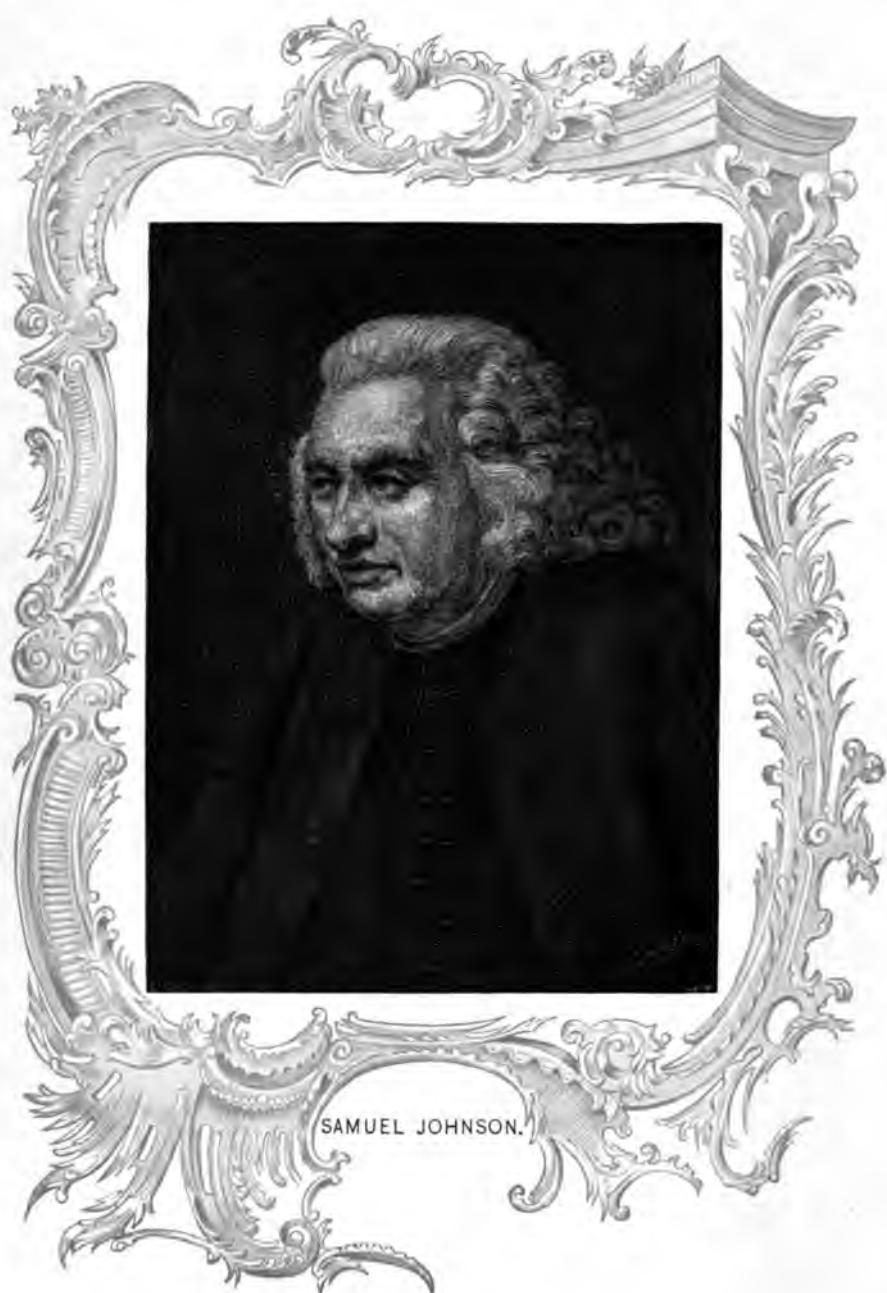
"'Twill be a beautiful day for the funeral," she said, and turned again, with a sigh, to follow Mrs. Crowe up the stairs. The world seemed more and more empty without the kind face and helpful hands of Tempy Dent.

THE BRANDON HOUSE

From 'Deephaven.' Copyright 1877, by James R. Osgood & Co.

I DO NOT know that the Brandon House is really very remarkable, but I never have been in one that interested me in the same way. Kate used to recount to select audiences at school some of her experiences with her Aunt Katharine; and it was popularly believed that she once carried down some indestructible picture-books when they were first in fashion, and the old lady basted them for her to hem round the edges at the rate of two a day. It may have been fabulous. It was impossible to imagine any children in the old place; everything was for grown people; even the stair railing was too high to slide down on. The chairs looked as if they had been put, at the furnishing of the house, in their places, and there they meant to remain. The carpets were particularly interesting; and I remember Kate's pointing out to me one day a great square figure in one, and telling me she used to keep house there with her dolls for lack of a better play-house, and if one of them chanced to fall outside the boundary stripe, it was immediately put to bed with a cold. It is a house with great possibilities; it might easily be

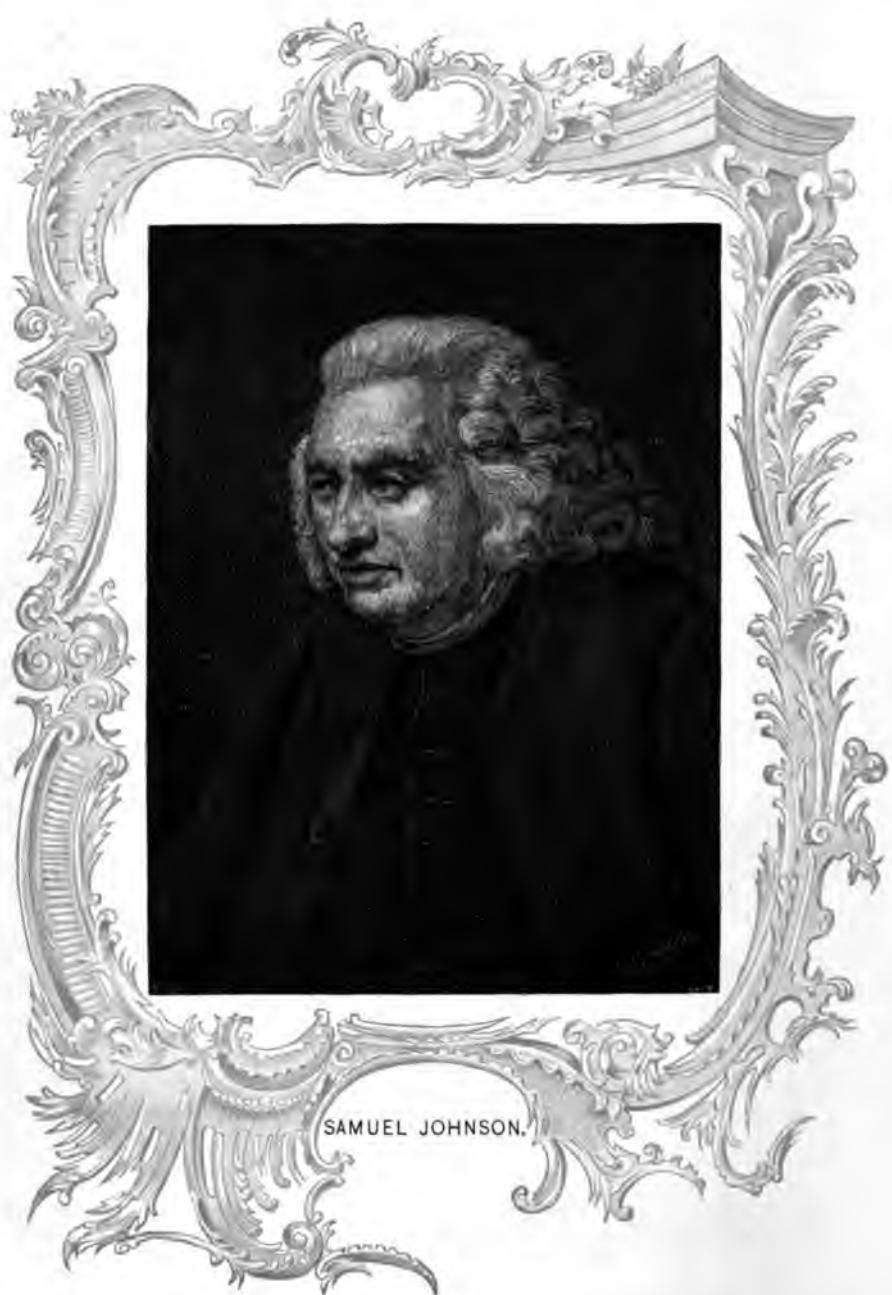
made charming. There are four very large rooms on the lower floor, and six above, a wide hall in each story, and a fascinating garret over the whole, where were many mysterious old chests and boxes, in one of which we found Kate's grandmother's love-letters; and you may be sure the vista of rummages which Mr. Lancaster had laughed about was explored to its very end. . . . Facing each other are two old secretaries, and one of them we ascertained to be the hiding-place of secret drawers, in which may be found valuable records deposited by ourselves one rainy day when we first explored it. We wrote, between us, a tragic 'journal' on some yellow old letter-paper we found in the desk. We put it in the most hidden drawer by itself, and flattered ourselves that it will be regarded with great interest some time or other. Of one of the front rooms, "the best chamber," we stood rather in dread. It is very remarkable that there seem to be no ghost stories connected with any part of the house, particularly this. We are neither of us nervous; but there is certainly something dismal about the room. The huge curtained bed and immense easy-chairs, windows and everything, were draped in some old-fashioned kind of white cloth which always seemed to be waving and moving about of itself. The carpet was most singularly colored with dark reds and indescribable grays and browns; and the pattern, after a whole summer's study, could never be followed with one's eye. The paper was captured in a French prize somewhere some time in the last century; and part of the figure was shaggy, and therein little spiders found habitation, and went visiting their acquaintances across the shiny places. The color was an unearthly pink and a forbidding maroon, with dim white spots, which gave it the appearance of having molded. It made you low-spirited to look long in the mirror; and the great lounge one could not have cheerful associations with, after hearing that Miss Brandon herself did not like it, having seen so many of her relatives lie there dead. There were fantastic china ornaments from Bible subjects on the mantel; and the only picture was one of the Maid of Orleans, tied with an unnecessarily strong rope to a very stout stake. The best parlor we also rarely used, because all the portraits which hung there had for some unaccountable reason taken a violent dislike to us, and followed us suspiciously with their eyes. The furniture was stately and very uncomfortable, and there was something about the room which suggested an invisible funeral.



SAMUEL JOHNSON.

S. MILES LINDNER

M. G. JAGGARD AND J. R. HARRIS



SAMUEL JOHNSON.

SAMUEL JOHNSON

(1709-1784)

BY GEORGE BIRKBECK HILL

 SAMUEL JOHNSON, the son of a bookseller, was born at Lichfield, Staffordshire, England, September 18th, 1709. He was educated mainly in the grammar school of that city; though perhaps the best part of his education he gave himself, in the free run which he had of the books in his father's shop. Lichfield was the literary centre of a large district. Old Michael Johnson supplied scholars with their folios, as well as less severe readers with romances, poems, essays, and pamphlets. It was in climbing up to search for some apples which young Samuel imagined his brother had hidden behind a large folio, that he came across the works of Petrarch, and fell to studying them. He was a mere child when, reading 'Hamlet' in his father's kitchen, he was so greatly scared by the ghost that he suddenly hurried up-stairs to the street door, that he might see people about him. With the memory of this terror fresh in his mind, he wrote many years afterwards: "He that peruses Shakespeare looks round him alarmed, and starts to find himself alone." He read with wonderful rapidity, ravenously as if he devoured the book, and what he read his powerful memory retained. "He knew more books," said Adam Smith, "than any man alive."

At the age of nineteen he entered Pembroke College, Oxford, "the best qualified for the university that his tutor had ever known come there." Thence he was driven by poverty after a residence of only fourteen months. During the next few years he lived partly by teaching. At the age of twenty-six he married. Two years later he went up to London with a half-finished tragedy in his pocket, and David Garrick as his companion. There for five-and-twenty years he lived the hard life of a poor scholar. His wife died after a long illness. "The melancholy of the day of her death hung long upon me," he recorded in his diary. His own body, though large and powerful, was not sound, and his mind was often overcast by melancholy. "My health," he said in his old age, "has been from my twentieth year such as has seldom afforded me a single day of ease." In this period of his life he did most of his work. He wrote the Debates of Parliament, which were wholly in form and mainly in

substance his own invention; his great *Dictionary*; his two poems 'London' and 'The Vanity of Human Wishes'; the *Rambler*, the *Idler*, and 'Rasselas,' and numerous minor pieces. He published moreover 'Observations on Macbeth,' and he made a beginning of his edition of *Shakespeare*.

In 1762, when he was in his fifty-third year, a pension of £300 from the King freed him from the pressure of poverty. The rest of his life he passed in modest comfort. A friendship which he formed a little later added greatly to his happiness. A wealthy London brewer of the name of Thrale, a man of such strong sense that he sought a comrade in this rough genius, gave him a second home. Both in his town house and in his beautiful country villa a room was set apart for Johnson. Mrs. Thrale, "a lady of lively talents improved by education," flattered by the friendship of so great a man and by the society which he drew round her table, tended him like a daughter. "Her kindness soothed twenty years of a life radically wretched." To the Thrales he generally gave half the week, passing the rest of his time in his own house. There he found constant shelter for two humble friends; sometimes indeed for as many as five.

His pen had long intervals of rest. He finished his *Shakespeare*, wrote four political tracts which added nothing to his reputation, and his 'Journey to the Western Islands.' Happily he was roused from his indolence by the request of the booksellers that he should undertake that one of all his works by which he is best known,—the 'Lives of the English Poets.' "I wrote it," he says, "in my usual way, dilatorily and hastily; unwilling to work, and working with vigor and haste."

The indolence into which he seemed to have sunk was more apparent than real. That powerful mind was seldom long at rest. "He was a kind of public oracle, whom everybody thought they had a right to visit and consult." David Hume might complain that "men of letters have in London no rendezvous, and are indeed sunk and forgotten in the general torrent of the world." Those who knew Johnson felt no such want. "His house became an academy." So did the taverns which he frequented, whose chairs he looked upon as so many thrones of human felicity. "There I have," he said, "free conversation, and an interchange of discourse with those whom I most love; I dogmatize and am contradicted, and in this conflict of opinions and opinions I find delight." In Thrale's house too "the society of the learned, the witty, and the eminent in every way, called forth his wonderful powers." Among his friends he numbered Reynolds, Burke, Goldsmith, Garrick, and Boswell. They were all members of that famous club of which he was the light and centre. In

the world of letters his opinion was eagerly awaited. “‘What does Johnson say of such a book?’ was the question of every day.”

This, the happiest period of his life, was brought to an end by the death of Mr. Thrale in 1781. “I looked,” he recorded in his diary, “for the last time upon the face that for fifteen years had never been turned upon me but with respect or benignity.” The widow, who had scarcely buried her husband before she fell in love with an Italian singer, began to feel the old man’s friendship a burden and reproach, and deserted him as she deserted her daughter. While he was thus losing his second home, “death visited his mournful habitation.” Blind Miss Williams and that strange old surgeon Robert Levett, whom he had sheltered so many years and who repaid his kindness by companionship whenever he needed it, quickly followed Thrale to the grave. His own health began to break, and he was attacked by a succession of painful disorders.

Though the ranks of his friends were thinning and his strength was failing, he did not lose heart. He tried “to keep his friendships in constant repair,” and he struggled hard for life. “I will be conquered,” he said; “I will not capitulate.” Death had always been terrible to him. Had Mr. Thrale outlived him he would have faced it in the house of friends, who by their attentions and their wealth would have screened some of its terrors from his view. He now faced it month after month in the gloom of solitude. He died on December 13th, 1784. “His death,” wrote one of his contemporaries, “kept the public mind in agitation beyond all former example.” “It made a kind of era in literature,” said Hannah More. Harriet Martineau was told, by an old lady who well remembered the time, that “the world of literature was perplexed and distressed as a swarm of bees that have lost their queen.” The sovereign man of letters was indeed dead. “Sir,” Goldsmith had one day said to him, “you are for making a monarchy of what should be a republic.” The republic was at length founded; the last monarch of the English world of literature was gathered to his fathers. The sceptre which Dryden had handed down to Pope, and Pope to Johnson, fell to the ground, never to be raised again. The Declaration of Independence was read in the funeral service over the newly opened grave in Westminster Abbey.

High as Johnson still stands as a writer, his great reputation rests mainly on his talk and on his character as a man, full as it was of strange variety, rugged strength, great tenderness, dogged honesty and truthfulness, a willingness to believe what was incredible combined with “an obstinate rationality” which ever prevented him, and Toryism with the spirit of a rebel glowing beneath. He had in the highest degree “that element of manhood” (to quote Lowell’s words) “which we call *character*. It is something distinct from genius—

though all great geniuses are endowed with it. Hence we always think of Dante Alighieri, of Michael Angelo, of William Shakespeare, of John Milton; while of such men as Gibbon and Hume we merely recall the works, and think of them as the author of this or that." This holds more true of Samuel Johnson than even of the four mighty geniuses whom Lowell instances. It is in the pages of his friend and disciple that he lives for us as no other man has ever lived. Of all men he is best known. In his early manhood he set up an academy, and failed. The school which he founded in his later years still numbers its pupils by thousands and tens of thousands. "We are," said Sir Joshua Reynolds, "of Dr. Johnson's school. He may be said to have formed my mind, and to have brushed from it a great deal of rubbish. He qualified it to think justly." He still qualifies the mind to think; he still clears it of cant; he still brushes from it all that rubbish which is heaped up by affectation, false sentiment, exaggeration, credulity, and indolence in thinking. "All who were of his school," Reynolds added, "are distinguished for a love of truth and accuracy." "He taught me," wrote Boswell, "to cross-question in common life." The great master still finds many apt scholars.

"He spoke as he wrote," his hearers commonly asserted. This was not altogether true. It might indeed be the case that "everything he said was as correct as a second edition"; nevertheless his talk was never so labored as the more ornate parts of his writings. Even in his lifetime his style was censured as "involved and turgid, and abounding with antiquated and hard words." Macaulay went so far as to pronounce it "systematically vicious." Johnson seems to have been aware of some of his failings. "If Robertson's style be faulty," he said, "he owes it to me; that is, having too many words, and those too big ones." As Goldsmith said of him, "If he were to make little fishes talk [in a fable], they would talk like whales." In the structure of his sentences he is as often at fault as in the use of big words. He praised Temple for giving a cadence to English prose, and he blamed Warburton for having "his sentences unmeasured." His own prose is too measured and has too much cadence. It is in his *Ramblers* that he is seen at his worst, and in his 'Lives of the Poets' at his best. In his *Ramblers* he was under the temptation to expand his words beyond the thoughts they had to convey, which besets every writer who has on stated days to fill up a certain number of columns. In the *Lives*, out of the fullness of his mind he gave far more than he had undertaken in his agreement with the booksellers. With all its faults, his style has left a permanent and a beneficial mark on the English language. It was not without reason that speaking of what he had done, he said: "Something perhaps I

have added to the elegance of its construction, and something to the harmony of its cadence." If he was too fond of words of foreign origin, he resisted the inroad of foreign idioms. No one could say of him what he said of Hume: "The structure of his sentences is French." He sturdily withstood "the license of translators who were reducing to babble a dialect of France." Lord Monboddo complained of his frequent use of metaphors. In this he was unlike Swift, in whose writings, it was asserted, not a single one can be found. If however he used them profusely, he used them as accurately as Burke; of whom, as he was speaking one day in Parliament, a bystander said, "How closely that fellow reasons in metaphors!" Johnson's writings are always clear. To him might be applied the words he used of Swift: "He always understands himself, and his readers always understand him." "He never hovers on the brink of meaning." If he falls short of Swift in simplicity, he rises far above him in eloquence. He cares for something more than "the easy and safe conveyance of meaning." His task it was not only to instruct, but to persuade; not only to impart truth, but to awaken "that inattention by which known truths are suffered to be neglected." He was "the great moralist." He was no unimpassioned teacher, as correct as he is cold. His mind was ever swayed to the mood of what it liked or loathed, and as it was swayed, so it gave harmonious utterance. Who would look to find tenderness in the preface to a dictionary? Nevertheless Horne Tooke, "the ablest and most malevolent of all the enemies of his fame," could never read Johnson's preface without shedding a tear. He often rose to noble heights of eloquence; while in the power of his honest scorn he has scarcely a rival. His letters to Lord Chesterfield and James Macpherson are not surpassed by any in our language. In his criticisms he is admirably clear. Whether we agree with him or not, we know at once what he means; while his meaning is so strongly supported by argument that we can neither neglect it nor despise it. He may put his reader into a rage, but he sets him thinking.

Of his original works, 'Irene' was the first written, though not the first published. It is a declamatory tragedy. He had little dramatic power, and he followed a bad model, for he took Addison as his master. The criticism which in his old age he passed on that writer's 'Cato' equally well fits his own 'Irene.' "It is rather a poem in dialogue than a drama, rather a succession of just sentiments in elegant language than a representation of natural affections, or of any state probable or possible in human life." It was in his two imitations of Juvenal's Satires, 'London' and the 'Vanity of Human Wishes,' that he first showed his great powers. Pope quickly discovered the genius of the unknown author. In their kind they are

masterpieces. Sir Walter Scott "had more pleasure in reading them than any other poetical composition he could mention." The last line of manuscript he sent to press was a quotation from the 'Vanity of Human Wishes.' "Tis a grand poem," said Byron, "and so true!—true as the truth of Juvenal himself." Johnson had planned further imitations of the Roman satirist, but he never executed them. What he has done in these two longer poems and in many of his minor pieces is so good that we may well grieve that he left so little in verse. Like his three contemporaries Collins, Gray, and Goldsmith, as a poet he died in debt to the world.

In the Rambler he teaches the same great lesson of life as in his serious poems. He gave variety, however, by lighter papers modeled on the Spectator, and by critical pieces. Admirable as was his humor in his talk,—"in the talent of humor," said Hawkins, "there hardly ever was his equal,"—yet in his writings he fell unmeasurably short of Addison. His criticisms are acute; but it is when "he reasons of righteousness, temperance, and judgment to come" that he is seen at his strongest.

'Rasselas,' struck off at a heat when his mother lay dying, tells in prose what the 'Vanity of Human Wishes' tells in verse. It is little known to the modern reader, who is not easily reconciled to its style. At no time could it have been a favorite with the young and thoughtless. Nevertheless, as years steal over us, we own, as we lay it down with a sigh, that it gives a view of life as profound and true as it is sad.

His Dictionary, faulty as it is in its etymologies, is a very great performance. Its definitions are admirable; while the quotations are so happily selected that they would afford the most pleasant reading were it possible to read a heavy folio with pleasure. That it should be the work of one man is a marvel. He had hoped to finish it in three years; it took him more than seven. To quote his own words, "He that runs against time has an antagonist not subject to casualties." He was hindered by ill health, by his wife's long and fatal illness, and by the need that he was under of "making provision for the day that was passing over him." During two years of the seven years he was writing three Ramblers a week.

Of his Shakespeare, Macaulay said: "It would be difficult to name a more slovenly, a more worthless edition of any great classic." I doubt whether when he passed this sweeping judgment, he had read much more than those brief passages in which Johnson sums up the merits of each play. The preface, Adam Smith, no friend of Johnson's fame, described as "the most manly piece of criticism that was ever published in any country." In the notes the editor anticipated modern critics in giving great weight to early readings. Warburton,

in the audacity of his conjectural emendations, almost rivaled Bentley in his dealings with Milton. He floundered, but this time he did not flounder well. Johnson was unwilling to meddle with the text so long as it gave a meaning. Many of his corrections are ingenious, but in this respect he came far behind Theobald. His notes on character are distinguished by that knowledge of mankind in which he excelled. The best are those on Falstaff and Polonius. The booksellers who had employed him did their part but ill. There are numerous errors which the corrector of the press should have detected, while the work is ill printed and on bad paper.

His four political tracts were written at the request of government. In one of them, in a fine passage, he shows the misery and suffering which are veiled from men's sight by the dazzle of the glory of war. In the struggle between England and her colonies he with Gibbon stood by George III., while Burke, Hume, and Adam Smith were on the side of liberty.

In his 'Journey to the Western Islands' he describes the tour which he made with Boswell in 1773. In this work he took the part of the oppressed tenants against their chiefs, who were, he wrote, "gradually degenerating from patriarchal rulers to rapacious landlords." His narrative is interesting; while the facts which he gathered about a rapidly changing society are curious. "Burke thought well of the philosophy of the book."

His last work was the 'Lives of the English Poets.' It was undertaken at the request of the chief London booksellers, "who had determined to publish a body of English poetry," for which he was to furnish brief prefaces. These prefaces swelled into Lives. "I have," he wrote, "been led beyond my intention, I hope by the honest desire of giving useful pleasure." For payment he had required only two hundred guineas. "Had he asked one thousand, or even fifteen hundred," said Malone, "the booksellers would doubtless readily have given it." In this great work he traveled over the whole field of English poetry, from Milton who was born in 1608 to Lyttleton who died in 1773. To such a task no man ever came better equipped. He brought to it wide reading, a strong memory, traditional knowledge gathered from the companions of his early manhood, his own long acquaintance with the literary world of London, and the fruits of years of reflection and discussion. He had studied criticism deeply, and he dared to think for himself. No man was ever more fearless in his judgments. He was overpowered by no man's reputation. His criticisms of Milton's 'Lycidas' and of Gray show him at his worst. Nevertheless they are not wholly without foundation. 'Lycidas,' great as it is, belongs to an unnatural school of poetry. It is a lament that never moved a single reader to

tears. No one mourns over young Lycidas. Blind as Johnson was to the greatness of the poem, he has surpassed all other critics in the splendor of the praise he bestowed on the poet. To the exquisite beauties of Gray, unhappily, he was insensible. His faults he makes us see only too clearly. We have to admit, however unwillingly, that at times Gray is "tall by standing on tiptoe," and does indulge in commonplaces "to which criticism disdains to chase him." Scarcely less valuable than Johnson's critical remarks are the anecdotes which he collected and the reflections which he made. In these Lives, and in his own Life as told by Boswell, we have given us an admirable view of literature and literary men, from the end of the age of Elizabeth to close upon the dawn of the splendor which ushered in the nineteenth century.

By Burkhardt

FROM 'THE VANITY OF HUMAN WISHES'

LET observation, with extensive view,
 Survey mankind, from China to Peru;
 Remark each anxious toil, each eager strife,
 And watch the busy scenes of crowded life;
 Then say how hope and fear, desire and hate,
 O'erspread with snares the clouded maze of fate,
 Where wavering man, betrayed by venturesome pride
 To tread the dreary paths without a guide,
 As treacherous phantoms in the mist delude,
 Shuns fancied ills, or chases airy good;
 How rarely reason guides the stubborn choice,
 Rules the bold hand, or prompts the suppliant voice;
 How nations sink, by darling schemes oppressed,
 When vengeance listens to the fool's request.
 Fate wings with every wish the afflictive dart,
 Each gift of nature, and each grace of art;
 With fatal heat impetuous courage glows,
 With fatal sweetness elocution flows,
 Impeachment stops the speaker's powerful breath,
 And restless fire precipitates on death. . . .
 Let history tell where rival kings command,
 And dubious title shakes the maddened land.

When statutes glean the refuse of the sword,
How much more safe the vassal than the lord!
Low skulks the hind beneath the rage of power,
And leaves the wealthy traitor in the tower;
Untouched his cottage, and his slumbers sound,
Though confiscation's vultures hover round. . . .

On what foundation stands the warrior's pride,
How just his hopes, let Swedish Charles decide:
A frame of adamant, a soul of fire,
No dangers fright him, and no labors tire;
O'er love, o'er fear, extends his wide domain,
Unconquered lord of pleasure and of pain.
No joys to him pacific sceptres yield,—
War sounds the trump, he rushes to the field;
Behold surrounding kings their powers combine,
And one capitulate, and one resign;
Peace courts his hand, but spreads her charms in vain:
“Think nothing gained,” he cries, “till naught remain,
On Moscow's walls till Gothic standards fly,
And all be mine beneath the polar sky.”
The march begins in military state,
And nations on his eye suspended wait;
Stern famine guards the solitary coast,
And winter barricades the realms of frost.
He comes,—nor want nor cold his course delay:
Hide, blushing glory, hide Pultowa's day!
The vanquished hero leaves his broken bands,
And shows his miseries in distant lands;
Condemned a needy suppliant to wait,
While ladies interpose, and slaves debate.
But did not chance at length her error mend?
Did no subverted empire mark his end?
Did rival monarchs give the fatal wound,
Or hostile millions press him to the ground?—
His fall was destined to a barren strand,
A petty fortress, and a dubious hand;
He left the name at which the world grew pale
To point a moral, or adorn a tale. . . .

Must helpless man, in ignorance sedate,
Roll darkling down the torrent of his fate?
Must no dislike alarm, no wishes rise,
No cries invoke the mercies of the skies?
Inquirer, cease: petitions yet remain,
Which Heaven may hear; nor deem religion vain.

Still raise for good the supplicating voice,
 But leave to Heaven the measure and the choice.
 Safe in His power, whose eyes discern afar
 The secret ambush of a specious prayer,
 Implore his aid, in his decisions rest,—
 Secure, whate'er he gives, he gives the best.
 Yet when the sense of sacred presence fires,
 And strong devotion to the skies aspires,
 Pour forth thy fervors for a healthful mind,
 Obedient passions, and a will resigned:
 For love, which scarce collective man can fill;
 For patience, sovereign o'er transmuted ill;
 For faith, that, panting for a happier seat,
 Counts death kind nature's signal of retreat:
 These goods for man the laws of Heaven ordain,
 These goods He grants who grants the power to gain;
 With these celestial wisdom calms the mind,
 And makes the happiness she does not find.

LETTER TO LORD CHESTERFIELD AS TO THE 'DICTIONARY'

FEBRUARY 7th, 1755.

My Lord:

I HAVE been lately informed by the proprietor of the *World* that two papers, in which my *Dictionary* is recommended to the public, were written by your Lordship. To be so distinguished is an honor, which, being very little accustomed to favors from the great, I know not well how to receive, or in what terms to acknowledge.

When, upon some slight encouragement, I first visited your Lordship, I was overpowered, like the rest of mankind, by the enchantment of your address, and could not forbear to wish that I might boast myself *le vainqueur du vainqueur de la terre*,—that I might obtain that regard for which I saw the world contending; but I found my attendance so little encouraged, that neither pride nor modesty would suffer me to continue it. When I had once addressed your Lordship in public, I had exhausted all the art of pleasing which a retired and uncourtly scholar can possess. I had done all that I could; and no man is well pleased to have his all neglected, be it ever so little.

Seven years, my lord, have now passed since I waited in your outward rooms, or was repulsed from your door; during which

time I have been pushing on my work through difficulties of which it is useless to complain, and have brought it at last to the verge of publication, without one act of assistance, one word of encouragement, or one smile of favor. Such treatment I did not expect, for I never had a patron before.

The shepherd in Virgil grew at last acquainted with Love, and found him a native of the rocks.

Is not a patron, my lord, one who looks with unconcern on a man struggling for life in the water, and when he has reached ground, incumbers him with help? The notice which you have been pleased to take of my labors, had it been early had been kind: but it has been delayed till I am indifferent, and cannot enjoy it; till I am solitary, and cannot impart it; till I am known, and do not want it. I hope it is no very cynical asperity not to confess obligations where no benefit has been received, or to be unwilling that the public should consider me as owing that to a patron which Providence has enabled me to do for myself.

Having carried on my work thus far with so little obligation to any favorer of learning, I shall not be disappointed though I should conclude it, if less be possible, with less; for I have been long wakened from that dream of hope in which I once boasted myself with so much exultation, my lord,

Your Lordship's most humble, most obedient servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

DR. JOHNSON'S LAST LETTER TO HIS AGED MOTHER

Dear Honored Mother:

NEITHER your condition nor your character make it fit for me to say much. You have been the best mother, and I believe the best woman, in the world. I thank you for your indulgence to me, and beg forgiveness of all that I have done ill, and all that I have omitted to do well. God grant you his Holy Spirit, and receive you to everlasting happiness, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen. Lord Jesus receive your spirit. Amen.

I am, dear, dear Mother,

Your dutiful Son,

JAN. 20, 1759.

SAM. JOHNSON.

FROM A LETTER TO HIS FRIEND MR. JOSEPH BARETTI, AT MILAN

I KNOW my Baretti will not be satisfied with a letter in which I give him no account of myself; yet what account shall I give him? I have not, since the day of our separation, suffered or done anything considerable. The only change in my way of life is, that I have frequented the theatre more than in former seasons. But I have gone thither only to escape from myself. We have had many new farces, and the comedy called 'The Jealous Wife,'—which, though not written with much genius, was yet so well adapted to the stage, and so well exhibited by the actors, that it was crowded for near twenty nights. I am digressing from myself to the play-house; but a barren plan must be filled with episodes. Of myself I have nothing to say, but that I have hitherto lived without the concurrence of my own judgment; yet I continue to flatter myself that when you return, you will find me mended. I do not wonder that where the monastic life is permitted, every order finds votaries, and every monastery inhabitants. Men will submit to any rule by which they may be exempt from the tyranny of caprice and of chance. They are glad to supply by external authority their own want of constancy and resolution, and court the government of others when long experience has convinced them of their own inability to govern themselves. If I were to visit Italy, my curiosity would be more attracted by convents than by palaces; though I am afraid I should find expectation in both places equally disappointed, and life in both places supported with impatience and quitted with reluctance. That it must be so soon quitted is a powerful remedy against impatience; but what shall free us from reluctance? Those who have endeavored to teach us to die well, have taught few to die willingly; yet I cannot but hope that a good life might end at last in a contented death.

DR. JOHNSON'S FAREWELL TO HIS MOTHER'S AGED SERVANT

SUNDAY, Oct. 18, 1767.—Yesterday, Oct. 17, at about ten in the morning, I took my leave forever of my dear old friend Catherine Chambers, who came to live with my mother about 1724, and has been but little parted from us since. She

buried my father, my brother, and my mother. She is now fifty-eight years old.

I desired all to withdraw, then told her that we were to part forever; that as Christians, we should part with prayer, and that I would, if she was willing, say a short prayer beside her. She expressed great desire to hear me; and held up her poor hands, as she lay in bed, with great fervor while I prayed, kneeling by her, nearly in the following words:—

“Almighty and most merciful Father, whose loving kindness is over all thy works, behold, visit, and relieve this thy servant, who is grieved with sickness. Grant that the sense of her weakness may add strength to her faith, and seriousness to her repentance. And grant that by the help of thy Holy Spirit, after the pains and labors of this short life, we may all obtain everlasting happiness through Jesus Christ our Lord; for whose sake hear our prayers. Amen. Our Father,” etc.

I then kissed her. She told me that to part was the greatest pain that she had ever felt, and that she hoped we should meet again in a better place. I expressed, with swelled eyes and great emotion of tenderness, the same hopes. We kissed and parted, I humbly hope to meet again and to part no more.

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

Dear Sir:

WHAT can possibly have happened that keeps us two such strangers to each other? I expected to have heard from you when you came home; I expected afterwards. I went into the country and returned; and yet there is no letter from Mr. Boswell. No ill I hope has happened; and if ill should happen, why should it be concealed from him who loves you? Is it a fit of humor, that has disposed you to try who can hold out longest without writing? If it be, you have the victory. But I am afraid of something bad; set me free from my suspicions.

My thoughts are at present employed in guessing the reason of your silence: you must not expect that I should tell you anything, if I had anything to tell. Write, pray write to me, and let me know what is, or what has been, the cause of this long interruption. I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

JULY 13, 1779.

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

My Dear Sir:

ARE you playing the same trick again, and trying who can keep silence longest? Remember that all tricks are either knavish or childish; and that it is as foolish to make experiments upon the constancy of a friend as upon the chastity of a wife.

What can be the cause of this second fit of silence I cannot conjecture; but after one trick, I will not be cheated by another, nor will I harass my thoughts with conjectures about the motives of a man who probably acts only by caprice. I therefore suppose you are well, and that Mrs. Boswell is well too; and that the fine summer has restored Lord Auchinleck. I am much better, better than you left me; I think I am better than when I was in Scotland.

I forgot whether I informed you that poor Thrale has been in great danger. Mrs. Thrale likewise has . . . been much indisposed. Everybody else is well; Langton is in camp. I intend to put Lord Hailes's description of Dryden into another edition; and as I know his accuracy, wish he would consider the dates, which I could not always settle to my own mind.

Mr. Thrale goes to Brighthelmstone about Michaelmas, to be jolly and ride a-hunting. I shall go to town, or perhaps to Oxford. Exercise and gayety, or rather carelessness, will I hope dissipate all remains of his malady; and I likewise hope, by the change of place, to find some opportunities of growing yet better myself. I am, dear Sir, your humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

STREATHAM, Sept. 9, 1779.

TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

Dear Sir:

WHY should you importune me so earnestly to write? Of what importance can it be to hear of distant friends to a man who finds himself welcome wherever he goes, and makes new friends faster than he can want them? If to the delight of such universal kindness of reception, anything can be added by knowing that you retain my good-will, you may indulge yourself in the full enjoyment of that small addition.

I am glad that you made the round of Lichfield with so much success: the oftener you are seen, the more you will be liked.

It was pleasing to me to read that Mrs. Aston was so well, and that Lucy Porter was so glad to see you.

In the place where you now are, there is much to be observed; and you will easily procure yourself skillful directors. But what will you do to keep away the *black dog* that worries you at home? If you would, in compliance with your father's advice, inquire into the old tenures and old charters of Scotland, you would certainly open to yourself many striking scenes of the manners of the Middle Ages. The feudal system, in a country half barbarous, is naturally productive of great anomalies in civil life. The knowledge of past times is naturally growing less in all cases not of public record; and the past time of Scotland is so unlike the present, that it is already difficult for a Scotchman to image the economy of his grandfather. Do not be tardy nor negligent; but gather up eagerly what can yet be found.

We have, I think, once talked of another project,—a history of the late insurrection in Scotland, with all its incidents. Many falsehoods are passing into uncontradicted history. Voltaire, who loved a striking story, has told what he could not find to be true.

You may make collections for either of these projects, or for both, as opportunities occur, and digest your materials at leisure. The great direction which Burton has left to men disordered like you, is this: *Be not solitary; be not idle*—which I would thus modify: If you are idle, be not solitary; if you are solitary, be not idle.

There is a letter for you, from

Your humble servant,

SAM. JOHNSON.

LONDON, October 27, 1779.

TO MRS. LUCY PORTER IN LICHFIELD

Dear Madam:

LIFE is full of troubles. I have just lost my dear friend Thrale. I hope he is happy; but I have had a great loss. I am otherwise pretty well. I require some care of myself, but that care is not ineffectual; and when I am out of order I think it often my own fault.

The spring is now making quick advances. As it is the season in which the whole world is enlivened and invigorated, I

hope that both you and I shall partake of its benefits. My desire is to see Lichfield; but being left executor to my friend, I know not whether I can be spared; but I will try, for it is now long since we saw one another; and how little we can promise ourselves many more interviews, we are taught by hourly examples of mortality. Let us try to live so as that mortality may not be an evil. Write to me soon, my dearest; your letters will give me great pleasure.

I am sorry that Mr. Porter has not had his box; but by sending it to Mr. Mathias, who very readily undertook its conveyance, I did the best I could, and perhaps before now he has it.

Be so kind as to make my compliments to my friends: I have a great value for their kindness, and hope to enjoy it before summer is past. Do write to me.

I am, dearest love,

Your most humble servant,

LONDON, April 12, 1781.

SAM. JOHNSON.

TO MR. PERKINS

Dear Sir:

I AM much pleased that you are going a very long journey, which may, by proper conduct, restore your health and prolong your life.

Observe these rules:—

1. Turn all care out of your head as soon as you mount the chaise.
2. Do not think about frugality: your health is worth more than it can cost.
3. Do not continue any day's journey to fatigue.
4. Take now and then a day's rest.
5. Get a smart sea-sickness if you can.
6. Cast away all anxiety, and keep your mind easy.

This last direction is the principal; with an unquiet mind neither exercise, nor diet, nor physic can be of much use.

I wish you, dear Sir, a prosperous journey, and a happy recovery.

I am, dear Sir,

Your most affectionate humble servant,

JULY 28, 1781.

SAM. JOHNSON.

FROM A LETTER TO JAMES BOSWELL, ESQ.

LIFE, as Cowley seems to say, ought to resemble a well-ordered poem; of which one rule generally received is, that the exordium should be simple, and should promise little. Begin your new course of life with the least show and the least expense possible: you may at pleasure increase both, but you cannot easily diminish them. Do not think your estate your own while any man can call upon you for money which you cannot pay; therefore begin with timorous parsimony. Let it be your first care not to be in any man's debt.

When the thoughts are extended to a future state, the present life seems hardly worthy of all those principles of conduct and maxims of prudence which one generation of men has transmitted to another; but upon a closer view, when it is perceived how much evil is produced and how much good is impeded by embarrassment and distress, and how little room the expedients of poverty leave for the exercise of virtue, it grows manifest that the boundless importance of the next life enforces some attention to the interests of this.

Be kind to the old servants, and secure the kindness of the agents and factors; do not disgust them by asperity, or unwelcome gayety, or apparent suspicion. From them you must learn the real state of your affairs, the characters of your tenants, and the value of your lands.

Make my compliments to Mrs. Boswell: I think her expectations from air and exercise are the best that she can form. I hope she will live long and happily.

TO MRS. THRALE

ON MONDAY the 16th I sat for my picture, and walked a considerable way with little inconvenience. In the afternoon and evening I felt myself light and easy, and began to plan schemes of life. Thus I went to bed, and in a short time waked and sat up, as has been long my custom; when I felt a confusion and indistinctness in my head, which lasted I suppose about half a minute. I was alarmed, and prayed God that however he might afflict my body, he would spare my understanding. This prayer, that I might try the integrity of my faculties, I made in Latin verse. The lines were not very good, but I knew

them not to be very good; I made them easily, and concluded myself to be unimpaired in my faculties.

Soon after, I perceived that I had suffered a paralytic stroke, and that my speech was taken from me. I had no pain, and so little dejection in this dreadful state, that I wondered at my own apathy; and considered that perhaps death itself, when it should come, would excite less horror than seems now to attend it.

In order to rouse the vocal organs, I took two drams. Wine has been celebrated for the production of eloquence. I put myself into violent motion, and I think repeated it; but all was vain. I then went to bed, and strange as it may seem, I think slept. When I saw light, it was time to contrive what I should do. Though God stopped my speech, he left me my hand; I enjoyed a mercy which was not granted to my dear friend Lawrence, who now perhaps overlooks me as I am writing, and rejoices that I have what he wanted. My first note was necessarily to my servant, who came in talking, and could not immediately comprehend why he should read what I put into his hands.

I then wrote a card to Mr. Allen, that I might have a discreet friend at hand, to act as occasion should require. In penning this note I had some difficulty: my hand, I knew not how nor why, made wrong letters. I then wrote to Dr. Taylor to come to me, and bring Dr. Heberden; and I sent to Dr. Brocklesby, who is my neighbor. My physicians are very friendly, and give me great hopes; but you may imagine my situation. I have so far recovered my vocal powers as to repeat the Lord's Prayer with no imperfect articulation. My memory, I hope, yet remains as it was; but such an attack produces solicitude for the safety of every faculty.

A PRIVATE PRAYER BY DR. JOHNSON

O God, giver and preserver of all life, by whose power I was created, and by whose providence I am sustained, look down upon me with tenderness and mercy; grant that I may not have been created to be finally destroyed; that I may not be preserved to add wickedness to wickedness.

O Lord, let me not sink into total depravity: look down upon me, and rescue me at last from the captivity of sin.

Almighty and most merciful Father, who has continued my life from year to year, grant that by longer life I may become less desirous of sinful pleasures, and more careful of eternal happiness.

Let not my years be multiplied to increase my guilt; but as my age advances, let me become more pure in my thoughts, more regular in my desires, and more obedient to thy laws.

Forgive, O merciful Lord, whatever I have done contrary to thy laws. Give me such a sense of my wickedness as may produce true contrition and effectual repentance: so that when I shall be called into another state, I may be received among the sinners to whom sorrow and reformation have obtained pardon, for Jesus Christ's sake. Amen.

WEALTH

From the Rambler, No. 58, October 6th, 1750

AS THE love of money has been, in all ages, one of the passions that have given great disturbance to the tranquillity of the world, there is no topic more copiously treated by the ancient moralists than the folly of devoting the heart to the accumulation of riches. They who are acquainted with these authors need not be told how riches excite pity, contempt, or reproach whenever they are mentioned; with what numbers of examples the danger of large possessions is illustrated; and how all the powers of reason and eloquence have been exhausted in endeavors to eradicate a desire which seems to have intrenched itself too strongly in the mind to be driven out, and which perhaps had not lost its power even over those who declaimed against it, but would have broken out in the poet or the sage, if it had been excited by opportunity, and invigorated by the approximation of its proper object.

Their arguments have been indeed so unsuccessful, that I know not whether it can be shown that by all the wit and reason which this favorite cause has called forth, a single convert was ever made; that even one man has refused to be rich, when to be rich was in his power, from the conviction of the greater happiness of a narrow fortune; or disburthened himself of wealth when he had tried its inquietudes, merely to enjoy the peace and leisure and security of a mean and unenvied state.

It is true, indeed, that many have neglected opportunities of raising themselves to honors and to wealth, and rejected the kindest offers of fortune: but however their moderation may be boasted by themselves, or admired by such as only view them at a distance, it will be perhaps seldom found that they value riches less, but that they dread labor or danger more than others; they are unable to rouse themselves to action, to strain in the race of competition, or to stand the shock of contest: but though they therefore decline the toil of climbing, they nevertheless wish themselves aloft, and would willingly enjoy what they dare not seize.

Others have retired from high stations, and voluntarily condemned themselves to privacy and obscurity. But even these will not afford many occasions of triumph to the philosopher: for they have commonly either quitted that only which they thought themselves unable to hold, and prevented disgrace by resignation; or they have been induced to try new measures by general inconstancy, which always dreams of happiness in novelty, or by a gloomy disposition, which is disgusted in the same degree with every state, and wishes every scene of life to change as soon as it is beheld. Such men found high and low stations equally unable to satisfy the wishes of a distempered mind, and were unable to shelter themselves in the closest retreat from disappointment, solitude, and misery.

Yet though these admonitions have been thus neglected by those who either enjoyed riches or were able to procure them, it is not rashly to be determined that they are altogether without use; for since far the greatest part of mankind must be confined to conditions comparatively mean, and placed in situations from which they naturally look up with envy to the eminences placed before them, those writers cannot be thought ill employed that have administered remedies to discontent almost universal, by shewing that what we cannot reach may very well be forborne, that the inequality of distribution at which we murmur is for the most part less than it seems, and that the greatness which we admire at a distance has much fewer advantages and much less splendor when we are suffered to approach it.

It is the business of moralists to detect the frauds of fortune, and to shew that she imposes upon the careless eye by a quick succession of shadows, which will shrink to nothing in the gripe; that she disguises life in extrinsic ornaments, which serve only

for show, and are laid aside in the hours of solitude and of pleasure; and that when greatness aspires either to felicity or wisdom, it shakes off those distinctions which dazzle the gazer and awe the suppliant.

It may be remarked that they whose condition has not afforded them the light of moral or religious instruction, and who collect all their ideas by their own eyes and digest them by their own understandings, seem to consider those who are placed in ranks of remote superiority as almost another and higher species of beings. As themselves have known little other misery than the consequences of want, they are with difficulty persuaded that where there is wealth there can be sorrow, or that those who glitter in dignity and glide along in affluence can be acquainted with pains and cares like those which lie heavy upon the rest of mankind.

This prejudice is indeed confined to the lowest meanness and the darkest ignorance; but it is so confined only because others have been shown its folly and its falsehood, because it has been opposed in its progress by history and philosophy, and hindered from spreading its infection by powerful preservatives.

The doctrine of the contempt of wealth, though it has not been able to extinguish avarice or ambition, or suppress that reluctance with which a man passes his days in a state of inferiority, must at least have made the lower conditions less grating and wearisome, and has consequently contributed to the general security of life, by hindering that fraud and violence, rapine and circumvention which must have been produced by an unbounded eagerness of wealth, arising from an unshaken conviction that to be rich is to be happy.

Whoever finds himself incited, by some violent impulse of passion, to pursue riches as the chief end of being, must surely be so much alarmed by the successive admonitions of those whose experience and sagacity have recommended them as the guides of mankind, as to stop and consider whether he is about to engage in an undertaking that will reward his toil, and to examine before he rushes to wealth, through right and wrong, what it will confer when he has acquired it; and this examination will seldom fail to repress his ardor and retard his violence.

Wealth is nothing in itself; it is not useful but when it departs from us; its value is found only in that which it can purchase,—which if we suppose it put to its best use by those that possess it, seems not much to deserve the desire or envy of

a wise man. It is certain that with regard to corporal enjoyment, money can neither open new avenues to pleasure nor block up the passages of anguish. Disease and infirmity still continue to torture and enfeeble, perhaps exasperated by luxury or promoted by softness. With respect to the mind, it has rarely been observed that wealth contributes much to quicken the discernment, enlarge the capacity, or elevate the imagination; but may, by hiring flattery or laying diligence asleep, confirm error and harden stupidity.

Wealth cannot confer greatness; for nothing can make that great which the decree of nature has ordained to be little. The bramble may be placed in a hot-bed, but can never become an oak. Even royalty itself is not able to give that dignity which it happens not to find, but oppresses feeble minds, though it may elevate the strong. The world has been governed in the name of kings whose existence has scarcely been perceived by any real effects beyond their own palaces.

When therefore the desire of wealth is taking hold of the heart, let us look round and see how it operates upon those whose industry or fortune has obtained it. When we find them oppressed with their own abundance, luxurious without pleasure, idle without ease, impatient and querulous in themselves, and despised or hated by the rest of mankind, we shall soon be convinced that if the real wants of our condition are satisfied, there remains little to be sought with solicitude or desired with eagerness.

OLD AGE AND DEATH

From the Rambler, No. 69, November 13th, 1750

AN OLD Greek epigrammatist, intending to shew the miseries that attend the last stage of man, imprecates upon those who are so foolish as to wish for long life, the calamity of continuing to grow old from century to century. He thought that no adventitious or foreign pain was requisite; that decrepitude itself was an epitome of whatever is dreadful; and nothing could be added to the curse of age, but that it should be extended beyond its natural limits.

The most indifferent or negligent spectator can indeed scarcely retire without heaviness of heart from a view of the last scenes of the tragedy of life, in which he finds those who in the former

parts of the drama were distinguished by opposition of conduct, contrariety of designs, and dissimilitude of personal qualities, all involved in one common distress, and all struggling with affliction which they cannot hope to overcome.

The other miseries which waylay our passage through the world, wisdom may escape and fortitude may conquer: by caution and circumspection we may steal along with very little to obstruct or incommod us; by spirit and vigor we may force a way, and reward the vexation of contest by the pleasures of victory. But a time must come when our policy and bravery shall be equally useless; when we shall all sink into helplessness and sadness, without any power of receiving solace from the pleasures that have formerly delighted us, or any prospect of emerging into a second possession of the blessings that we have lost.

The industry of man has indeed not been wanting in endeavors to procure comforts for these hours of dejection and melancholy, and to gild the dreadful gloom with artificial light. The most usual support of old age is wealth. He whose possessions are large and whose chests are full imagines himself always fortified against invasions on his authority. If he has lost all other means of government, if his strength and his reason fail him, he can at last alter his will; and therefore all that have hopes must likewise have fears, and he may still continue to give laws to such as have not ceased to regard their own interest.

This is indeed too frequently the citadel of the dotard; the last fortress to which age retires, and in which he makes the stand against the upstart race that seizes his domains, disputes his commands, and cancels his prescriptions. But here, though there may be safety, there is no pleasure; and what remains is but a proof that more was once possessed.

Nothing seems to have been more universally dreaded by the ancients than orbity, or want of children; and indeed to a man who has survived all the companions of his youth,—all who have participated his pleasures and his cares, have been engaged in the same events and filled their minds with the same conceptions,—this full-peopled world is a dismal solitude. He stands forlorn and silent, neglected or insulted, in the midst of multitudes animated with hopes which he cannot share and employed in business which he is no longer able to forward or retard; nor can he find any to whom his life or his death are of importance, unless he has secured some domestic gratifications, some tender

employments, and endeared himself to some whose interest and gratitude may unite them to him.

So different are the colors of life as we look forward to the future or backward to the past, and so different the opinions and sentiments which this contrariety of appearance naturally produces, that the conversation of the old and young ends generally with contempt or pity on either side. To a young man entering the world with fullness of hope and ardor of pursuit, nothing is so unpleasing as the cold caution, the faint expectations, the scrupulous diffidence, which experience and disappointments certainly infuse: and the old man wonders in his turn that the world never can grow wiser; that neither precepts nor testimonies can cure boys of their credulity and sufficiency; and that no one can be convinced that snares are laid for him, till he finds himself entangled.

Thus one generation is always the scorn and wonder of the other; and the notions of the old and young are like liquors of different gravity and texture, which never can unite. The spirits of youth, sublimed by health and volatilized by passion, soon leave behind them the phlegmatic sediment of weariness and deliberation, and burst out in temerity and enterprise. The tenderness therefore which nature infuses, and which long habits of beneficence confirm, is necessary to reconcile such opposition; and an old man must be a father, to bear with patience those follies and absurdities which he will perpetually imagine himself to find in the schemes and expectations, the pleasures and the sorrows, of those who have not yet been hardened by time and chilled by frustration.

Yet it may be doubted whether the pleasure of seeing children ripening into strength be not overbalanced by the pain of seeing some fall in the blossom, and others blasted in their growth; some shaken down with storms, some tainted with cankers, and some shriveled in the shade: and whether he that extends his care beyond himself does not multiply his anxieties more than his pleasures, and weary himself to no purpose by superintending what he cannot regulate.

But though age be to every order of human beings sufficiently terrible, it is particularly to be dreaded by fine ladies, who have no other end or ambition than to fill up the day and the night with dress, diversions, and flattery; and who, having made no acquaintance with knowledge or with business, have

constantly caught all their ideas from the current prattle of the hour, and been indebted for all their happiness to compliments and treats. With these ladies age begins early, and very often lasts long: it begins when their beauty fades, when their mirth loses its sprightliness and their motion its ease. From that time all which gave them joy vanishes from about them. They hear the praises bestowed on others, which used to swell their bosoms with exultation. They visit the seats of felicity, and endeavor to continue the habit of being delighted. But pleasure is only received when we believe that we give it in return. Neglect and petulance inform them that their power and their value are past; and what then remains but a tedious and comfortless uniformity of time, without any motion of the heart or exercise of the reason?

Yet however age may discourage us by its appearance from considering it in prospect, we shall all by degrees certainly be old; and therefore we ought to inquire what provision can be made against that time of distress? what happiness can be stored up against the winter of life? and how we may pass our latter years with serenity and cheerfulness?

It has been found by the experience of mankind that not even the best seasons of life are able to supply sufficient gratifications, without anticipating uncertain felicities; it cannot surely be supposed that old age, worn with labors, harassed with anxieties, and tortured with diseases, should have any gladness of its own, or feel any satisfaction from the contemplation of the present. All the comfort that can now be expected must be recalled from the past, or borrowed from the future: the past is very soon exhausted, all the events or actions of which the memory can afford pleasure are quickly recollected; and the future lies beyond the grave, where it can be reached only by virtue and devotion.

Piety is the only proper and adequate relief of decaying man. He that grows old without religious hopes, as he declines into imbecility, and feels pains and sorrows incessantly crowding upon him, falls into a gulf of bottomless misery, in which every reflection must plunge him deeper, and where he finds only new gradations of anguish and precipices of horror.

A STUDY OF MILTON'S 'PARADISE LOST'

From 'Milton,' in the 'Lives of the Poets'

MILTON's little pieces may be dispatched without much anxiety; a greater work calls for greater care. I am now to examine 'Paradise Lost'; a poem which considered with respect to design may claim the first place, and with respect to performance the second, among the productions of the human mind.

By the general consent of critics the first praise of genius is due to the writer of an epic poem, as it requires an assemblage of all the powers which are singly sufficient for other compositions. Poetry is the art of uniting pleasure with truth, by calling imagination to the help of reason. Epic poetry undertakes to teach the most important truths by the most pleasing precepts, and therefore relates some great event in the most affecting manner. History must supply the writer with the rudiments of narration, which he must improve and exalt by a nobler art, must animate by dramatic energy, and diversify by retrospection and anticipation; morality must teach him the exact bounds and different shades of vice and virtue; from policy and the practice of life he has to learn the discriminations of character and the tendency of the passions, either single or combined; and physiology must supply him with illustrations and images. To put these materials to poetical use, is required an imagination capable of painting nature and realizing fiction. Nor is he yet a poet till he has attained the whole extension of his language, distinguished all the delicacies of phrase and all the colors of words, and learned to adjust their different sounds to all the varieties of metrical modulation.

Bossu is of opinion that the poet's first work is to find a *moral*, which his fable is afterwards to illustrate and establish. This seems to have been the process only of Milton: the moral of other poems is incidental and consequent; in Milton's only it is essential and intrinsic. His purpose was the most useful and the most arduous: "to vindicate the ways of God to man;" to show the reasonableness of religion, and the necessity of obedience to the Divine Law.

To convey this moral there must be a *fable*; a narration artfully constructed, so as to excite curiosity and surprise expectation. In this part of his work Milton must be confessed to have

LICHFIELD.

The Birthplace of Samuel Johnson.
Original Etching from a Drawing.





equaled every other poet. He has involved in his account of the Fall of Man the events which preceded and those that were to follow it; he has interwoven the whole system of theology with such propriety that every part appears to be necessary; and scarcely any recital is wished shorter for the sake of quickening the progress of the main action.

The subject of an epic poem is naturally an event of great importance. That of Milton is not the destruction of a city, the conduct of a colony, or the foundation of an empire. His subject is the fate of worlds, the revolutions of heaven and of earth; rebellion against the Supreme King, raised by the highest order of created beings; the overthrow of their host, and the punishment of their crime; the creation of a new race of reasonable creatures; their original happiness and innocence, their forfeiture of immortality, and their restoration to hope and peace. . . .

Of the *probable* and the *marvelous*, two parts of a vulgar epic poem which immerge the critic in deep consideration, the 'Paradise Lost' requires little to be said. It contains the history of a miracle,—of creation and redemption; it displays the power and the mercy of the Supreme Being: the probable therefore is marvelous, and the marvelous is probable. The substance of the narrative is truth; and as truth allows no choice, it is, like necessity, superior to rule. To the accidental or adventitious parts, as to everything human, some slight exceptions may be made; but the main fabric is immovably supported. . . .

To the completeness or *integrity* of the design nothing can be objected: it has distinctly and clearly what Aristotle requires—a beginning, a middle, and an end. There is perhaps no poem of the same length from which so little can be taken without apparent mutilation. Here are no funeral games, nor is there any long description of a shield. The short digressions at the beginning of the third, seventh, and ninth books might doubtless be spared; but superfluities so beautiful who would take away? or who does not wish that the author of the Iliad had gratified succeeding ages with a little knowledge of himself? Perhaps no passages are more attentively read than those extrinsic paragraphs; and since the end of poetry is pleasure, that cannot be unpoetical with which all are pleased.

The questions whether the action of the poem be strictly *one*, whether the poem can be properly termed *heroic*, and who is the hero, are raised by such readers as draw their principles

of judgment rather from books than from reason. Milton, though he entitled 'Paradise Lost' only a "poem," yet calls it himself "heroic song." Dryden petulantly and indecently denies the heroism of Adam, because he was overcome; but there is no reason why the hero should not be unfortunate, except established practice, since success and virtue do not go necessarily together. Cato is the hero of Lucan; but Lucan's authority will not be suffered by Quintilian to decide. However, if success be necessary, Adam's deceiver was at last crushed; Adam was restored to his Maker's favor, and therefore may securely resume his human rank.

After the scheme and fabric of the poem, must be considered its component parts, the sentiments and the diction.

The *sentiments*, as expressive of manners or appropriated to characters, are for the greater part unexceptionably just. Splendid passages containing lessons of morality or precepts of prudence occur seldom. Such is the original formation of this poem, that as it admits no human manners till the Fall, it can give little assistance to human conduct. Its end is to raise the thoughts above sublunary cares or pleasures. Yet the praise of that fortitude with which Abdiel maintained his singularity of virtue against the scorn of multitudes may be accommodated to all times; and Raphael's reproof of Adam's curiosity after the planetary motions, with the answer returned by Adam, may be confidently opposed to any rule of life which any poet has delivered.

The thoughts which are occasionally called forth in the progress are such as could only be produced by an imagination in the highest degree fervid and active, to which materials were supplied by incessant study and unlimited curiosity. The heat of Milton's mind may be said to sublimate his learning, to throw off into his work the spirit of science, unmixed with its grosser parts.

He had considered creation in its whole extent, and his descriptions are therefore learned. He had accustomed his imagination to unrestrained indulgence, and his conceptions therefore were extensive. The characteristic quality of his poem is sublimity. He sometimes descends to the elegant, but his element is the great. He can occasionally invest himself with grace; but his natural port is gigantic loftiness. He can please when pleasure is required; but it is his peculiar power to astonish.

He seems to have been well acquainted with his own genius, and to know what it was that nature had bestowed upon him more bountifully than upon others,—the power of displaying the vast, illuminating the splendid, enforcing the awful, darkening the gloomy, and aggravating the dreadful: he therefore chose a subject on which too much could not be said, on which he might tire his fancy without the censure of extravagance.

The appearances of nature, and the occurrences of life, did not satiate his appetite of greatness. To paint things as they are, requires a minute attention, and employs the memory rather than the fancy. Milton's delight was to sport in the wide regions of possibility; reality was a scene too narrow for his mind. He sent his faculties out upon discovery, into worlds where only imagination can travel, and delighted to form new modes of existence, and furnish sentiment and action to superior beings; to trace the counsels of hell, or accompany the choirs of heaven.

But he could not be always in other worlds; he must sometimes revisit earth, and tell of things visible and known. When he cannot raise wonder by the sublimity of his mind, he gives delight by its fertility. . . .

The ancient epic poets, wanting the light of Revelation, were very unskillful teachers of virtue; their principal characters may be great, but they are not amiable. The reader may rise from their works with a greater degree of active or passive fortitude, and sometimes of prudence; but he will be able to carry away few precepts of justice, and none of mercy. From the Italian writers it appears that the advantages of even Christian knowledge may be possessed in vain. Ariosto's pravity is generally known; and though the 'Deliverance of Jerusalem' may be considered as a sacred subject, the poet has been very sparing of moral instruction. In Milton every line breathes sanctity of thought and purity of manners, except when the train of the narration requires the introduction of the rebellious spirits; and even they are compelled to acknowledge their subjection to God, in such a manner as excites reverence and confirms piety.

Of human beings there are but two; but those two are the parents of mankind, venerable before their fall for dignity and innocence, and amiable after it for repentance and submission. In the first state their affection is tender without weakness, and their piety sublime without presumption. When they have sinned, they show how discord begins in mutual frailty, and how it

ought to cease in mutual forbearance; how confidence of the Divine favor is forfeited by sin, and how hope of pardon may be obtained by penitence and prayer. A state of innocence we can only conceive, if indeed in our present misery it be possible to conceive it; but the sentiments and worship proper to a fallen and offending being we have all to learn, as we have all to practice.

The poet, whatever be done, is always great. Our progenitors in their first state conversed with angels; even when folly and sin had degraded them, they had not in their humiliation "the port of mean suitors"; and they rise again to reverential regard when we find that their prayers were heard.

As human passions did not enter the world before the Fall, there is in the 'Paradise Lost' little opportunity for the pathetic; but what little there is, has not been lost. That passion which is peculiar to rational nature, the anguish arising from the consciousness of transgression, and the horrors attending the sense of the Divine displeasure, are very justly described and forcibly impressed. But the passions are moved only on one occasion: sublimity is the general and prevailing quality in this poem; sublimity variously modified,—sometimes descriptive, sometimes argumentative.

The defects and faults of 'Paradise Lost'—for faults and defects every work of man must have—it is the business of impartial criticism to discover. As in displaying the excellence of Milton I have not made long quotations, because of selecting beauties there had been no end, I shall in the same general manner mention that which seems to deserve censure; for what Englishman can take delight in transcribing passages which, if they lessen the reputation of Milton, diminish in some degree the honor of our country?

The generality of my scheme does not admit the frequent notice of verbal inaccuracies: which Bentley, perhaps better skilled in grammar than poetry, has often found,—though he sometimes made them,—and which he imputed to the obtrusions of a reviser whom the author's blindness obliged him to employ; a supposition rash and groundless if he thought it true, and vile and pernicious if—as is said—he in private allowed it to be false.

The plan of 'Paradise Lost' has this inconvenience, that it comprises neither human actions nor human manners. The man

and woman who act and suffer are in a state which no other man or woman can ever know. The reader finds no transaction in which he can be engaged, beholds no condition in which he can by any effort of imagination place himself; he has therefore little natural curiosity or sympathy.

We all indeed feel the effects of Adam's disobedience; we all sin like Adam, and like him must all bewail our offenses; we have restless and insidious enemies in the fallen angels, and in the blessed spirits we have guardians and friends; in the redemption of mankind we hope to be included; in the description of heaven and hell we are surely interested, as we are all to reside hereafter either in the regions of horror or bliss.

But these truths are too important to be new: they have been taught to our infancy; they have mingled with our solitary thoughts and familiar conversations, and are habitually interwoven with the whole texture of life. Being therefore not new, they raise no unaccustomed emotion in the mind; what we knew before, we cannot learn; what is not unexpected, cannot surprise.

Of the ideas suggested by these awful scenes, from some we recede with reverence, except when stated hours require their association; and from others we shrink with horror, or admit them only as salutary inflictions, as counterpoises to our interests and passions. Such images rather obstruct the career of fancy than incite it.

Pleasure and terror are indeed the genuine sources of poetry; but poetical pleasure must be such as human imagination can at least conceive, and poetical terrors such as human strength and fortitude may combat. The good and evil of eternity are too ponderous for the wings of wit; the mind sinks under them in passive helplessness, content with calm belief and humble adoration.

Known truths, however, may take a different appearance, and be conveyed to the mind by a new train of intermediate images. This Milton has undertaken and performed with pregnancy and vigor of mind peculiar to himself. Whoever considers the few radical positions which the Scriptures afforded him, will wonder by what energetic operation he expanded them to such extent, and ramified them to so much variety, restrained as he was by religious reverence from licentiousness of fiction.

Here is a full display of the united force of study and genius,—of a great accumulation of materials, with judgment to

digest and fancy to combine them: Milton was able to select from nature or from story, from an ancient fable or from modern science, whatever could illustrate or adorn his thoughts. An accumulation of knowledge impregnated his mind, fermented by study and exalted by imagination.

It has been therefore said, without an indecent hyperbole, by one of his encomiasts, that in reading 'Paradise Lost' we read a book of universal knowledge.

But original deficiency cannot be supplied. The want of human interest is always felt. 'Paradise Lost' is one of the books which the reader admires and lays down, and forgets to take up again. None ever wished it longer than it is. Its perusal is a duty rather than a pleasure. We read Milton for instruction, retire harassed and overburdened, and look elsewhere for recreation; we desert our master, and seek for companions.

Another inconvenience of Milton's design is, that it requires the description of what cannot be described, the agency of spirits. He saw that immateriality supplied no images, and that he could not show angels acting but by instruments of action; he therefore invested them with form and matter. This being necessary, was therefore defensible; and he should have secured the consistency of his system by keeping immateriality out of sight, and enticing his reader to drop it from his thoughts. But he has unhappily perplexed his poetry with his philosophy. His infernal and celestial powers are sometimes pure spirit, and sometimes animated body. When Satan walks with his lance upon the "burning marl," he has a body; when, in his passage between hell and the new world, he is in danger of sinking in the vacuity, and is supported by a gust of rising vapors, he has a body; when he animates the toad, he seems to be mere spirit, that can penetrate matter at pleasure; when he "starts up in his own shape," he has at least a determined form; and when he is brought before Gabriel, he has "a spear and a shield," which he had the power of hiding in the toad, though the arms of the contending angels are evidently material.

The vulgar inhabitants of Pandæmonium, being "incorporeal spirits," are "at large, though without number," in a limited space; yet in the battle when they were overwhelmed by mountains, their armor hurt them, "crushed in upon their substance, now grown gross by sinning." This likewise happened to the uncorrupted angels, who were overthrown "the sooner for their

arms, for unarmed they might easily as spirits have evaded by contraction or remove." Even as spirits they are hardly spiritual: for "contraction" and "remove" are images of matter; but if they could have escaped without their armor, they might have escaped from it and left only the empty cover to be battered. Uriel when he rides on a sunbeam is material; Satan is material when he is afraid of the prowess of Adam.

The confusion of spirit and matter which pervades the whole narration of the war of heaven fills it with incongruity; and the book in which it is related is, I believe, the favorite of children, and gradually neglected as knowledge is increased.

After the operation of immaterial agents which cannot be explained, may be considered that of allegorical persons which have no real existence. To exalt causes into agents, to invest abstract ideas with form, and animate them with activity, has always been the right of poetry. . . .

Milton's allegory of Sin and Death is undoubtedly faulty. Sin is indeed the mother of Death, and may be allowed to be the portress of hell; but when they stop the journey of Satan, a journey described as real, and when Death offers him battle, the allegory is broken. That Sin and Death should have shown the way to hell, might have been allowed; but they cannot facilitate the passage by building a bridge, because the difficulty of Satan's passage is described as real and sensible, and the bridge ought to be only figurative. The hell assigned to the rebellious spirits is described as not less local than the residence of man. It is placed in some distant part of space, separated from the regions of harmony and order by a chaotic waste and an unoccupied vacuity; but Sin and Death worked up a "mole of aggravated soil" cemented with *asphaltus*, a work too bulky for ideal architects.

This unskillful allegory appears to me one of the greatest faults of the poem; and to this there was no temptation but the author's opinion of its beauty.

To the conduct of the narrative some objections may be made. Satan is with great expectation brought before Gabriel in Paradise, and is suffered to go away unmolested. The creation of man is represented as the consequence of the vacuity left in heaven by the expulsion of the rebels; yet Satan mentions it as a report "rife in Heaven" before his departure. To find sentiments for the state of innocence was very difficult; and

something of anticipation perhaps is now and then discovered. Adam's discourse of dreams seems not to be the speculation of a new-created being. I know not whether his answer to the angel's reproof for curiosity does not want something of propriety: it is the speech of a man acquainted with many other men. Some philosophical notions, especially when the philosophy is false, might have been better omitted. The angel, in a comparison, speaks of "timorous deer," before deer were yet timorous, and before Adam could understand the comparison. . . .

Whatever be the faults of his diction, he cannot want the praise of copiousness and variety. He was master of his language in its full extent; and has selected the melodious words with such diligence, that from his book alone the Art of English Poetry might be learned. . . .

The highest praise of genius is original invention. Milton cannot be said to have contrived the structure of an epic poem; and therefore owes reverence to that vigor and amplitude of mind to which all generations must be indebted for the art of poetical narration, for the texture of the fable, the variation of incidents, the interposition of dialogue, and all the stratagems that surprise and enchain attention. But of all the borrowers from Homer, Milton is perhaps the least indebted. He was naturally a thinker for himself, confident of his own abilities, and disdainful of help or hindrance: he did not refuse admission to the thoughts or images of his predecessors, but he did not seek them. From his contemporaries he neither courted nor received support; there is in his writings nothing by which the pride of other authors might be gratified, or favor gained; no exchange of praise nor solicitation of support. His great works were performed under discountenance and in blindness; but difficulties vanished at his touch: he was born for whatever is arduous; and his work is not the greatest of heroic poems, only because it is not the first.

RICHARD MALCOLM JOHNSTON

(1822-)

ONE of the most distinctive and pleasant features of American literature in its development since 1870 has been the work of Southern writers. They have portrayed in sketch, poem, and story,—notably in the latter form,—the scenes, types, and natural beauties of a picturesque and romantic part of the United States, rich in colors and flavors of its own, and a most hopeful field for literary cultivation. Different authors, men and women, have drawn with sympathetic insight the characters peculiar to their own sections or States, and a product of originality and value has been the result. To mention but a few names: Mr. Page and Mrs. Stuart have done this for Virginia and Alabama, Miss Murfree for Tennessee, "Octave Tha-net" for the Southwest, Mr. James Lane Allen for Kentucky, and Messrs. Harris and Johnston for Georgia. The last mentioned, R. M. Johnston, holds an honorable place amid the elder authors of the South because of his lively, humorously unctuous, and truthfully limned studies of Georgia folk.

Richard Malcolm Johnston was born in 1822 in Hancock County, Georgia, and was graduated from Mercer University in that State in 1841. He was admitted to the bar, and practiced his profession at Sparta, Georgia; but like the legion before him who have felt themselves called to scholarship and literature, he turned from the law, declining such a substantial bait as a judgeship, and in 1857 became professor of *belles-lettres* in the University of Georgia, holding the position until the breaking out of the war in 1861. Afterwards he opened a select classical school at Rockby, in his native county, and it became a noted institution in the South. In 1867 the school was moved to the suburbs of Baltimore; and since its abandonment Colonel Johnston has resided in that city.

The stories which gave him reputation, 'The Dukesborough Tales,' first appeared in the old Southern Magazine, and were published later in book form (1871). Some time before, he had printed his 'Georgia Sketches: By an Old Man' (1864). In 1884 came 'Old Mark Langston:



RICHARD M. JOHNSTON

A Tale of Duke's Creek'; in 1885 'Two Grey Tourists'; 'Mr. Absalom Billingslea and Other Georgia Folk' dates from 1888; 'Ogeechee Cross-Firings' from 1889; and still later books of fiction are 'Widow Guthrie' (1890); 'The Primes and their Neighbors,' 'Mr. Fortner's Marital Claims' (1892); 'Mr. Billy Downs and his Likes' (1892); and 'Little Ike Templin and Other Stories' (1894). Colonel Johnston has also written a biography of Alexander H. Stephens, a sketch of English literature (in collaboration with Professor William Hand Browne), and several volumes of essays.

Colonel Johnston's representative work is found in the 'Dukesborough Tales.' All his later fiction bears a family resemblance to this inimitable series, in which is reproduced the old-time Georgian country life among white folks from a supposed contemporary's coign of vantage, and in a way to give the reader a vivid sense of local custom, tradition, and trait. The sly fun of these genial stories is delicious; the revelations of human nature are keen, while the temper is kindly and tolerant. Johnston does for the white people of a certain period and section what Page and Harris do for the negroes; and he does it once and for all.

THE EARLY MAJORITY OF MR. THOMAS WATTS

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"O 'tis a parlous boy."
— 'RICHARD III.'

LITTLE Tom Watts, as he used to be called before the unexpected developments which I propose briefly to narrate, was the second in a family of eight children, his sister Susan being the eldest. His parents dwelt in a small house situate on the edge of Dukesborough. Mr. Simon Watts, though of extremely limited means, had some ambition. He held the office of constable in that militia district, and in seasons favorable to law business made about fifty dollars a year. The outside world seemed to think it was a pity that the head of a family so large and continually increasing should so persistently prefer mere fame to the competency which would have followed upon his staying at home and working his little field of very good ground. But he used to contend that a man could not be expected to live always, and therefore he ought to try to live in such a way as to leave his family, if nothing else, a name that they wouldn't be ashamed to hear mentioned after he was gone.

Yet Mr. Watts was not a cheerful man. Proud as he might justly feel in his official position, it went hard with him to be compelled to live in a way more and more pinched as his family continued to multiply with astonishing rapidity. His spirits, naturally saturnine, grew worse and worse with every fresh arrival in the person of a baby, until the eighth. Being yet a young man, comparatively speaking, and being used to make calculations, the figures seemed too large as he looked to the future. I would not go so far as to say that this prospect actually killed him; but at any rate he took a sickness which the doctor could not manage, and then Mr. Watts gave up his office and everything else that he had in this world.

But Mrs. Watts, his widow, had as good a resolution as any other woman in her circumstances ever had. She had no notion of giving up in that way. She gave up her husband, it is true, but that could not be helped; and without making much ado about even that, she kept going at all sorts of work, and somehow she got along at least as well after as before the death of Mr. Simon.

A person not well acquainted with the brood of little Wattses often found difficulty in discriminating among them. I used to observe them with considerable interest as I went into Dukesborough occasionally, with one or the other or both of my parents. They all had white hair, and red chubby faces. It was long a matter of doubt what was their sex. Such was the rapidity of their succession, and so graduated the declivity from Susan downwards, that the mother used to cut all their garments after a fashion that was very general, in order that they might descend during the process of decay to as many of them as possible. Now, although I saw them right often, I had believed for several months, for instance, that little Jack was a girl, from a yellow frock that had belonged to his sister Mary Jane, but which little Jack wore until his legs became subjected to such exposure that it had to descend to Polly Ann, his next younger sister. Then I made a similar mistake about Polly Ann, who during this time had worn little Jack's breeches, out of which he had gone into Mary Jane's frock; and I thought on my soul that Polly Ann was a boy.

In regard to Tommy, not only I, but the whole public, had been in a state of uncertainty in this behalf for a great length of time. Having no older brother, and Susan's outgrown dresses

being alone available, his male wardrobe was inevitably only half as extensive and various as by good rights, generally speaking, it ought to have been. Therefore Tommy had to make his appearance alternately in frock and breeches, according to the varying conditions of these garments, for a period that annoyed him the more the longer it extended, and finally began to disgust. Tom eagerly wished that he could outgrow Susan, and thus get into breeches out and out. But Susan in this respect, as indeed in almost all others, kept her distance in the lead.

There was a difference, easily noticeable, in Tom's deportment in these seasons. While in frocks it was subdued, retiring, and if not melancholy, at least fretful. Curiosity perhaps, or some other motive equally powerful, might and indeed sometimes did lead him outside of the gate; but never to linger there for any great length of time. If he had to go upon an errand during that season (a necessity which that resolute woman his mother enforced without the slightest hesitation), he went and returned with speed. Yet before starting out on such occasions, he was wont to be careful to give his hair such a turn that his manly head might refute the lie which Susan's frock had told. For it is probable that there have been few, if indeed any, boys who were more unwilling either to be or to be considered of the opposite sex, than that same Tom Watts. I do not remember ever to have seen a boy whose hair had so high and peculiar a roach as his exhibited, especially when he wore his sister Susan's frocks. Instead of being parted in the middle, it was divided into three parts. It was combed perfectly straight down on the sides of his head, and perfectly straight up from the top. An immense distance was thus established between the extremities of any two hairs which receded contiguously to each other on the border-lines.

All this was an artful attempt to divert public attention from the frock which intimated the female, to the head which asserted and which was supposed to establish the male. He once said to Susan:—

“When they sees your old frock, they makes out like that they 'spicions me a gal; but when they looks at my har all roached up, then they knows who I am.”

“Yes indeed,” answered Susan, “and a sight you air. Goodness knows, I'd rather be a girl, and rather look like one if I weren't, than to look like you do in that fix.”

But it was during the other season, that which he called his breeches week, that Tommy Watts was most himself. In this period he was cheerful, bold, notorious. He was as often upon the street as he could find opportunities to steal away from home; and while there, he was as evidently a boy as was to be found in Dukesborough or any other place of its size. In this happy season he seemed to be disposed to make up as far as possible for the confinements and the gloominesses of the other. So much so, indeed, that he had to be whipped time and time again for his unlicensed wanderings; and for many other pranks which are indeed common to persons of his age and sex, but which he seemed to have the greater temptation to do, and which he did with more zest and temerity than other boys, because he had only half their time in which to do them. Tom Watts maintained that if a boy was a boy, then he ought to be a boy; and as for himself, if he had to be a girl a part of the time, he meant to double on them for the balance. By *them* he meant his mammy, as he was wont to call his surviving parent. But she understood the method of doubling as well as he; for while she whipped him with that amount of good-will which in her judgment was proper, she not unfrequently cut short his gay career by reducing him to Susan's frock, or (if it was not ready for the occasion) to his own single shirt. On such occasions he would relapse at once into the old melancholy ways. If Thomas Watts had been familiar with classical history, I have not a doubt that in these periods of his humiliation he would have compared his case with that of the great Achilles, whose mother had kept him in inglorious seclusion amid the daughters of Lycomedes. Yet, like that hero further in being extremely imprudent, no sooner would he recover his male attire than he would seem to think that no laws had ever been made for him, and he would rush headlong into difficulties and meet their consequences. Tom, as his mother used to say, was a boy of a "tremenjuous sperrit." But it had come from her, and enough had been left in her for all domestic purposes. In every hand-to-hand encounter between the two, Thomas was forced to yield and make terms; but he resolved over and over, and communicated that resolution to many persons, that if he ever did obtain his liberty, the world should hear from him. His late father having been to a degree connected, as we remember, with the legal profession, Tom had learned one item (and that was probably the only one that he did learn sufficiently well

to remember) of the law: that was, that young men of fourteen who had lost their fathers might go into court and choose their own guardians, and do other things besides. How he did long for that fourteenth birthday! The more he longed for it, the longer it seemed in coming. He had gotten to believe that if it ever should come, he would have lived long enough and had experience enough for all, even the most difficult and responsible purposes of human life.

But events that must come will come, if we will only wait for them. In the process of time, which to the hasty nature of Tom seemed unreasonably and cruelly long in passing, he seemed to emerge from the frock for good and all. The latest inducement to a preparation for this liberty was a promise that it should come the sooner, provided he would improve in the care that he was wont to take of his clothes; for he had been a sad fellow in that item of personal economy. When this inducement was placed before him, he entered upon a new career. He abjured wrestlings with other boys, and all other sports and exercises, however manly, which involved either the tearing of his attire or contact with the ground. He even began to be spruce and dandyish; and the public was astonished to find that in the matter of personal neatness, Tom Watts was likely to become a pattern to all the youth of Dukesborough and its environs. His roach grew both in height and in sleekness; and when his hat was off his head, Tom Watts was the tallest-looking boy of his inches that I ever saw.

Resolute as was the Widow Watts, she had respect for her word, and was not deficient in love for her offspring. Besides, it was getting to be high time for Tom to go to school, if he ever was to go. Now in a school, I maintain, if nowhere else, it is undeniably to be desired that everybody's sex should be put beyond doubt. Even a real girl in a school of boys, or a real boy in a school of girls, it is probable, would both feel and impart considerable embarrassment. This would doubtless be much increased in case where such a matter was in doubt. There is no telling what a difference an uncertainty in this behalf would make, not only in the hours of study, but even, and to a perhaps greater extent, in those of play. I have lived in the world long enough to feel justified in saying that suspicions and doubts are more efficacious than facts in producing embarrassments and alienations. Oh, it is no use to say anything more upon the

subject! Mrs. Watts had sense enough to have respect for public sentiment; and when Tom was ready for school, Susan's frock had to be laid aside. However, Mary Jane, who was a fast grower, went into it with the taking of only a little tuck, and nothing was wasted.

Tom Watts, therefore, avowedly and notoriously, for good and for all and forever, became a boy. When he stepped out of Susan's frock for the last time, and stepped into a new pair of trousers which had been made for the purpose of honoring the occasion, he felt himself to be older by many years; and if not as sleek, he was at least as proud, as any snake, when with the incoming spring he has left his old skin behind him and glided into the sunlight with a new one.

The neat habits which he had adopted from policy, he continued to practice, to his mother's great delight. It was really a fine thing to observe the care he took with his clothes; and the manly gait he assumed would have led unthinking persons almost to conclude that the having been confounded so long with the other sex had begotten a repugnance for the latter which might never be removed. Such was the rapidity of his strides towards manhood, that some females of his acquaintance not unfrequently spoke of him as Mr. Thomas Watts; while others went further, left off the Thomas altogether, and called him Mr. Watts.

But time, which is ever making revelations that surprise mankind, was not slow to reveal that Mr. Watts had not yet been fully understood. He had been going to school to Mr. Cordy for several weeks in the winter, and was believed to be making reasonable progress. He had now passed his thirteenth year, and had gone some distance upon his fourteenth. He had long looked to that day as the commencement of his majority. A guardian (or, as he was wont to say, a *gardzzen*) was an incumbrance which he had long determined to dispense with. This was not so much, however, because there would not be a thing for an official to manage except the person of Mr. Thomas himself, as that he had no doubt—not a shadow of a doubt, in fact—that such management would be more agreeable, more safe, and in every way better, in his own hands than in those of any other person of his acquaintance.

Mr. Cordy's school was in a grove of hickory and oak at the end of the village opposite to the one at which Mrs. Watts's cabin stood. At the hither end of this grove was another small

school, of girls, kept by Miss Louisa Wilkins. She was from Vermont, and was a young lady of about twenty-eight years, very fair, somewhat tall, and upon the whole rather good—certainly a cheerful-looking face. For I should remark that Dukesborough, which ever held Augusta in view, had in the pride of its ambition abolished the system of mixed schools; and though the number of children was rather limited to allow of great division, still Dukesborough would have, and did have, two institutions of learning. Miss Wilkins had under her charge about fifteen girls, ranging from eight years old to fourteen. Prominent among them were Miss Adeline Jones, Miss Emily Sharp, Miss Lorinda Holland, Miss Jane Hutchins, and Mr. Watts's elder sister, Susan.

Mr. Watts's relations to this institution seemed to have been started by accident. One morning, as with lingering but not unmanly steps he was passing by on his way to his own school, he spied Miss Wilkins through the window in the act of kindling a fire. As her face was turned from him, he had the opportunity, and he used it, to observe her motion for several moments. Whether because the kindling-wood was damp, or Miss Wilkins was not expert, I would not undertake at this late day to say; but the fire would not make a start: and the lady, apparently bent upon getting warm in some way, threw down the tongs and walked rapidly up and down the room. Observing Mr. Watts, and possibly suspecting that he was a person of an accommodating disposition, she requested his assistance. He yielded promptly, and it did Miss Wilkins good to see how quickly the blaze arose and the genial warmth radiated through the room. The artificial heat at once subsided, and she smiled and thanked him in a way that could not soon be forgotten. Then she inquired his name, and was surprised and gratified to know that so manly a person as he was should be the brother of one of the best and most biddable girls in her school.

This accident, trifling in appearance, led to consequences. Mr. Watts had frequent opportunities of rendering this same service, and others of an equally obliging nature. These gave him access to the school in its hours of ease; and the care that he took of his clothes, and the general manners that he adopted, were reaching to a height that approached perfection. If the roach on the summit of his head was not quite as high as formerly (a depression caused by his having now a hat to wear), it was not any less decided and defiant.

Yet he never seemed disposed to abuse his privileges. Although he was there very often, he usually had little to say to any of the young ladies, and seemed to try to pay the utmost respect to all the mistress's rules and regulations in regard to the intercourse of her pupils with the opposite sex. It must be admitted that Mr. Watts had not advanced lately in his studies to the degree that was promised by his opening career. But Mr. Cordy was a reasonable man, and upon principle was opposed to pushing boys along too fast. Mrs. Watts, although not a person of education herself, yet suspected from several circumstances that her son was not well improving the little time which she could afford to send him to school. But his deportment was such an example to the younger children that she had not the heart to complain, except in a very general way.

Of all persons of Mr. Watts's acquaintance, his sister Susan was the only one who seemed to fail to appreciate his manly habits. She used to frown dreadfully upon him, even when he seemed to be at his very best. Sometimes she even broke into immoderate laughter. While the former conduct had no influence, the latter used to affect him deeply. He would grow very angry and abuse her, and then become even more manlike. But when Susan would think that he was carrying matters into extremes, she would check him somewhat in this wise:—

“Now lookee here, Tom, if you talk to me that way, I shall tell ma what's the matter with you; and if you don't quit being such a man, and stop some of your foolishness, I'll tell her anyhow.”

Threats of this sort for a time would recall Mr. Watts at least to a more respectful treatment of his sister. Indeed, he condescended to beg her not to mention her suspicions, although he assured her that in these she was wholly mistaken. But Susan did know very well what he was about; and it is probable that it is high time I should explain all this uncommon conduct. The truth is, Susan had ascertained that so far from having the repugnance to ladies that had been feared at first might grow out of his remembrance of the long confusion of the public mind touching his own sex, Mr. Thomas Watts had already conceived a passion that was ardent and pointed and ambitious to a degree which Susan characterized as “perfectly redickerlous.”

But who was the young lady who had thus concentrated upon herself all the first fresh worship of that young manly heart?

Was it Miss Jones, or Miss Sharp? Was it Miss Holland, or Miss Hutchins? Not one of these. Mr. Thomas Watts had, with one tremendous bound, leaped clear over the heads of these secondary characters, and cast himself at the very foot of the throne. To be plain, Mr. Watts fondly, entirely, madly loved Miss Louisa Wilkins, the mistress and head of the Dukesborough Female Institution.

Probably this surprising reach might be attributed to the ambitious nature of his father, from whom he had inherited this and some other qualities. Doubtless, however, the recollection of having been kept long in frocks had engendered a desire to convince the world that they had sadly mistaken their man. Whatever was the motive power, such was the fact. Now, notwithstanding this state of his own feelings, he had never made a declaration in so many words to Miss Wilkins. But he did not doubt for a moment that she thoroughly understood his looks, and sighs, and devoted services. For the habit which all of us have of enveloping beloved objects in our hearts, and *making* them, so to speak, understand and reciprocate our feelings, had come to Mr. Watts even to a greater degree perhaps than if he had been older. He was as little inclined and as little able to doubt Miss Wilkins as to doubt himself. Facts seemed to bear him out. She had not only smiled upon him time and time again, and patted him sweetly on the back of his head, and praised his roach to the very skies; but once, when he had carried her a great armful of good fat pine-knots, she was so overcome as to place her hand under his chin, look him fully in the face, and declare that if he wasn't a man, there wasn't one in this wide, wide world.

Such was the course of his true love, when its smoothness suffered that interruption which so strangely obtrudes itself among the fondest affairs of the heart. Miss Susan had threatened so often without fulfillment to give information to their mother, that he had begun to presume there was little or no danger from that quarter. Besides, Mr. Watts had now grown so old and manlike that he was getting to be without apprehension from any quarter. He reflected that within a few weeks more he would be fourteen years old, when legal rights would accrue. Determining not to choose any "gardzeen," it would follow that he must become his own. Yet he did not intend to act with unnecessary notoriety. His plans were, to consummate his union on the very day he should be fourteen; but to do so

clandestinely, and then run away, not stopping until he should get his bride plump to Vermont. For even the bravest find it necessary sometimes to retreat.

Of the practicability of this plan he had no doubt, because he knew that Miss Wilkins had five hundred dollars in hard cash—a whole stockingful. This sum seemed to him immensely adequate for their support in becoming style for an indefinitely long period of time.

As the day of his majority approached, he grew more and more reserved in his intercourse with his family. This was scarcely to be avoided now, when he was already beginning to consider himself as not one of them. If his conscience ever upbraided him as he looked upon his toiling mother and his helpless brothers and sisters, and knew that he alone was to rise into luxury while they were to be left in their lowly estate, he reflected that it was a selfish world at best, and that every man must take care of himself. But one day, after a season of unusual reserve, and when he had behaved to Miss Susan in a way which she considered outrageously supercilious, the latter availed herself of his going into the village, fulfilled her threat, and gave her mother full information of the state of his feelings.

That resolute woman was in the act of ironing a new homespun frock she had just made for Susan. She laid down her iron, sat down in a chair, and looked up at Susan.

“Susan, don’t be foolin’ ‘long o’ me.”

“Ma, I tell you it’s the truth.”

“Susan, do you want me to believe that Tom’s a fool? I knowed the child didn’t have no great deal of sense; but I didn’t think he was a clean-gone fool.”

But Susan told many things which established the fact beyond dispute. In Mr. Thomas’s box were found several evidences of guilt. There was a great red picture of a young woman, on the margin of which was written the name of Miss Louisa Wilkins. Then there was wrapped carefully in a rag a small piece of sweet soap, which was known by Susan to have been once the property of Miss Wilkins. Then there were sundry scraps of poetry, which were quite variant in sentiment, and for this and other reasons apparently not fully suited for the purposes for which they were employed. Mr. Watts’s acquaintance with amatory verses being limited, he had recourse to his mother’s hymn-book. Miss Wilkins was assured how tedious and tasteless were

the hours. Her attention was directed alternately to Greenland's icy mountains and India's coral strand. She was informed that here he was raising his Ebenezer, having hitherto thus safely come. But immediately afterwards his mind seemed to have been diverted to thoughts of distant travel, and he remarked that his home was over Jordan, and he suggested to Miss Wilkins that if she should get there before he did, she might tell them he was a-coming. Then he urged Miss Wilkins to turn, sinner, turn, and with great anxiety inquired why would she die? These might have passed for evidences of a religious state of mind, but that they were all signed by Miss Wilkins's loving admirer, Thomas Watts. Indeed, in the blindness of his temerity he had actually written out his formal proposition to Miss Wilkins, which he had intended to deliver to her on the very next day. This had been delayed only because he was not quite satisfied either with the phraseology or the handwriting. As to the way in which it would be received, his ardent soul had never entertained a doubt.

"Well, well!" exclaimed his mother, after getting through with all this irrefragable evidence. "Well, well! I never should a' b'lieved it. But I suppose we live and larn. Stealin' out of my hime-book too! It's enough to make anybody sick at the stomach. I knowed the child didn't have much sense; but I didn't know he was a clean-gone fool. Yes, we lives and larns. But bless me, it won't do to tarry here. Susan, have that frock ironed all right, stiff and starch, by the time I git back. I sha'n't be gone long."

The lady arose, and without putting on her bonnet, walked rapidly down the street.

"What are you lookin' for, Mrs. Watts?" inquired an acquaintance whom she met on her way.

"I'm a-looking for a person of the name of Mr. Watts," she answered, and rushed madly on. The acquaintance hurried home, but told other acquaintances on the way that the Widow Watts have lost her mind and gone ravin' distracted. Soon afterwards, as Mr. Watts was slowly returning, his mind full of great thoughts and his head somewhat bowed, he suddenly became conscious that his hat was removed and his roach rudely seized. Immediately afterwards he found himself carried along the street, his head foremost and his legs and feet performing the smallest possible part in the act of locomotion. The villagers looked on with

wonder. The conclusion was universal. Yes, the Widow Watts have lost her mind.

When she reached her cabin with her charge, a space was cleared in the middle by removing the stools and the children. Then Mr. Watts was ordered to remove such portions of his attire as might oppose any hindrance whatever to the application of a leather strap to those parts of his person which his mother might select.

“O mother, mother!” began Mr. Watts.

“No motherin’ o’ me, sir. Down with ‘em,” and down they came, and down came the strap rapidly, violently.

“O mammy, mammy!”

“Ah, now! that sounds a little like old times, when you used to be a boy,” she exclaimed in glee, as the sounds were repeated amid the unslackened descent of the strap. Mrs. Watts seemed disposed to carry on a lively conversation during this flagellation. She joked her son pleasantly about Miss Wilkins; inquired when it was to be, and who was to be invited? Oh, no! she forgot: it was not to be a big wedding, but a private one. But how long were they going to be gone before they would make us all a visit? Mr. Watts not only could not see the joke, but was not able to join in the conversation at all, except to continue to scream louder and louder, “O mammy, mammy!” Mrs. Watts, finding him not disposed to be talkative, except in mere ejaculatory remarks, appealed to little Jack, and Mary Jane, and Polly Ann, and to all, down even to the baby. She asked them, did they know that Buddy Tommy were a man grown, and were going to git married and have a wife, and then go away off yonder to the Vermonties? Little Jack, and Polly Ann, and Baby, and all, evidently did not precisely understand; for they cried and laughed tumultuously.

How long this exercise, varied as it was by most animated conversation, might have continued if the mother had not become exhausted, there is no calculating. Things were fast approaching that condition, when the son declared that his mother would kill him if she didn’t stop.

“That,” she answered between breaths, “is—what—I—aims—
—to do—if—I can’t git it—all—all—every—spang—passel—
—outen you.”

Tom declared that it was all gone.

“Is you—a man—or—is you—a boy?”

"Boy! boy! mammy," cried Tom. "Let me up, mammy—and—I'll be a boy—as long—as I live."

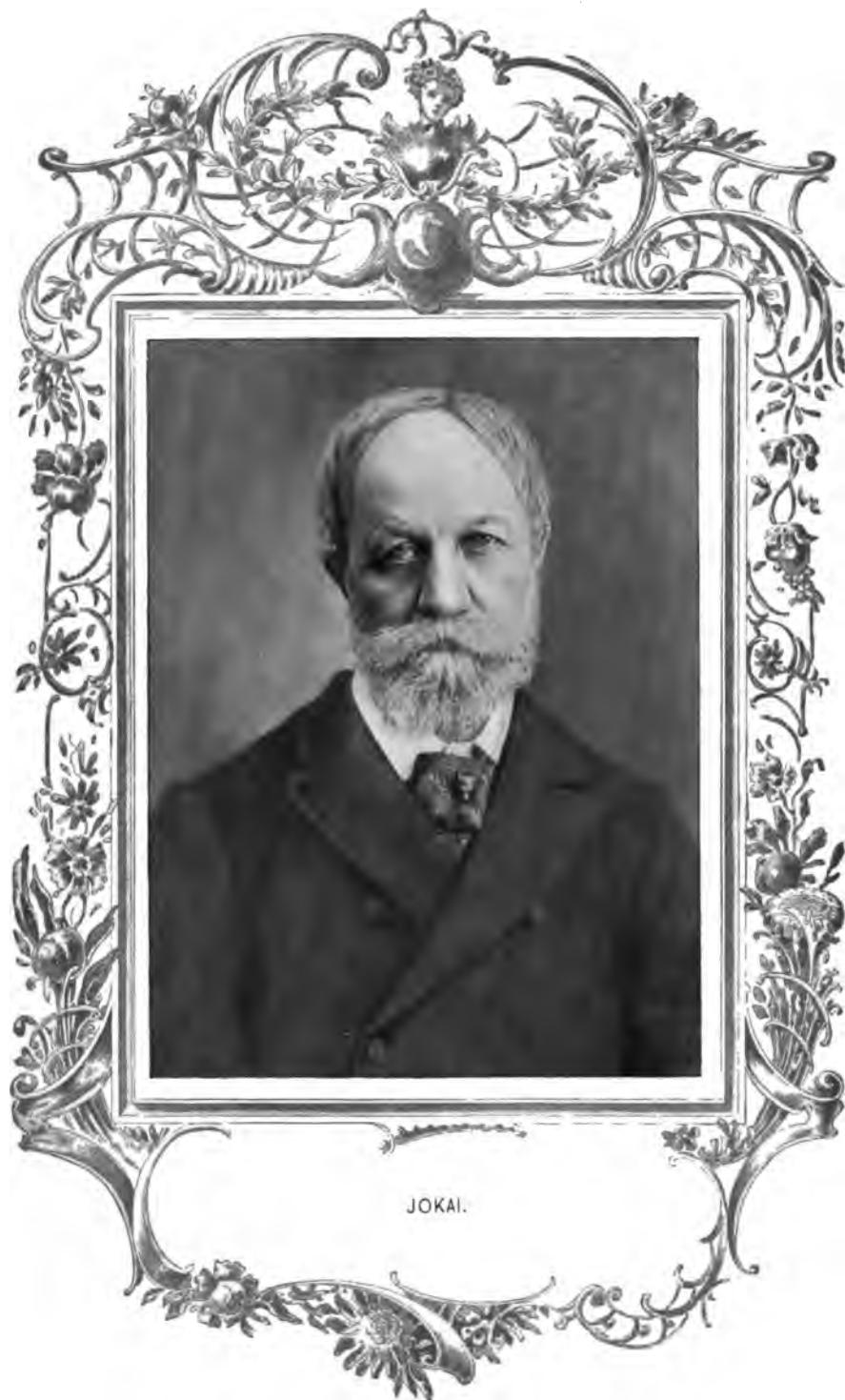
She let him up.

"Susan, whar's that frock? Ah, there it is. Looke here. Here's your clo'es, my man. Mary Jane, put away them pantaloonses."

Tom was making ready to resume the frock. But Susan remonstrated. It wouldn't look right now, and she would go Tom's security that he wouldn't be a man any more.

He was cured. From being an ardent lover, he grew to become a hearty hater of the principal of the Dukesborough Female Institution; the more implacable upon his hearing that she had laughed heartily at his whipping. Before many months she removed from the village; and when two years afterwards a rumor came that she was dead, Tom was accused of being gratified by the news. Nor did he deny it.

"Well, fellers," said he, "I know it weren't right, I knew it were mean; but I couldn't a' kep' from it ef I knewed it would a 'kilt me."



JOKAI.

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MAURICE JÓKAI

(1825-)

BY EMIL REICH

MONG the numerous novelists and humorists of Hungary, Jókai is, in the opinion of his compatriots and the rest of his contemporaries, *facile princeps*. The number of his novels, articles, and sketches is legion; yet in all of them there is scarcely a dull page. Everything he has written is swelling and palpitating with the intense vitality of thought and sentiment so characteristic of the Hungarians. Like all nations with whom conversation or the living word is more important than written or dead vocables, they endow the expressions of their inner life with a power of spontaneity and wit that must appear to more book-ridden nations as elemental. As in their music the originality of rhythm and counterpoint, so in their literature we cannot but perceive a striking originality of ideas and framework. From the earliest dawn of Hungarian literature as such,—that is, from the seventeenth century onward,—a great number of Magyar writers have struck out literary paths of their own, thus adding materially to the wealth of modern European literature. Kazinczy, Berzsenyi, Kölçsey, and the Kisfaludys, who wrote in the latter half of the last, and in the first three decades of the present century, not only labored at a close imitation of Greek, Roman, or French and German models, but also created new literary subjects and some novel literary modes.

The Hungarian writers have been able to lend their works that intimacy between word and sentiment which alone can be productive of high literary finish. The language of the Magyars is one of the idioms of Central Asia, related to Finnish on the one hand and Turkish on the other. It has no similarity whatever with the Aryan languages. It is sonorous and agglutinative; rich in verbal forms and adjectives; and unlike French, without any stubborn aversion to the coining of new words. It has a peculiar wealth of terms for acoustic phenomena, which is but natural with a people so intensely musical as are the Hungarians. And finally, the language of the Magyars is their most powerful political weapon in the struggle against the Slavic nations inhabiting Hungary. Hence the majority of Hungarian writers are at once poets and politicians. Petöfi, the greatest of

Hungarian poets, was at the same time one of the most formidable of political pamphleteers; and all the more so because his explosives were generally wrapped in a few stanzas. One of his intimate friends was Jókai.

As Petöfi is the most prominent of Hungarian writers in verse, so Jókai is the most conspicuous if not the most gifted Hungarian writer in prose. He was born at Komorn in Hungary, on the 19th of February, 1825. From the very outset his life showed that union of literary and political activity which characterizes Hungarian and English men of talent. Two years before the great Hungarian revolution in 1848, he appeared as the author of a successful novel, 'Hétköznapok' (Working Days); and together with Petöfi he embraced the cause of the revolution with all the ardor and temerity of his genius. Nearly shipwrecked in the desperate attempt at defying the victorious Austrians, then Hungary's oppressors, he was saved by his lovely wife Rose Laborfalvi, the greatest of Hungarian tragédiennes (born 1820, died 1886). He has been ever since incessantly at work, publishing volume after volume, over three hundred in all, in which he has laid before the world a true and fascinating picture of nearly all the phases of that strange semi-European and semi-Asiatic life of Hungary. Like the country itself, his novels are gorgeous with variety, and resplendent with colors of all tints. The mystic majesty of her *Puszta* (prairie), the colossal dignity of her Alps, the sweet charm of her lakes, the ardent temper of her men and the melodramatic spell exercised by her women,—all these and many more phases of Magyar life in the past and the present,—nay, in the future (see his 'Romance of the Next Century'),—have been painted by Jókai in all the colors of the literary rainbow. His older novels are ripe masterpieces, elaborated during the calm of the period of reaction (1849-1861). Amongst them the most excellent are—'A Hungarian Nabob' (1856); 'Zoltán Kárpáthy,' continuation of the former, and if possible still more pathetic and humorous; 'The Palmy Days of Transylvania' (1851); 'The New Squire' (1862), exquisite in irony, humor, and scathing travesty; 'For What we are Growing Old' (1865); 'Love's Fools' (1867); 'Black Diamonds' (1870); 'Rab Ráby' (1880); 'The Poor Rich' (1881); 'Eyes Like the Sea' (1890); 'There is No Devil' (1891); 'The Son of Rákóczi' (1892); 'Twice Two are Four' (1893); etc. Besides these works of fiction, Jókai has written a very interesting History of Hungary; his memoirs; the Hungarian part of the late Crown Prince Rudolph's great work on Austria-Hungary; and other works.

Yet far from being exhausted by the composition of so many novels, he has still found time for wide activity as a journalist. With the editing of great political dailies he managed to combine the publication of one of the wittiest of Hungarian humorous papers, the

Üstökös, a weekly. And this is not all. Jókai has been, ever since the reopening of the Hungarian Parliament,—that is, for over thirty years,—a member of the Lower House; and being as consummate a speaker as he is an incomparable writer, he has been heavily drawn upon by the party of the government, whose constant adherent he is. The joy of his country's youth, the glory of its manhood, Jókai contributed, by the signal favor bestowed upon him by the Emperor-King of Austria-Hungary, but especially by Queen Elizabeth, very much towards an understanding between monarch and people; and when in 1896 the fiftieth anniversary of his literary activity had been reached, the whole country rose in one unanimous desire to express to the venerable poet its deep sense of his merits. Festivities were arranged on a scale so grand as to dwarf nearly any other ovation ever made to a country's favorite poet. Official and non-official Hungary, monarch and people, aristocrat and peasant, all united to celebrate the event. An *édition de luxe* of Jókai's works was made; and out of the proceeds the author was given the sum of \$90,000. Finally, in January 1897, the great novelist was appointed member for life of the House of Magnates (the Hungarian House of Lords). He is still enjoying vigorous health, and will no doubt enrich literature with many more gems.



THE LANDSLIDE AND THE TRAIN WRECK

From 'There is No Devil.' Translated by F. Steinitz. Copyright 1891, by Cassell Publishing Co.

WE ARE on the Rossberg. A devastated tract of the globe it seems. Our eyes rest on barren soil, devoid of vegetation. Beneath a large field of huge boulders, imbedded in snow and ice, the Alpine vegetation thrives. The whole valley is one immense grave-yard, and the great rocks are giant tombstones, encircled by wreaths of white flowers meet for adorning graves. At the beginning of the present century one of the ridges of the Rossberg gave way, and in the landslide four villages were buried. This happened at night, when the villagers were all asleep, and not a single man, woman, or child escaped. This valley is their resting-place. Was I not right to call it a grave-yard?

Above this valley of destruction the train glides on. Upon the side of the mountain is a little watch-house, built into the rock; a narrow flight of steps hewn in the stone leads up to it like a ladder. The moon, which had lately seemed fixed to the crest of the mountain, now plays hide-and-seek among the peaks. A high barricade on the side of the Rossberg serves to protect the railroad track against another landslide.

On the high ridges of the mountain, goats were pasturing; and not far from them a shepherd's fire was blazing, and the shepherd himself sat beside it. I remember all of these accessories as well as if they were still before my eyes. I can see the white goats climbing up and pulling at the broom plants. I can see the shepherd's black form encircled by the light of the fire, and the white watch-house with its black leaden roof, the high signal-pole in front of it, above which all at once a great flaming star arises.

I was gazing at that shining red light, when all at once I felt a concussion, as if the train had met with some impediment. I heard the jolting of the foremost cars, and had time to prepare for the shock which was sure to follow; but when it did come it was so great that it threw me to the opposite wall of the corridor.

Yet the train moved on as before, so that it could not have been disabled, as I at first thought. I heard the guards run from carriage to carriage, opening the doors, and I could see great clouds of steam arise from the puffing and blowing engines. The friction of the wheels made a grating noise, and I leaned out of the window to ascertain the nature of the danger. Was another train approaching and a collision inevitable? I could see nothing, but suddenly I beheld the figure of the shepherd and saw him raise his staff aloft. I followed the motion of his hand, and with a thrill of horror I saw a great ledge of rock sliding downward with threatening speed, while at the same time a shower of small stones crashed on the roof of the cars.

I did not wait for the guards to open my door. I had it open in an instant. From the other carriages passengers were jumping out at the risk of life and limb, for the train was running at full speed.

I hastily ran into the coupé to awaken my traveling companions, but found them up. "Madam," I said, "I am afraid that we are in danger of a serious accident. Pray come out quickly!"

"Save the child!" she answered; and I caught the little boy, took him in my arms, and ran out.

The train was gliding perpetually on; and I bethought myself of the recommendation to one who is jumping from a running vehicle, to leap forward, because in jumping sideways or backward he invariably falls under the wheels. So I followed the recommendation and leaped. Fortunately I reached the ground, although my knees doubled up under me and I struck the knuckles of my right hand a hard blow. The child had fainted in my arms, but only from fright; otherwise he had received no harm. I laid him on the ground in a safe place, and ran with all my might after the train to help the lady out. She was standing on the steps, already prepared for the jump. I extended my hand to her, impatiently crying "Quick!" But instead of taking my proffered hand, she exclaimed, "Oh! I have forgotten my bonnet and veil;" and back she ran into the coupé, never again to come forth.

At that moment I felt a tremendous shock, as if the earth had quaked and opened beneath me; and this was followed by a deafening uproar,—the clashing of stones, the cracking of wood and glass, the grating and crushing of iron, and the pitiful cries of men, women, and children. The great mass of rock broke through the protecting barricade and rushed right upon the engine. The huge steam-vomiting leviathan was crushed in an instant, and the copper and steel fragments scattered everywhere. Three of the wheels were shattered; and with that the iron colossus came to a dead stop, the suddenness of which threw the carriages crashing on top of each other.

This fearful havoc was not all. Through the breach which the great rock had made in the barricade, an incessant avalanche of stones, from the size of a cannon-ball to that of a wheelbarrow, descended upon the train, crushing everything beneath into fragments, pushing the unhappy train down into the chasm below, into the valley of death and destruction. Like a huge serpent it slid down, the great glowing furnace with its feeding coals undermost; and then the whole wrecked mass of carriages tumbled after, atop of each other, while cries of despair were heard on every side. Then I saw the rear car, that in which I had been sitting, stand up erect on top of the others, while on its roof fell with thunderous violence the awful shower of stones. Mutely I gazed on until a large stone struck the barricade just

where I stood; and then I realized that the danger was not over, and ran for shelter.

The stones were falling fast to left and to right, and I hastened to gain the steps which led to the little watch-house. Then I bethought me of the boy. I found him still insensible, but otherwise unharmed; and I took him up, covering him with my furred coat. I ran up the steps with him so fast that not a thought of my asthma and heart-disease slackened my speed.

There was nobody in the house but a woman milking a goat. In one corner of the room stood a bed, in the middle was a table, and on one of the walls hung a burning coal-oil lamp.

As I opened the door, the woman looked up and said in a dull piteous moaning:—

“It is none of Jörge's fault. Jörge had shown the red light in good season, and yesterday he specially warned the gentlemen and told them that a ridge of the Gnippe was crumbling, and would soon break down; but they did not listen to him, and now that the accident has come they will surely visit their own carelessness upon him. It is always the poor dependent that is made to suffer for the fault of his superiors. But I will not stand it; and if Jörge is discharged and loses his bread, then—”

“All right, madam!” I said: “I saw the red light in time, and I shall testify for Jörge in case of need. Only keep quiet now and come here. You must try to restore this child. He has fainted. Give him water or something,—you will know best what to do.”

In recalling these words to my memory and writing them down, I am not quite certain that I really spoke them; I am not certain of a single word or action of mine on that fearful night. But I think I said the words I am relating, although I was so confused that it is possible I did not utter a word. I had come out of the house again, and saw a man running up and down on the narrow rocky plateau like one crazy. It was Jörge the watchman; he was looking for the signal-post and could not find it.

“Here it is, look!” I said, turning his face toward the high pole right in front of him. He gazed up wistfully, and then all at once he blubbered out:—

“See! See the red light! I gave the warning, they cannot blame me, they dare not punish me for it; it is not my fault!”

Of course he thought of nothing but himself, and the misfortune of the others touched him only so far as he was concerned.

"Don't blubber now!" I said. "There will be time enough to think of ourselves. Now let us learn what has happened to the others. The whole train has been swept down into the abyss below,—what has become of the people in it?"

"God Almighty have mercy on their souls!"

"Yet perhaps we could save some of them. Come along!"

"I can't go. I dare not leave my post, else they will turn against me."

"Well then, I shall go alone," said I, and hastened down the steps. . . .

What had meanwhile become of those who had stayed in the falling carriages?

There came a terrible answer to that question, and out of the old horror arose a new and still more terrible spectre. A demon with a cloudy head, rising from the darkness below, and with a swift and fearful growth mounting up to the sky. A demon with a thousand glistening, sparkling eyes and tongues,—a smoke-fiend!

The great boiler of the locomotive had gone down first. There it fell, not on the ground, but on a large fragment of rock which pierced it completely, so that the air had free access to the fire. Upon the top of both boiler and tender the coal van had been turned upside down; and these had pulled all the carriages one on top of the other, in the same way, so that the whole train stood upright like some huge steeple. This dreadful structure had become a great funeral pile, the altar of a black pagan idol, whose fiery tongues were greedily thrusting upward to devour their prey.

Then, as the smoke became blacker and blacker, a heart-rending, almost maddening sound of shrieking and crying rang out from that devilish wreck, so loud and piercing that it drowned the clatter of stones, the crackling of the fast-kindling coals, and the crushing noise of the metals. At the cry for aid of the doomed victims, all who had escaped and hidden behind the bulwark came forth, creeping or running, shrieking and gesticulating, forgetful of their own danger and pitiful condition, thinking only of those dear lost ones there in that abode of hell, and maddened at the impossibility of rescuing them. It was a wild hurly-burly of voices and of tongues; of despairing yells, hysterical sobs, heart-rending prayers; and as I stumbled over the twisted and broken rails that stood upright like bent wires, and stooped over the bulwark, I beheld a spectacle so terrible that every nerve of

my body, every heart-string, revolted at it. Even now they quiver at the ghastly recollection.

As the fire lighted up the horrible pile, I could see that the first carriage atop of the coals was a shattered mass, the second crushed flat, while the third stood with wheels uppermost, and so forth to the top; and out of all of them human heads, limbs, faces, bodies, were thrust forward. Two small gloved female hands, locked as in prayer, were stretched out of a window; and above them two strong muscular masculine arms tried with superhuman force to lift the iron weight above, to break a way at the top, until the blood flowed from the nails, and even these strong arms dropped down exhausted. Half-seen forms, mutilated, bleeding, were tearing with teeth and nails at their dreadful prison.

Then for a while the smoky cloud involved everything in darkness. A moment after, the red fiery tongues came lapping upward, and a red glowing halo encircled the fatal wreck. The first and second carriages were already burned. How long would it take the flames to reach the top? How many of the sufferers were yet alive? What power in heaven or earth could save them, and how?

The hollow into which the train had fallen was so deep that in spite of the erect position of the ill-fated pile, the topmost car—that containing the poor, foolish American governess who had lost her life in running back for her bonnet—was ten metres below us, and we had not even a single rope or cord with which to hazard the experiment of descending. A young man, one of those few who had come forth unharmed, ran up and down the embankment shouting madly for a rope, offering a fortune for belts, shawls, and cords. His newly married bride was in one of these carriages, and hers were the tiny gloved hands that were stretched out of the window. "A rope," cried he, "give me anything to make a rope!" But who heeded him?

A young mother sat on the tracks, fondly hugging a plaid shawl in her arms. Her babe was there in that burning pyre, but horror had overpowered her reason. There she sat, caressing the woolen bundle, and in a low voice singing her "Eia Popeia" to the child of her fantasy.

An aged Polish Jew lay across the barricade wall. His two hands were stretched downward, and there he muttered the prayers and invocations of his liturgy, which no one understood

but himself and Jehovah, his ancient God. The ritual prayer-bands were upon his thumbs and wrists, and encircling his forehead. His forked beard and greasy side-locks dangled as he chanted his hymns, while his eyes, staring almost out of their sockets, were fixed upon one of the carriages. What did that carriage contain? His wife? his children? or his worldly goods, the fortune hoarded up through a lifetime of cunning and privation? Who knows? Forth he chants his prayers, loudly yelling, or muttering low, as the ghastly scene before him vanishes in smoke and darkness, or glows out again in fearful distinctness.

Every one shrieks, cries, prays, swears, raves—

No; not every one! There, on the barricade, his legs doubled up Turk-fashion, sits a young painter, with Mephisto beard and gray eyes. His sketch-book is open, and he is making a vivid sketch of the sensational scene. The illustrated newspapers are grateful customers, and will rejoice at receiving the sketch.

But this young draughtsman is not the only sensible person in the place. There is another, a long-legged Englishman, standing with watch in hand, reckoning up the time lost by the accident, and eying the scene complacently.

Some noisy dispute attracts my attention; and turning, I behold a man trying with all his might to overcome a woman who attacks him with teeth and nails, biting his hands and tearing at his flesh as he drags her close to him. At last he succeeds in joining both of her hands behind her back—she foaming, writhing, and cursing. I asked indignantly, “What do you want with the woman? Let her alone!”

“Oh, sir!” he said, showing me a sorrowful and tear-stained face. “For heaven’s sake, help me! I cannot bear with her any more. She wants to leap down and kill herself. Pray help me to tie her hands and carry her off from here!”

By his speech I knew him for a Pole, and the woman’s exclamations were also uttered in the Polish language. She was his wife; her children were there in that infernal pile, and she wanted to die with them.

“Quick! quick!” gasped the man. “Take my necktie and fasten her hands behind her.” I obeyed; and as I wound the silken strip tight around the unhappy woman’s wrists, her despairing gaze fixed itself in deadly hate upon my face, and her foaming lips cursed me for keeping her away from her children. As her husband carried her away, her curses pierced the air; and

although I could not understand the words, I understood that she spoke of the Czrny Bog, or as the Russians say, Cserny Boh, the "Black God" of the Slavs—Death.

By this time the horrible tower was burning brightly, and the night was all aglow with the glaring light, and still those terrible shrieks from human voices resounded to and fro.

The young artist had a picturesque scene for his pencil, and kept making sketch after sketch. The burning wreck, the flying cinders, the red mist around the black pine-woods on the rocky wall of the mountain, and that small span of starlit heaven above; all those frightened, maddened, running, crouching, creeping men and women around, with the chanting Jew in his long silken caftan and dangling locks in the midst of them,—made a picture of terrible sublimity.

But still the terrible god of destruction was unsatisfied, and his fiery maw opened for more victims. The unhappy young husband had succeeded in tearing up his clothes and knotting the strips together. A compassionate woman had given him a shawl, which he also tore up and joined on to the rest, so that he had a slender and frail but tolerably long line, which he fastened to the bushes. On this he descended into that mouth of hell. The perilous attempt succeeded so far that with one mad leap he landed on the top of the uppermost car with its pile of stones; and then with cat-like dexterity and desperate daring he scrambled downward to the third carriage. Quickly he reached the spot, and the poor little gloved hands of his darling were thrown in ecstasy around his neck. Some one had drawn up the cord on which he had let himself down, fastened a stout iron rod to it, and suspended it carefully. Happily it reached him, and with its aid he made a good-sized breach, widening the opening of the window. He worked with desperate strength and we gazed breathlessly on. Now we saw him drop the rod again. The tender arms of his bride were around his neck, a fair head was thrust out, the whole form was emerging, when—with a tremendous crash and a hissing, spluttering, crackling noise, the whole fabric shook and trembled, and husband and wife were united in death.

The great boiler had burst, the explosion had changed the scene again, and the young painter might draw still another sketch.

Translation of F. Steinitz.



BEN JONSON

(1573-1637)

BY BARRETT WENDELL

 BEN JONSON was born about 1573, and died in 1637. A typical Londoner all his life, it was his fortune to find an unintentional biographer in a contemporary man of letters who was not even a resident of England. In the year 1618, Jonson, then in the full ripeness of his fame and character, walked to Scotland, where he visited William Drummond of Hawthornden. In Drummond's note-book, which survives, we have a remarkable record of his conversation. Quotations from this will give a better idea of him than can any paraphrase:—

OF HIS OWN LYFE, EDUCATION, BIRTH, ACTIONS

His grandfather came from Carlisle, and, he thought, from Anandale to it; he served King Henry 8, and was a gentleman. His Father losed all his estate under Queen Marie, having been cast in prisson and forfaitted; at last turn'd Minister: so he was a minister's son. He himself was posthumous born, a moneth after his father's decease; brought up poorly, putt to school by a friend (his master Cambden); after taken from it, and put to ane other craft (*I think was to be a wright or bricklayer*), which he could not endure; then went he to the Low Countries; but returning soone he betook himself to his wonted studies. In his service in the Low Countries, he had, in the face of both the campes, killed ane enemie and taken *spolia opima* from him; and since his comming to England, being appealed to the fields, he had killed his adversarie, which had hurt him in the arme, and whose sword was 10 inches longer than his: for the which he was emprissoned, and almost at the gallowes. Then took he his religion by trust, of a priest who visited him in prisson. Thereafter he was 12 yeares a Papist.

He was Master of Arts in both the Universities, by their favour, not his studie. . . .

At that tyme the pest was in London; he being in the country . . . with old Cambden, he saw in a vision his eldest sone, then a child and at London, appear unto him with the mark of a bloodie crosse on his forehead, as if it had been cutted with a sword, at which amazed he prayed unto God, and in the morning he came to Mr. Cambden's chamber to tell him; who persuaded him it was but ane apprehension of his fantasie, at which he sould not be disjected; in the mean tyme comes then letters from his wife of the

death of that boy in the plague. He appeared to him (he said) of a manlie shape, and of that grouth that he thinks he shall be at the resurrection.

He was dilated . . . to the King for writting something against the Scots, . . . and voluntarly imprisonné himself with Chapman and Marston, who had written it amongst them. The report was, that they should then had their ears cut and noses. After their delivery he banqueted all his friends; . . . at the midst of the feast his old Mother dranke to him, and shew him a paper which she had (if the sentence had taken execution) to have mixed in the prisson among his drinke, which was full of lustie strong poison; and that she was no churle, she told: she minded first to have drunk of it herself. . . .

S. W. Raulighe sent him governour with his Son, anno 1613, to France. This youth being knavishly inclined, among other pastimes . . . caused him to be drunken, and dead drunk, so that he knew not wher he was; therafter laid him on a carr, which he made to be drawen by pioners through the streets, at every corner showing his governour stretched out, and telling them that was a more lively image of the Crucifix than any they had: at which sport young Raughlie's mother delyghted much (saying, his father young was so inclyned), though the Father abhorred it. . . .

After he was reconciled with the Church, and left of to be a recusant, at his first communion, in token of true reconciliation, he drank out all the full cup of wine. . . .

He hath consumed a whole night in lying looking to his great toe, about which he hath seen Tartars and Turks, Romans and Carthaginians, feight in his imagination. . . .

HIS CENSURE OF MY VERSES WAS: That they were all good, especiallie my Epitaphe of the Prince, save that they smelled too much of the Schooles, and were not after the fancie of the tyme. . . .

He dissuaded me from Poetrie, for that she had beggered him, when he might have been a rich lawer, physitian, or marchant. . . .

[He said] he was better versed, and knew more in Greek and Latin, than all the Poets in England. . . . In his merry humor he was wont to name himself The Poet.

He went from Lieth homeward the 25 of January, 1619, in a pair of shoes which, he told, lasted him since he came from Darnton, which he minded to take back that farr again. . . .

If he died by the way, he promised to send me his papers of this Country, hewen as they were.

Drummond of Hawthornden was a rather precise Scottish gentleman. When he made these memoranda, he was clearly stirred by such emotions as declare themselves in any conservative and respectable man who has been startled at his own table by the outburst of an unconventional Bohemian. His private opinion of his guest, therefore, was hardly favorable.

JANUARY 19, 1619.—He is a great lover and praiser of himself; a contemner and scorner of others; given rather to losse a friend than a jest; jealous of every word and action of those about him (especiallie after drink, which is

one of the elements in which he liveth); a dissembler of ill parts which raigne in him, a bragger of some good that he wanteth; thinketh nothing well but what either he himself or some of his friends and countrymen hath said or done; he is passionately kynde and angry; careless either to gaine or keep; vindictive, but, if he be well answered, at himself.

For any religion, as being versed in both. Interpreteth best sayings and deeds often to the worst. Oppressed with fantasie, which hath ever mastered his reason, a generall disease in many Poets. His inventions are smooth and easie; but above all he excelleth in a Translation.

With due allowance for the personal feeling which pervades these memoranda, they give incomparably the most vivid portrait in existence of an Elizabethan man of letters. The man they deal with, while not the greatest poet of his time, was distinctly the most conspicuous personal figure among those whose profession was literature. An excellent scholar, according to the contemporary standard; a playwright who never deigned to sacrifice his artistic conscience to popular caprice; a lyric poet acceptable alike to the great folk who patronized him, and to the literary followers who gathered about him at his favorite taverns; laureate; chief writer of the masques which were so characteristic a diversion of the court;—he went sturdily through life with more renown than fortune. Born before the outburst of Elizabethan literature, he lived until the times of Charles I. had begun to be troublous. He lies in the north aisle of Westminster Abbey, with the epitaph “O rare Ben Jonson” cut in the pavement above his head.

In 1616, the year when Shakespeare died, Jonson published in folio a collection of his plays and poems. To this he gave the characteristic title of ‘Works.’ There were current jokes, of course, about the absurdity of so naming a volume of obvious plays; but the name was well chosen. What Jonson achieved, he achieved by conscientious labor. Drummond was right when he wrote, “Above all he excelleth in a Translation.” Jonson knew two things thoroughly: the language and literature of classical Rome, and the language and life of London under Elizabeth, James, and Charles. The former he possessed to a degree almost unique; the latter, of course, he shared to the full with the human beings about him. As his two tragedies show, as is shown by many passages in his comedies, and again and again in his lyrics, the thing he could do supremely well was to turn the lifelessness of the classics into terms of contemporary vitality. In the best sense of the word, no better translator ever lived: he never forgot that faithfulness to his original is only half the task of the translator, who adds only to the dead weight of printed matter if he fail to bear to living men, in living language, tidings that without him were to them unmeaning.

The very trait which made him a consummate translator, however, made him, in spite of his vigorous personality, a less effective original writer than many of his less gifted contemporaries. Inevitably, a man who becomes saturated with classical literature becomes possessed of the chief ideal which pervades it,—the ideal which maintains that there is one definite way in which things ought to be done, as distinguished from the innumerable other ways in which they ought not to be done. The general trait of the Elizabethan drama is untrammelled freedom of form. Jonson, as a dramatist, felt conscientiously bound to keep in mind the laws of classical composition. In this respect, his work is more analogous to that which has prevailed on the stage of France and of Italy than to that which has characterized the stage of England. "Shakspeer," he told Drummond, "wanted art." No one ever admired Shakespeare more sturdily than did Ben Jonson. All the same, he could never forget that Shakespeare broke every rule of dramatic art maintained by the authorities of Greece and Rome. By the same token, Jonson's own plays never achieved the full vitality of Elizabethan England.

This fact has been generally remarked. Another trait of his, which greatly affected his dramatic writing, has hardly been recognized. He told Drummond, we may remember, that he had seen his dead child in a vision; and that he had lain awake watching strange figures battling about his great toe. In modern terms, this means that he was gifted with an exceptional visual imagination. The chief imaginative trait of the Elizabethan drama is sympathetic insight: whatever else the dramatists knew of their characters, they knew how those characters must have felt; they were in full touch not with their physical life, but with their emotional. In Jonson's case, all this was reversed; one often doubts whether he were in deep emotional sympathy with his characters, but one is sure that he knew precisely how those characters looked and moved. When one has been reading Shakespeare, or almost any of his other contemporaries, Jonson's plays often seem obscure and puzzling. If in such case one turn for an hour to Hogarth, the whole thing is explained. Jonson's imagination was primarily visual; though his vehicle was poetry, his conception was again and again that of painting. Ask yourself not what Jonson's characters felt, but what they looked like, and they will spring into life.

The analogy between Jonson and Hogarth, indeed, is very suggestive. Not only were both gifted with singular fertility of visual imagination, but both alike instinctively expressed themselves in such exaggerated terms as in our time would be called caricature, and as in Jonson's time were called humorous. Both seized upon some few characteristic traits of the personages with whom they dealt, and so

emphasized these traits as to make them monstrous. Both were stirred by conscious moral purpose; both had a crude but wholesome sense of fun; both knew London to the core. In spite of the century and more which separates them, they may well be studied together. Whoever understands the one will understand the other.

For both alike were really artists. In the color and the texture of Hogarth's paintings, one feels, for all their seeming ugliness of purpose, a genuine sense of what is beautiful. In Jonson's verses, from beginning to end, one feels, as surely as one feels the occasional limitations of pedantry, that higher, purer spirit of classical culture, which maintains that whatever a poet utters should be phrased as beautifully as his power can phrase it. In some lyrics, and in certain lines and passages of his plays, Jonson fairly excels. A scholar and a Londoner, vigorous, sincere, untiring, he stands in our literature as the great type of a sturdy British artist.

In the selections which follow, an attempt has been made to give some slight evidence of his purposes and his achievement. The two passages from his posthumous 'Timber, or Discoveries' may suggest at once his literary method and the temper in which he regarded his chief contemporary. His well-known verses on Shakespeare repeat in more studied form the latter views, and at the same time show his mastery of English verse. The prologue to 'Every Man in His Humour' states his dramatic creed. The passage from 'Sejanus' shows his great, if superficial, mastery of Roman life and manners. The passage from the 'Silent Woman' shows at once his "humorous" manner, and his consummate power of translation; for the tirade against women is taken straight from Juvenal. Finally, the necessarily few fragments from his other plays, and selections from his lyrics, may perhaps serve to indicate the manner of thing which his conscientious art has added to permanent literature.



ON STYLE

From 'Timber, or Discoveries Made upon Men and Matter'

DE STILO, ET OPTIMO SCRIBENDI GENERE.—For a man to write well, there are required three necessaries,—to read the best authors, observe the best speakers, and much exercise of his own style. In style, to consider what ought to be written, and after what manner, he must first think and excogitate his matter, then choose his words, and examine the weight of either.

Then take care, in placing and ranking both matter and words, that the composition be comely; and to do this with diligence and often. No matter how slow the style be at first, so it be labored and accurate; seek the best, and be not glad of the forward conceits or first words that offer themselves to us: but judge of what we invent, and order what we approve. Repeat often what we have formerly written; which beside that it helps the consequence, and makes the juncture better, it quickens the heat of imagination, that often cools in the time of setting down, and gives it new strength, as if it grew lustier by the going back. As we see in the contention of leaping, they jump farthest that fetch their race largest; or as in throwing a dart or javelin, we force back our arms to make our loose the stronger. Yet, if we have a fair gale of wind, I forbid not the steering out of our sail, so the favor of the gale deceive us not. For all that we invent doth please us in the conception of birth, else we would never set it down. But the safest is to return to our judgment, and handle over again those things the easiness of which might make them justly suspected. So did the best writers in their beginnings: they imposed upon themselves care and industry; they did nothing rashly; they obtained first to write well, and then custom made it easy and a habit. By little and little their matter showed itself to them more plentifully; their words answered, their composition followed; and all, as in a well-ordered family, presented itself in the place. So that the sum of all is, ready writing makes not good writing, but good writing brings on ready writing. Yet when we think we have got the faculty, it is even then good to resist it, as to give a horse a check sometimes with a bit, which doth not so much stop his course as stir his mettle. Again, whither a man's genius is best able to reach, thither it should more and more contend, lift, and dilate itself; as men of low stature raise themselves on their toes, and so oft-times get even, if not eminent. Besides, as it is fit for grown and able writers to stand of themselves, and work with their own strength, to trust and endeavor by their own faculties; so it is fit for the beginner and learner to study others and the best. For the mind and memory are more sharply exercised in comprehending another man's things than our own; and such as accustom themselves and are familiar with the best authors shall ever and anon find somewhat of them in themselves: and in the expression of their minds, even when they feel it not, be able to

utter something like theirs, which hath an authority above their own. Nay, sometimes it is the reward of a man's study, the praise of quoting another man fitly; and though a man be more prone and able for one kind of writing than another, yet he must exercise all. For as in an instrument, so in style, there must be a harmony and consent of parts.

ON SHAKESPEARE

From 'Timber, or Discoveries Made upon Men and Matter'

DE SHAKESPEARE NOSTRAT[1].—I remember the players have often mentioned it as an honor to Shakespeare, that in his writing, whatsoever he penned, he never blotted out a line. My answer hath been, "Would he had blotted a thousand;" which they thought a malevolent speech. I had not told posterity this, but for their ignorance who chose that circumstance to commend their friend by wherein he most faulted; and to justify mine own candor, for I loved the man, and do honor his memory on this side idolatry as much as any. He was indeed honest, and of an open and free nature; had an excellent fancy, brave notions, and gentle expressions, wherein he flowed with that facility that sometime it was necessary he should be stopped. "*Sufflaminandus erat*," as Augustus said of Haterius. His wit was in his own power: would the rule of it had been so too. But he redeemed his vices with his virtues. There was ever more in him to be praised than to be pardoned.

TO THE MEMORY OF MY BELOVED MASTER, WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

TO DRAW no envy, Shakespeare, on thy name,
Am I thus ample to thy book and fame;
While I confess thy writings to be such
As neither man nor Muse can praise too much.
'Tis true, and all men's suffrage. But these ways
Were not the paths I meant unto thy praise:
For silliest ignorance on these may light,
Which, when it sounds at best, but echoes right;
Or blind affection, which doth ne'er advance
The truth, but gropes, and urgeth all by chance;

Or crafty malice might pretend this praise,
And think to ruin, where it seemed to raise.
These are, as some infamous bawd or whore
Should praise a matron: what could hurt her more?
But thou art proof against them, and indeed
Above the ill fortune of them, or the need.
I therefore will begin: Soul of the age!
The applause! delight! the wonder of our stage!
My SHAKESPEARE rise! I will not lodge thee by
Chaucer, or Spenser, or bid Beaumont lie
A little further off, to make thee room:
Thou art a monument without a tomb;
And art alive still, while thy book doth live,
And we have wits to read and praise to give.
That I not mix thee so, my brain excuses,
I mean with great, but disproportioned Muses;
For if I thought my judgment were of years,
I should commit thee surely with thy peers,
And tell how far thou didst our Lily outshine,
Or sporting Kyd, or Marlowe's mighty line.
And though thou hadst small Latin and less Greek,
From thence to honor thee, I will not seek
For names: but call forth thundering Æschylus,
Euripides, and Sophocles to us.
Pacuvius, Accius, him of Cordona dead,
To live again, to hear thy buskin tread,
And shake a stage; or when thy socks were on,
Leave thee alone for the comparison
Of all that insolent Greece or haughty Rome
Sent forth, or since did from their ashes come.
Triumph, my Britain! thou hast one to show,
To whom all scenes of Europe homage owe.
He was not of an age, but for all time!
And all the Muses still were in their prime
When, like Apollo, he came forth to warm
Our ears, or like a Mercury to charm!
Nature herself was proud of his designs,
And joyed to wear the dressing of his lines!
Which were so richly spun, and woven so fit,
As, since, she will vouchsafe no other wit.
The merry Greek, tart Aristophanes,
Neat Terence, witty Plautus, now not please;
But antiquated and deserted lie,
As they were not of nature's family.

Yet must I not give nature all: thy art,
 My gentle Shakespeare, must enjoy a part.
 For though the poet's matter nature be,
 His art doth give the fashion; and that he
 Who casts to write a living line, must sweat,
 (Such as thine are) and strike the second heat
 Upon the Muses' anvil; turn the same,
 And himself with it, that he thinks to fame:
 Or for the laurel he may gain a scorn;
 For a good poet's made as well as born.
 And such wert thou! Look how the father's face
 Lives in his issue: even so the race
 Of Shakespeare's mind and manners brightly shines
 In his well turnèd and true filèd lines;
 In each of which he seems to shake a lance,
 As brandished at the eyes of ignorance.
 Sweet Swan of Avon! what a sight it were
 To see thee in our water yet appear,
 And make those flights upon the banks of Thames
 That so did take Eliza, and our James!
 But stay: I see thee in the hemisphere
 Advanced, and made a constellation there!
 Shine forth, thou Star of poets, and with rage
 Or influence, chide or cheer the drooping stage;
 Which, since thy flight from hence, hath mourned like
 night,
 And despairs day, but for thy volume's light.

FROM 'SEJANUS'

Scene: The Garden of Eudemus in Rome. Enter Sejanus, Livia, and Eudemus.

SEJANUS—Physician, thou art worthy of a province
 For the great favors done unto our loves;
 And but that greatest Livia bears a part
 In the requital of thy services,
 I should alone despair of aught like means
 To give them worthy satisfaction.

Livia— Eudemus, I will see it, shall receive
 A fit and full reward for his large merit.
 But for this potion we intend to Drusus,—
 No more our husband now,—whom shall we choose

As the most apt and abled instrument
To minister it to him?

Eudemus— I say, Lydgus.

Sejanus— Lydgus? what's he?

Livia— An eunuch Drustus loves.

Eudemus— Ay, and his cup-bearer. . . .

Sejanus— Send him to me; I'll work him.—Royal lady,
Though I have loved you long, and with that height
Of zeal and duty, like the fire, which more
It mounts it trembles, thinking naught could add
Unto the fervor which your eye had kindled.—
Yet now I see your wisdom, judgment, strength,
Quickness and will to apprehend the means
To your own good and greatness, I protest
Myself through rarefied and turned all flame
In your affection: such a spirit as yours
Was not created for the idle second
To a poor flash, as Drusus; but to shine
Bright as the moon among the lesser lights,
And share the sovereignty of all the world.
Then Livia triumphs in her proper sphere,
When she and her Sejanus shall divide
The name of Cæsar, and Augusta's star
Be dimmed with glory of a brighter beam;
When Agrippina's fires are quite extinct,
And the scarce-seen Tiberius borrows all
His little light from us, whose folded arms
Shall make one perfect orb.

[*Knocking within.*]

Who's that? *Eudemus*,
Look. 'Tis not Drusus, lady; do not fear.

[*Exit Eudemus.*]

Livia— Not I, my lord: my fear and love of him
Left me at once.

Sejanus— Illustrious lady, stay—

Eudemus [within]—
I'll tell his Lordship.

Re-enter Eudemus

Sejanus— Who is it, *Eudemus*?

Eudemus— One of your Lordship's servants brings you word
The Emperor hath sent for you.

Sejanus— Oh, where is he?
 With your fair leave, dear princess, I'll but ask
 A question, and return. [Exit.]

Eudemus— Fortunate princess!
 How are you blest in the fruition
 Of this unequaled man, the soul of Rome,
 The Empire's life, and voice of Cæsar's world!

Livia— So blessed, my Eudemus, as to know
 The bliss I have, with what I ought to owe
 The means that wrought it. How do I look to-day?

Eudemus— Excellent clear, believe it. This same fucus
 Was well laid on.

Livia— Methinks 'tis here not white.

Eudemus— Lend me your scarlet, lady. 'Tis the sun
 Hath given some little taint unto the ceruse;
 You should have used of the white oil I gave you.
 Sejanus, for your love! his very name
 Commandeth above Cupid or his shafts—

[Paints her cheek.]

Livia— Nay, now you've made it worse.

Eudemus— I'll help it straight—
 And but pronounced, is a sufficient charm
 Against all rumor; and of absolute power
 To satisfy for any lady's honor.

Livia— What do you now, Eudemus?

Eudemus— Make a light fucus,
 To touch you o'er withal. Honored Sejanus!
 What act, though ne'er so strange and insolent,
 But that addition will at least bear out,
 If't do not expiate?

Livia— Here, good physician.

Eudemus— I like this study to preserve the love
 Of such a man, that comes not every hour
 To greet the world.—'Tis now well, lady, you should
 Use of this dentifrice I prescribed you too,
 To clear your teeth; and the prepared pomatum,
 To smooth the skin. A lady cannot be
 Too curious of her form, that still would hold
 The heart of such a person, made her captive,
 As you have his; who, to endear him more
 In your clear eye, hath put away his wife,
 The trouble of his bed, and your delights,
 Fair Apicata, and made spacious room
 To your new pleasures.

Livia— Have not we returned
That with our hate to Drusus, and discovery
Of all his counsels?

Eudemus— Yes, and wisely, lady.
The ages that succeed, and stand far off
To gaze at your high prudence, shall admire,
And reckon it an act without your sex:
It hath that rare appearance. Some will think
Your fortune could not yield a deeper sound
Than mixed with Drusus; but when they shall hear
That and the thunder of Sejanus meet,—
Sejanus, whose high name doth strike the stars,
And rings about the concave; great Sejanus,
Whose glories, style, and titles are himself,
The often iterating of Sejanus,—
They then will lose their thoughts, and be ashamed
To take acquaintance of them.

Re-enter Sejanus

Sejanus— I must take
A rude departure, lady: Cæsar sends
With all his haste both of command and prayer.
Be resolute in our plot: you have my soul,
As certain yours as it is my body's.
And, wise physician, so prepare the poison,
As you may lay the subtle operation
Upon some natural disease of his;
Your eunuch send to me. I kiss your hands,
Glory of ladies, and commend my love
To your best faith and memory.

Livia— My lord,
I shall but change your words. Farewell. Yet this
Remember for your heed: he loves you not;
You know what I have told you; his designs
Are full of grudge and danger; we must use
More than a common speed.

Sejanus— Excellent lady,
How you do fire my blood!

Livia— Well, you must go?
The thoughts be best, are least set forth to show.

[*Exit Sejanus.*]

Eudemus— When will you take some physic, lady?

Livia— When
I shall, Eudemus: but let Drusus's drug
Be first prepared.

SOLILOQUY OF SEJANUS

DULL, heavy Cæsar!
 Wouldest thou tell me thy favors were made crimes,
 And that my fortunes were esteemed thy faults,
 That thou for me wert hated, and not think
 I would with wingèd haste prevent that change
 When thou mightest win all to thyself again
 By forfeiture of me? Did those fond words
 Fly swifter from thy lips, than this my brain,
 This sparkling forge, created me an armor
 T'encounter chance and thee? Well, read my charms,
 And may they lay that hold upon thy senses,
 As thou hadst snuffed up hemlock, or ta'en down
 The juice of poppy and of mandrakes. Sleep,
 Voluptuous Cæsar, and security
 Seize on thy stupid powers, and leave them dead
 To public cares.

FROM 'THE SILENT WOMAN'

Scene: A Room in Morose's House. Enter Morose, with a tube in his hand, followed by Mute.

MOROSE—Cannot I yet find out a more compendious method than by this trunk, to save my servants the labor of speech, and mine ears the discords of sounds? Let me see: all discourses but my own afflict me; they seem harsh, impertinent, and irksome. Is it not possible that thou shouldst answer me by signs, and I apprehend thee, fellow? Speak not, though I question you. You have taken the ring off from the street door, as I bade you? Answer me not by speech, but by silence; unless it be otherwise. [Mute makes a leg.] Very good. And you have fastened on a thick quilt or flock bed on the outside of the door: that if they knock with their daggers or with brickbats, they can make no noise?—But with your leg, your answer, unless it be otherwise. [Mute makes a leg.] Very good. This is not only fit modesty in a servant, but good state and discretion in a master. And you have been with Cutbeard the barber, to have him come to me? [Mute makes a leg.] Good. And he will come presently? Answer me not but with your leg, unless it be otherwise: if it be otherwise, shake your head

or shrug. [*Mute makes a leg.*] So! Your Italian and Spaniard are wise in these: and it is a frugal and comely gravity. How long will it be ere Cutbeard come? Stay: if an hour, hold up your whole hand; if half an hour, two fingers; if a quarter, one. [*Mute holds up a finger bent.*] Good: half a quarter? 'Tis well. And have you given him a key, to come in without knocking? [*Mute makes a leg.*] Good. And is the lock oiled, and the hinges, to-day? [*Mute makes a leg.*] Good. And the quilting of the stairs nowhere worn out and bare? [*Mute makes a leg.*] Very good. I see, by much doctrine and impulsion it may be effected; stand by. The Turk, in this divine discipline, is admirable, exceeding all the potentates of the earth: still waited on by mutes; and all his commands so executed; yea, even in the war, as I have heard, and in his marches, most of his charges and directions given by signs, and with silence: an exquisite art! and I am heartily ashamed, and angry oftentimes, that the princes of Christendom should suffer a barbarian to transcend them in so high a point of felicity. I will practice it hereafter. [*A horn winded within.*] How now? oh! oh! what villain, what prodigy of mankind is that? Look— [*Exit Mute. Horn again.*] Oh! cut his throat, cut his throat! what murderer, hell-hound, devil can this be?

Re-enter Mute

Mute—It is a post from the court—

Moroſe—Out, rogue! and must thou blow thy horn too?

Mute—Alas, it is a post from the court, sir, that says he must speak with you, pain of death—

Moroſe—Pain of thy life, be silent!

Enter Truewit with a post-horn, and a halter in his hand

Truewit—By your leave, sir,—I am a stranger here,—is your name Master Morose? is your name Master Morose? Fishes! Pythagoreans all! This is strange. What say you, sir? Nothing? Has Hypocrates been here with his club, among you? Well, sir, I will believe you to be the man at this time; I will venture upon you, sir. Your friends at court commend them to you, sir—

Moroſe—Oh men! Oh manners! was there ever such an impudence?

Truewit—And are extremely solicitous for you, sir.

Moroſe—Whose knave are you?

Truewit—Mine own knave, and your compeer, sir.

Moroſe—Fetch me my sword—

Truewit—You shall taste the one-half of my dagger if you do, groom; and you the other if you stir, sir. Be patient, I charge you, in the King's name, and hear me without insurrection. They say you are to marry; to marry! do you mark, sir?

Moroſe—How then, rude companion?

Truewit—Marry, your friends do wonder, sir, the Thames being so near, wherein you may drown so handsomely; or London bridge at a low fall, with a fine leap, to hurry you down the stream; or such a delicate steeple in the town as Bow, to vault from; or a braver height, as Paul's; or if you affected to do it nearer home, and a shorter way, an excellent garret window into the street; or a beam in the said garret, with this halter [*shows him the halter*] which they have sent,—and desire that you would sooner commit your grave head to this knot than to the wedlock noose; or take a little sublimate, and go out of the world like a rat; or a fly, as one said, with a straw in your body: any way, rather than follow this goblin Matrimony. . . .

Moroſe—Good sir, have I ever cozened any friends of yours of their lands? bought their possessions? taken forfeit of their mortgage? begged a reversion from them? . . . What have I done that may deserve this? . . .

Truewit—Alas, sir, I am but a messenger: I but tell you what you must hear. It seems your friends are careful after your soul's health, sir, and would have you know the danger. (But you may do your pleasure for all them; I persuade not, sir.) If, after you are married, your wife do run away with a vaulter, or the Frenchman that walks upon ropes, or him that dances a jig, . . . why, it is not their fault; they have discharged their consciences, when you know what may happen. Nay, suffer valiantly, sir, for I must tell you all the perils that you are obnoxious to. If she be fair, young, and vegetous, no sweetmeats ever drew more flies; all the yellow doublets and great roses in the town will be there. If foul and crooked, she'll be with them. . . . If rich, and that you marry her dowry, not her, she'll reign in your house as imperious as a widow. If noble, all her kindred will be your tyrants. . . . If learned, there was never such a parrot; all your patrimony will be too little for the guests that must be invited to hear her speak Latin and Greek. . . . If

precise, you must feast all the silenced brethren once in three days; salute the sisters; entertain the whole family or wood of them; and hear long-winded exercises, singings, and catechizings, which you are not given to, and yet must give for, to please the zealous matron your wife, who for the holy cause will cozen you over and above. You begin to sweat, sir! but this is not half, i' faith; you may do your pleasure, notwithstanding, as I said before: I come not to persuade you.—[*Mute is stealing away.*] Upon my faith, master serving-man, if you do stir, I will beat you.

Moroſe—Oh, what is my sin! what is my sin!

Truewit—Then, if you love your wife, or rather dote on her, sir,—oh, how she'll torture you, and take pleasure in your torments! . . . That friend must not visit you without her license; and him she loves most, she will seem to hate eagerliest, to decline your jealousy; . . . she must have that rich gown for such a great day; a new one for the next; a richer for the third; be served in silver; have the chamber filled with a succession of grooms, footmen, ushers, and other messengers; besides embroiderers, jewelers, tire-women, sempsters, feathermen, perfumers; whilst she feels not how the land drops away, nor the acres melt; nor foresees the change, when the mercer has your woods for her velvets: never weighs what her pride costs, sir, so she may . . . be a stateswoman, know all the news, what was done at Salisbury, what at the Bath, what at court, what in progress; or so she may censure poets, and authors, and styles, and compare them,—Daniel with Spenser, Jonson with the t'other youth, and so forth; or be thought cunning in controversies or the very knots of divinity; and have often in her mouth the state of the question; and then skip to the mathematics and demonstration: and answer in religion to one, in state to another, in folly to a third.

Moroſe—Oh, oh!

Truewit—All this is very true, sir. And then her going in disguise to that conjurer and this cunning woman: where the first question is, How soon you shall die? . . . What precedence she shall have by her next match? And sets down the answers, and believes them above the Scriptures. Nay, perhaps she'll study the art.

Moroſe—Gentle sir, have you done? have you had your pleasure of me? I'll think of these things.

Truewit—Yes, sir; and then comes reeking home of vapor and sweat, with going afoot, and lies in a month of a new face, all oil and birdlime; and rises in asses' milk, and is cleansed with a new fucus: God be wi' you, sir. One thing more, which I had almost forgot: . . . I'll be bold to leave this rope with you, sir, for a remembrance.—Farewell, Mute! [Exit.]

Moroſe—Come, have me to my chamber; but first shut the door. [*Truewit winds the horn without.*] Oh, shut the door, shut the door! Is he come again?

PROLOGUE FROM 'EVERY MAN IN HIS HUMOUR'

THOUGH need make many poets, and some such
As art and nature have not bettered much;
Yet ours, for want, hath not so loved the stage
As he dare serve the ill customs of the age,
Or purchase your delight at such a rate
As, for it, he himself must justly hate.
To make a child, now swaddled, to proceed
Man, and then shoot up in one beard and weed
Past threescore years; or with three rusty swords,
And help of some few foot-and-half-foot words,
Fight over York and Lancaster's long jars,
And in the tyring-house bring wounds to scars.
He rather prays, you will be pleased to see
One such to-day, as other plays should be:
Where neither chorus wafts you o'er the seas;
Nor creaking throne comes down, the boys to please;
Nor nimble squib is seen, to make afeard
The gentlewomen; nor rolled bullet heard
To say, it thunders; nor tempestuous drum
Rumbles, to tell you when the storm doth come:
But deeds and language such as men do use;
And persons such as comedy would choose,
When she would show an image of the times,
And sport with human follies, not with crimes.

SONG TO CELIA

DRINK to me only with thine eyes,
 And I will pledge with mine;
 Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
 And I'll not look for wine.
 The thirst that from the soul doth rise
 Doth ask a drink divine:
 But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
 I would not change from thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
 Not so much honoring thee
 As giving it a hope, that there
 It could not withered be.
 But thou thereon didst only breathe,
 And sent'st it back to me:
 Since when it grows, and smells, I swear,
 Not of itself, but thee.

SONG—THAT WOMEN ARE BUT MEN'S SHADOWS

FOLLOW a shadow, it still flies you,
 Seem to fly it, it will pursue:
 So court a mistress, she denies you;
 Let her alone, she will court you.
 Say, are not women truly, then,
 Styled but the shadows of us men?

 At morn and even shades are longest;
 At noon they are or short or none:
 So men at weakest, they are strongest,
 But grant us perfect, they're not known.
 Say, are not women truly, then,
 Styled but the shadows of us men?

SONG FROM 'VOLPONE'

COME, my Celia, let us prove,
 While we can, the sports of love;
 Time will not be ours forever,
 He at length our good will sever:
 Spend not then his gifts in vain;
 Suns that set may rise again;

But if once we lose this light,
 'Tis with us perpetual night. . . .
 'Tis no sin love's fruits to steal;
 But the sweet thefts to reveal,—
 To be taken, to be seen,—
 These have crimes accounted been.

AN EPITAPH ON SALATHIEL PAVY

WEEP with me, all you that read
 This little story;
 And know, for whom a tear you shed
 Death's self is sorry.
 'Twas a child that so did thrive
 In grace and feature,
 As heaven and nature seemed to strive
 Which owned the creature.
 Years he numbered scarce thirteen
 When fates turned cruel,
 Yet three filled zodiacs had he been
 The stage's jewel;
 And did act, what now we moan,
 Old men so duly,
 As sooth the Parcae thought him one,
 He played so truly.
 So, by error, to his fate
 They all consented;
 But viewing him since, alas, too late!
 They have repented;
 And have sought, to give new birth,
 In baths to steep him:
 But being so much too good for earth,
 Heaven vows to keep him.

ON MY FIRST DAUGHTER

HERE lies, to each her parents ruth,
 Mary, the daughter of their youth;
 Yet all heaven's gifts being heaven's due,
 It makes the father less to rue.
 At six months' end she parted hence
 With safety of her innocence;

Whose soul heaven's Queen, whose name she bears,
 In comfort of her mother's tears,
 Hath placed amongst her virgin train:
 Where while that, severed, doth remain,
 This grave partakes the fleshy birth;
 Which cover lightly, gentle earth!

FROM 'CYNTHIA'S REVELS'

Enter Hesperus, Cynthia, Arete, Timè, Phronesis, *and* Thauma.
Music accompanied. Hesperus *sings*

Q UEEEN and huntress, chaste and fair,
 Now the sun is laid to sleep,
 Seated in thy silver chair,
 State in wonted manner keep:
 Hesperus entreats thy light,
 Goddess excellently bright.
 Earth, let not thy envious shade
 Dare itself to interpose;
 Cynthia's shining orb was made
 Heaven to clear, when day did close:
 Bless us then with wishèd sight,
 Goddess excellently bright.
 Lay thy bow of pearl apart,
 And thy crystal shining quiver;
 Give unto the flying hart
 Space to breathe, how short soever:
 Thou that mak'st a day of night,
 Goddess excellently bright.

THE NOBLE NATURE

I T IS not growing like a tree
 In bulk doth make man better be;
 Or standing long an oak, three hundred year,
 To fall a log at last, dry, bald, and sere:
 A lily of a day
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that night:
 It was the plant and flower of Light.
 In small proportions we just beauties see;
 And in short measures life may perfect be.

JOSEPHUS

(37-100 A. D.)

BY EDWIN KNOX MITCHELL

OSEPHUS the Jewish historian was born at Jerusalem of Jewish parentage in 37 A. D. He belonged to a distinguished priestly family, and was himself early put in training for the priesthood. At the age of fourteen his knowledge of the law was so minute and profound as to attract the attention of the high priests and chief rabbis of the city. But dissatisfied with such attainments, he began at the age of sixteen a pilgrimage of the various schools of the Pharisees, Sadducees, and Essenes. Failing to quench his thirst for knowledge, he withdrew into the wilderness and sought the guidance of the hermit Banus, with whom he lived for three years. Returning thereupon to Jerusalem, he openly espoused the cause of the Pharisees and rose rapidly in their favor. In 63 A. D., being then twenty-six years of age, he went to Rome to secure the release of certain priests, who were near relatives of his and who had been imprisoned upon some trifling charges. The Jewish actor Alityrus introduced him to the Empress Poppaea, who obtained the release of the prisoners and loaded Josephus with rich presents for the journey home.

Soon after his return, in 66 A. D., the Jewish revolt against the Roman rule began; and after the first decisive battle, Josephus joined the revolutionary party and became one of its leaders. He was intrusted with the chief command in Galilee, where the conflict had originated, and he set himself at once to fortify certain towns and to organize and discipline his army. He has left us in his 'Wars of the Jews' a minute account of his leadership, down to the time of his capture a year later upon the fall of the fortress of Jotapata. When carried before Vespasian he prophesied, two years in advance of the event, that general's elevation to the throne. Vespasian now kept him near at hand; and when the Palestinian legions fulfilled Josephus's prophecy, the new Emperor granted his distinguished prisoner freedom. According to custom, Josephus now assumed the name Flavius, and proved his gratitude by remaining with the Roman army when Titus was intrusted with the command in Palestine. During the siege of Jerusalem, Josephus often endangered his life, at the

command of Titus, in trying to persuade the Jews to surrender the city. And when the end came he was permitted to take whatever he wanted, and by his intercession many prisoners who were his personal friends obtained their freedom. He now went with Titus to Rome, and Vespasian assigned him a palatial residence, bestowing upon him the rights of Roman citizenship and granting him a yearly stipend. He was also presented with a large estate in Judea; but he preferred to reside at Rome, where he continued to pursue his studies and to prosecute his literary work amid the unbroken favor of the successive Emperors. He died in the early days of Trajan's reign.

WORKS.—The literary labors of Josephus, which covered more than a quarter of a century, resulted in the production of the following works:—

(1) The 'Wars of the Jews.' This consists of seven books, and was originally written in Aramaic, but was soon rewritten in Greek, and obtained the hearty indorsement of both Vespasian and Titus. The first two books sketch quite fully the history of the Jews from the time of Antiochus Epiphanes, 175-164 B. C., down to the first year of the war, 66 A. D. The remainder of the work is taken up with a detailed account of the war down to the destruction of Jerusalem and the complete demolition of the Jewish State in 70 A. D. The later books are the account of an eye-witness and a participant in the events narrated, and are by far the best record we have of those eventful years.

(2) 'The Antiquities of the Jews.' Upon the completion of the former work, near the close of Vespasian's reign, Josephus seems to have given himself to the stupendous task of narrating the history of the Jewish people from the earliest times down to the outbreak of the war with the Romans. This occupied him for some twenty years, and resulted in the composition of the 'Antiquities of the Jews,' in twenty books. The first ten books reach down to the Babylonian captivity, and the narrative runs parallel with the Biblical account; the eleventh book carries the history down to Alexander the Great, who died in 323 B. C.; the twelfth to the death of Judas Maccabæus, in 161 B. C.; the thirteenth to the death of Alexandra, in 69 B. C.; the fourteenth to the commencement of Herod the Great's reign, in 37 B. C.; the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth are devoted to the reign of Herod, 37-4 B. C.; the remaining three books bring us down to the outbreak of the Jewish war in 66 A. D. The chief aim of the author was so to present the history of the much despised Jewish people as to win for them the respect of the cultured Greeks and Romans of his own day. To this end he does not hesitate to modify or omit the more offensive portions of the Old Testament

narrative, or to strengthen the Biblical account by quotations from non-canonical writers. He uses his extra-Biblical sources still more freely: quoting, epitomizing, elaborating, and often controverting their statements. For the period from 440 to 175 B. C. he is almost wholly dependent upon the Alexander legends and the pseudo-Aristeas; for 175 to 135 B. C. the First Book of Maccabees is the principal source, which is supplemented by Polybius and others; for 135 to 37 B. C. the chief authorities are Strabo and Nicolas of Damascus, whose accounts are supplemented by oral tradition. For the history of Herod, 37-4 B. C., Nicolas of Damascus is the principal authority, with a possible use of the Commentaries of King Herod. This last period is described with great fullness and particularity; but the narrative thereafter is scanty till we reach the reign of Agrippa I., which is elaborated with oral traditions. For the remainder of the 'Antiquities' Josephus relied upon his personal recollections and living witnesses.

(3) 'Autobiography.' Instead of being a "life," this brief work is really a defense of the author's conduct of the Galilean campaign in 66-67 A. D. There are short biographical notices, which form an introduction and a conclusion to the personal *apologia*. Justus of Tiberias had written an account of the Jewish war which represented Josephus as the author of the revolt in Galilee, and thus compromised his standing with the Romans. The so-called 'Autobiography' is a vituperative attack upon Justus and a pitifully weak reply to his charges.

The 'Treatise Against Apion.' This is the last of the extant works of Josephus, and it followed closely upon the publication of the preceding. The title as given is defective, and is certainly not the original one. The grammarian Apion is not the chief object of attack, but rather the violent and oftentimes absurd prejudices against the Jewish people and their religion. The historian makes an able and skillful defense, in which he seeks to prove the great antiquity of the Jews and their superiority over other nations, especially the Egyptians and Greeks. He maintains that the latter derived their best laws and highest wisdom from Moses and other inspired writers; and he then charges the Greeks with all manner of injustice, immorality, stupidity, and sacrilege. The Jewish religion is ably defended and expounded, and the personal beliefs of Josephus can be fairly well determined.

CHARACTER.—Josephus was a man of strong individuality; but he was vain, opinionated, self-seeking, and duplicitous. It is unfair to charge him with the betrayal of his nation, for he only prudently submitted to the inevitable. But it cannot be denied that he accomplished the transference of his personal allegiance to the Romans

with unbecoming equanimity, and with an eye single to his own immediate safety and future prospects. Contrast this conduct with that of an older contemporary, St. Paul, who was willing to be accused if he might thereby save his people. It is interesting to recall that Josephus was born about the time of St. Paul's conversion; both were trained in Jerusalem as Pharisees; both went to Rome about the same year, where they may have learned to know each other: but later, while the former was dexterously compromising with the Romans, the latter was refusing to betray his cause and consequently suffered the death penalty. The faults of Josephus as a historian are, as might have been expected, the faults inherent in his character as a man. He was learned, but he was at the same time opinionated; he was a keen observer, but he was vainglorious and ever seeking to justify himself or his cause; he had a clear perception of the forces which mold events, but he was lacking in integrity and candor. His writings are accordingly full of perverted accounts, ludicrous exaggerations, and dexterous apologies. But it is not so difficult to detect these defects; for they are often glaring, and they almost always bear the marks of personal prejudice or racial bias. The 'Antiquities' were written to glorify the history and character of the Jewish people; the 'Wars' and 'Autobiography' to glorify and shield their author; and the 'Treatise against Apion' to glorify and defend the Jewish religion. But notwithstanding these radical defects, there is perhaps no other ancient historian whose works have come down to us, who has covered so wide a range of human events and has left us more valuable historical details. For the period intervening between the Hebrew and Christian Scriptures, and for a knowledge of the New Testament times, the works of Josephus are indispensable.



MOSES AS A LEGISLATOR

From the Preface to the 'Antiquities'

ONE who will peruse this history may principally learn from it, that all events succeed well, even to an incredible degree, and the reward of felicity is proposed by God: but then it is to those that follow his will, and do not venture to break his excellent laws; and that so far as men any way apostatize from

the accurate observation of them, what was practicable before becomes impracticable; and whatsoever they set about as a good thing is converted into an incurable calamity. And now I exhort all those who peruse these books, to apply their minds to God: and to examine the mind of our legislator, whether he hath not understood his nature in a manner worthy of him; and hath not ever ascribed to him such operations as become his power; and hath not preserved his own writings from those indecent fables which others have framed, although by the great distance of time when he lived he might have securely forged such lies, — for he lived two thousand years ago, at which vast distance of ages the poets themselves have not been so hardy as to fix even the generations of their gods, much less the actions of their men or their own laws. As I proceed, therefore, I shall accurately describe what is contained in our records, in the order of time that belongs to them, . . . without adding anything to what is therein contained, or taking away anything therefrom.

But because almost all our constitution depends on the wisdom of Moses our legislator, I cannot avoid saying somewhat concerning him beforehand, though I shall do it briefly; I mean, because otherwise those that read my books may wonder how it comes to pass that my discourse, which promises an account of laws and historical facts, contains so much of philosophy. The reader is therefore to know that Moses deemed it exceeding necessary that he who would conduct his own life well, and give laws to others, in the first place should consider the Divine nature; and upon the contemplation of God's operations, should thereby imitate the best of all patterns, so far as it is possible for human nature to do, and to endeavor to follow after it; neither could the legislator himself have a right mind without such a contemplation; nor would anything he should write tend to the promotion of virtue in his readers: I mean, unless they be taught first of all that God is the Father and Lord of all things, and sees all things; and that hence he bestows a happy life upon those that follow him, but plunges such as do not walk in the paths of virtue into inevitable miseries. Now when Moses was desirous to teach this lesson to his countrymen, he did not begin the establishment of his laws after the same manner that other legislators did,— I mean, upon contracts and other rights between one man and another, but by raising their minds upwards to regard God and his creation of the world; and by persuading them that we

men are the most excellent of the creatures of God upon earth. Now when once he had brought them to submit to religion, he easily persuaded them to submit in all other things; for as to other legislators, they followed fables, and by their discourses transferred the most reproachful of human vices unto the gods, and so afforded wicked men the most plausible excuses for their crimes; but as for our legislator, when he had once demonstrated that God was possessed of perfect virtue, he supposed men also ought to strive after the participation of it; and on those who did not so think and so believe, he inflicted the severest punishments. I exhort, therefore, my readers to examine this whole undertaking in that view; for thereby it will appear to them that there is nothing therein disagreeable either to the majesty of God, or to his love for mankind: for all things have here a reference to the nature of the universe; while our legislator speaks some things wisely but enigmatically, and others under a decent allegory, but still explains such things as required a direct explanation, plainly and expressly.

Whiston's Translation.

SOLOMON'S WISDOM

From the 'Antiquities'

Now the sagacity and wisdom which God had bestowed on Solomon was so great that he exceeded the ancients, insomuch that he was no way inferior to the Egyptians, who are said to have been beyond all men in understanding; nay, indeed, it is evident that their sagacity was very much inferior to that of the King's. He also excelled and distinguished himself in wisdom above those who were most eminent among the Hebrews at that time for shrewdness. . . . He also composed books of odes and songs a thousand and five, of parables and similitudes three thousand—for he spake a parable upon every sort of tree from the hyssop to the cedar, and in like manner also about beasts, about all sorts of living creatures, whether upon the earth, or in the seas, or in the air; for he was not unacquainted with any of their natures, nor omitted inquiries about them, but described them all like a philosopher, and demonstrated his exquisite knowledge of their several properties. God also enabled him to learn that skill which expels demons, which is a science useful

and sanative to him. He composed such incantations also by which distempers are alleviated. And he left behind him the manner of using exorcisms, by which they drive away demons so that they never return: and this method of cure is of great force unto this day; for I have seen a certain man of my own country, whose name was Eleazar, releasing people that were demoniacal, in the presence of Vespasian and his sons and his captains and the whole multitude of his soldiers. The manner of the cure was this: He put a ring that had a root of one of those sorts mentioned by Solomon, to the nostrils of the demoniac, after which he drew out the demon through his nostrils; and when the man fell down immediately, he adjured him to return into him no more,—making still mention of Solomon, and reciting the incantations which he composed. And when Eleazar would persuade and demonstrate to the spectators that he had such power, he set a little way off a cup or basin full of water, and commanded the demon, as he went out of the man, to overturn it, and thereby to let the spectators know that he had left the man; and when this was done, the skill and wisdom of Solomon was showed very manifestly.

Whiston's Translation.

ALEXANDER'S CONQUEST OF PALESTINE

From the 'Antiquities'

ABOUT this time (333 B.C.) it was that Darius heard how Alexander had passed over the Hellespont, and had beaten his lieutenants in the battle of Granicum, and was proceeding farther; whereupon he gathered together an army of horse and foot, and determined that he would meet the Macedonians before they should assault and conquer all Asia. So he passed over the river Euphrates, and came over Taurus, the Cilician mountain; and at Isis of Cilicia he waited for the enemy, as ready there to give him battle. Upon which Sanballat was glad that Darius was come down; and told Manasseh that he would suddenly perform his promises to him, and this as soon as ever Darius should come back, after he had beaten his enemies; for not he only, but all those that were in Asia also, were persuaded that the Macedonians would not so much as come to a battle with the Persians, on account of their multitude. But the event

proved otherwise than they expected, for the king joined battle with the Macedonians, and was beaten, and lost a great part of his army. His mother also, and his wife and children, were taken captives, and he fled into Persia. So Alexander came into Syria, and took Damascus; and when he had obtained Sidon, he besieged Tyre, when he sent an epistle to the Jewish high priest, "To send him some auxiliaries, and to supply his army with provisions; and that what presents he formerly sent to Darius he would now send to him, and choose the friendship of the Macedonians, and that he should never repent of so doing." But the high priest answered the messengers, that "he had given his oath to Darius not to bear arms against him"; and he said that "he would not transgress them while Darius was in the land of the living." Upon hearing this answer, Alexander was very angry; and though he determined not to leave Tyre, which was just ready to be taken, yet as soon as he had taken it he threatened that he would make an expedition against the Jewish high priest, and through him teach all men to whom they must keep their oaths. So when he had, with a great deal of pains during the siege, taken Tyre, and had settled his affairs, he came to the city of Gaza, and besieged both the city and him that was governor of the garrison, whose name was Babemeses. . . . Now Alexander, when he had taken Gaza, made haste to go up to Jerusalem; and Jaddaa the high priest, when he heard that, was in an agony and under terror, as not knowing how he should meet the Macedonians, since the King was displeased at his foregoing disobedience. He therefore ordained that the people should make supplications, and should join with him in offering sacrifices to God, whom he besought to protect that nation, and to deliver them from the perils that were coming upon them: whereupon God warned him in a dream, which came upon him after he had offered sacrifice, that "he should take courage, and adorn the city, and open the gates; that the rest should appear in white garments, but that he and the priests should meet the King in the habits proper to their order, without the dread of any ill consequences, which the providence of God would prevent." Upon which, when he rose from his sleep, he greatly rejoiced, and declared to all the warning he had received from God. According to which dream he acted entirely, and so waited for the coming of the King. . . . For Alexander, when he saw the multitude at a distance, in white garments, while the

priests stood clothed with fine linen, and the high priest in purple and scarlet clothing, with his mitre on his head, having the golden plate whereon the name of God was engraved, he approached by himself, and adored that name, and first saluted the high priest. The Jews also did altogether, with one voice, salute Alexander and encompass him about; whereupon the kings of Syria and the rest were surprised at what Alexander had done, and supposed him disordered in his mind. However, Parmenio alone went up to him, and asked him "How it came to pass that when all others adored him, he should adore the high priest of the Jews!" To whom he replied:—"I do not adore him, but that God who hath honored him with his high-priesthood: for I saw this very person in a dream, in this very habit, when I was at Dios in Macedonia, who, when I was considering with myself how I might obtain the dominion of Asia, exhorted me to make no delay, but boldly to pass over the sea thither, for that he would conduct my army, and would give me the dominion over the Persians; whence it is, that having seen no other in that habit, and now seeing this person in it, and remembering that vision, and the exhortation which I had in my dream, I believe that I bring this army under the Divine conduct, and shall therewith conquer Darius and destroy the power of the Persians, and that all things will succeed according to what is in my own mind." And when he said this to Parmenio, and had given the high priest his right hand, the priests ran along by him, and he came into the city: and when he went up into the temple he offered sacrifice to God, according to the high priest's directions; and magnificently treated both the high priest and the priests. And when the book of Daniel was showed him, wherein Daniel declared that one of the Greeks should destroy the empire of the Persians, he supposed that himself was the person intended; and as he was then glad, he dismissed the multitude for the present, but the next day called them to him, and bade them ask what favors they pleased of him; whereupon the high priest desired that they might enjoy the laws of their forefathers, and might pay no tribute on the seventh year. He granted all they desired. And when they entreated him that he would permit the Jews in Babylon and Media to enjoy their own laws also, he willingly promised to do hereafter what they desired.

Whiston's Translation.

THE GREEK VERSION OF THE HEBREW SCRIPTURES

From the 'Antiquities'

WHEN Alexander had reigned twelve years, and after him Ptolemy Soter forty years, Philadelphus then took the kingdom of Egypt, and held it forty years within one. He procured the law to be interpreted; and set free those that were come from Jerusalem into Egypt and were in slavery there, who were a hundred and twenty thousand. The occasion was this: Demetrius Phalereus, who was library keeper to the King, was now endeavoring if it were possible to gather together all the books that were in the habitable earth, and buying whatsoever was anywhere valuable or agreeable to the King's inclination,—who was very earnestly set upon collecting of books, to which inclination of his Demetrius was zealously subservient. And when once Ptolemy asked him how many thousand of books he had collected, he replied that he had already about twenty times ten thousand, but that in a little time he should have fifty times ten thousand. But he said he had been informed that there were many books of law among the Jews worthy of inquiring after, and worthy of the King's library, but which, being written in characters and in a dialect of their own, will cause no small pains in getting them translated into the Greek tongue; that the character in which they are written seems to be like to that which is the proper character of the Syrians, and that its sound, when pronounced, is like theirs also: and that this sound appears to be peculiar to themselves. Wherefore he said that nothing hindered why they might not get those books to be translated also; for while nothing is wanting that is necessary for that purpose, we may have their books also in this library. So the King thought that Demetrius was very zealous to procure him abundance of books, and that he suggested what was exceeding proper for him to do; and therefore he wrote to the Jewish high priest that he should act accordingly:— . . .

"King Ptolemy to Eleazar the high priest, sendeth greeting: There were many Jews who now dwell in my kingdom, whom the Persians when they were in power carried captives. These were honored by my father: some of whom he placed in the army, and gave them greater pay than ordinary; to others of them, when they came with him into Egypt, he committed his

garrisons, and the guarding of them, that they might be a terror to the Egyptians. And when I had taken the government, I treated all men with humanity, and especially those that are thy fellow-citizens, of whom I have set free above a hundred thousand that were slaves, and paid the price of their redemption to their masters out of my own revenues; and those that are of a fit age I have admitted into the number of my soldiers. . . . And as I am desirous to do what will be grateful to these, and to all the other Jews in the habitable earth, I have determined to procure an interpretation of your law, and to have it translated out of the Hebrew into Greek, and to be deposited in my library. Thou wilt therefore do well to choose out and send to me men of good character, who are now elders in age, and six in number out of every tribe; these, by their age, must be skillful in the laws, and of abilities to make an accurate interpretation of them. And when this shall be finished, I shall think that I have done a work glorious to myself." . . .

When this epistle of the King's was brought to Eleazar, he wrote an answer to it with all the respect possible:—

"Eleazar the high priest to King Ptolemy, sendeth greeting: If thou and thy queen Arsinoe, and thy children, be well, we are entirely satisfied. When we received thy epistle, we greatly rejoiced at thy intentions; and when the multitude were gathered together, we read it to them, and thereby made them sensible of the piety thou hast towards God. . . . We immediately therefore offered sacrifices for thee and thy sister, with thy children and friends; and the multitude made prayers that thy affairs may be to thy mind, and that thy kingdom may be preserved in peace, and that the translation of our law may come to the conclusion thou desirest, and be for thy advantage. We have also chosen six elders out of every tribe, whom we have sent, and the law with them. It will be thy part, out of thy piety and justice, to send back the law when it hath been translated, and to return those to us that bring it in safety. Farewell." . . .

Accordingly, when three days were over, Demetrius took them, and went over the causeway seven furlongs long; it was a bank in the sea to an island. And when they had gone over the bridge, he proceeded to the northern parts, and showed them where they should meet, which was in a house that was built near the shore, and was a quiet place, and fit for their discoursing together about their work. When he had brought them thither, he entreated

them (now they had all things about them which they wanted for the interpretation of their law) that they would suffer nothing to interrupt them in their work. . . . Now when the law was transcribed, and the labor of interpretation was over, which came to its conclusion in seventy-two days, Demetrius gathered all the Jews together to the place where the laws were translated, and where the interpreters were, and read them over. The multitude did also approve of those elders that were the interpreters of the law. They withal commanded Demetrius for his proposal, as the inventor of what was greatly for their happiness; and they desired that he would give leave to their rulers also to read the law. Moreover, they all, both the priest, and the most revered of the elders, and the principal men of their commonwealth, made it their request that since the interpretation was happily finished, it might continue in the state it now was, and might not be altered. And when they all commanded that determination of theirs, they enjoined that if any one observed either anything superfluous or anything omitted, that he would take a view of it again, and have it laid before them, and corrected; which was a wise action of theirs, that when the thing was judged to have been well done, it might continue for ever.

Whiston's Translation.

THE DEATH OF JAMES, THE BROTHER OF OUR LORD

From the 'Antiquities'

AND now [Claudius] Cæsar, upon hearing of the death of Festus, sent Albinus into Judæa as procurator. But the king deprived Joseph of the high-priesthood, and bestowed the succession to that dignity on the son of Ananus, who was also himself called Ananus. . . . But this younger Ananus, who, as we have told you already, took the high-priesthood, was a bold man in his temper, and very insolent; he was also of the sect of the Sadducees, who are very rigid in judging offenders, above all the rest of the Jews, as we have already observed: when, therefore, Ananus was of this disposition, he thought he had now a proper opportunity [to exercise his authority]. Festus was now dead, and Albinus was but upon the road; so he assembled the sanhedrim of judges, and brought them the brother of Jesus who was called Christ, whose name was James, and some others

[or some of his companions]. And when he had formed an accusation against them as breakers of the law, he delivered them to be stoned: but as for those who seemed the most equitable of the citizens, and such as were the most uneasy at the breach of the laws, they disliked what was done; they also sent to the King [Agrippa] desiring him to send to Ananus that he should act so no more, for that what he had already done was not to be justified; nay, some of them went also to meet Albinus, as he was upon his journey from Alexandria, and informed him that it was not lawful for Ananus to assemble a sanhedrim without his consent. Whereupon Albinus complied with what they said, and wrote in anger to Ananus, and threatened that he would bring him to punishment for what he had done; on which account King Agrippa took the high-priesthood from him when he had ruled but three months, and made Jesus the son of Damneus high priest.

Whiston's Translation.

PREFACE TO THE 'JEWISH WARS'

THUS I shall relate in what manner Antiochus, surnamed Epiphanes, after having carried Jerusalem by assault, and held it for three years and six months, was expelled the country by the sons of Asamonæus; then, how the descendants of these, quarreling among themselves for the crown, dragged into the controversy the Romans and Pompey; and how Herod, son of Antipater, with the aid of Sossius overthrew their dynasty; the revolt of the people, moreover, after the death of Herod, Augustus at the time ruling the Romans, and Quintilius Varus being president of the Province; the breaking out of the war in the twelfth year of Nero; the casualties which befell Cestius; and what places the Jews surprised at the commencement of hostilities.

My narrative will further include an account of their fortifying the neighboring towns; of Nero's apprehensions for the empire, occasioned by the disasters of Cestius, and his consequent appointment of Vespasian to the conduct of the war; of the invasion of the Jewish territory by that general and the elder of his sons. . . .

I shall next relate the death of Nero, the affairs of the Jews being now on the decline; and how Vespasian, then rapidly

marching upon Jerusalem, was drawn off to assume the imperial throne. . . . I shall then advert to the second invasion of the country by Titus, on his breaking up from Egypt; state how and where he mustered his forces, and their amount.

Trall's Translation.

AGRIPPA'S APPEAL TO THE JEWS

From the 'Jewish Wars'

THE populace, addressing the king and the chief priests, requested that ambassadors might be sent to Nero with an accusation against Florus; lest, on an occasion of so much bloodshed, they should leave themselves under suspicion of insurrection by their silence. . . . Agrippa, though he deemed it invidious to send up an accusation against Florus, yet thought it not his interest to overlook the strong bias for war manifested by the Jews. He accordingly convened the people in the Xystus; and having placed his sister Berenice in a conspicuous situation on the house of the Asamonæan family,—which was above the Xystus, on the opposite side of the upper town, where a bridge connected the Temple with the Xystus,—he spoke as follows:—

"Had I seen that you all were bent on war with the Romans, and not that the more upright and unprejudiced portion of the community were desirous of preserving peace, I would neither have appeared before you, nor ventured to advise. For superfluous is every address bearing on measures proper to be pursued, when all who hear it are by common consent resolved on the less prudential course. But since youth, inexperienced in the evils of war, stimulates some; some an inconsiderate hope of freedom; others avarice; and in the general confusion, a desire of private aggrandizement at the expense of the weak,—I have thought it my duty to call you together, and lay before you what I conceive will most conduce to your welfare: that these several classes, being better instructed, may alter their views, and that the virtuous may sustain no damage from the pernicious counsels of a few. . . .

"Consider separately each of these [complaints], and how slight are the grounds for war! And first, as to the charges against your procurators. Duty enjoins us to conciliate, not to irritate,

the authorities. But when of little offenses you make great complaints, you exasperate, to your own prejudice, the individuals thus defamed. . . . But as nothing so much averts correction as patient submission, so the quiet demeanor of the wronged serves as a restraint on their oppressors. But granting that the Roman officers are beyond endurance severe, still, all the Romans do not wrong you, nor does Cæsar; and yet it is against these you levy war. It is not by command that any one comes among you, from them, to be wicked; neither do they see from west to east; nor is it easy to obtain in that quarter early intelligence from hence.

"But it is absurd to wage war with many on account of one, and for trivial reasons, with so great a people; and that too when they know not what we complain of. And yet the evils with which we charge them may be speedily corrected, for the same procurator will not remain forever; and his successors, it is probable, will come in a spirit of greater moderation. War, however, once moved, it is neither easy to lay aside without calamity, nor yet to bear the burthen of it. But your present desire of freedom is unseasonable, seeing you should have struggled earlier not to lose it. For the experience of servitude is bitter, and the exertion to avert its first approaches is just; but he who, once subdued, afterwards revolts, is a refractory slave, not a lover of liberty. For then was the time for doing your utmost to prevent the Romans from gaining a footing, when Pompey made his first inroad upon your country. . . .

"You alone disdain servitude to those to whom the universe has submitted. On what troops, on what weapons, do you rely? Where is your fleet to occupy the Roman seas? where the treasures sufficing for the enterprise? Do you suppose that it is with the Egyptians and Arabians that war is to be waged? Will you not reflect on the empire of the Romans? Will you not measure your own weakness? Have not your forces been frequently defeated by nations on your borders? and yet, through the world their strength has stood unconquered; nay rather, they have stretched their views farther even than this. For the entire Euphrates has not sufficed them on the east; nor the Danube on the north; nor on the south Libya, penetrated even to uninhabited climes; nor Gadeira on the west. But beyond the ocean they have sought another world, and have carried their arms far as the Britons, unknown before to history. . . .

"Reflect, likewise, that even were you contending with no formidable foe, the uncompromising character of your worship would create a difficulty, since those very laws by which you mainly hope to secure the Divine assistance will, if you are compelled to transgress them, render God your enemy; since, should you observe the usages of the Sabbath, and put your hand to no work, you will fall an easy prey, as did your forefathers to Pompey, who pressed his operations with the greatest vigor on those days upon which the besieged rested. . . .

"Unless indeed it be supposed that you will wage war by compact; and that the Romans, when triumphant, will act toward you with moderation, and not, as an example to other nations, burn the Holy City to the ground, and root you out as a people from the earth. For those of you who may survive will not find a spot to flee to, since all have acknowledged the supremacy of the Romans, or fear that they soon must do so. The danger, however, threatens not us alone, but those also who reside in the other cities. For there is not a nation in the world where some of you are not to be found; all of whom, should you go to war, will be sacrificed in retaliation by your adversaries. . . .

"Look with pity, then, if not on your children and wives, yet on this your metropolis, and the sacred boundaries. Spare the Temple, and preserve for yourselves this sanctuary with its holy things." . . .

Having spoken thus, he wept, as did his sister; and their emotion restrained in a great degree the violence of the people, who cried out that they had not taken up arms against the Romans, but to avenge their sufferings on Florus.

Trall's Translation.

JOSEPHUS'S SURRENDER TO THE ROMANS

From the 'Jewish Wars'

WHILE Josephus was hesitating as to Nicanor's persuasions, . . . his nightly dreams, wherein God had foreshown to him the approaching calamities of the Jews, and what would befall the Roman sovereigns, occurred to him. As an interpreter of dreams he had the art of collecting the meaning of things delivered ambiguously by the Deity; nor was he unacquainted with the prophecies of the Sacred Books, being himself

a priest, and a descendant of priests. Being at that moment under a divine influence, and suddenly recalling the fearful images of his recent dreams, he addressed to God a secret prayer, and said: "Since it seems good to thee, who didst found the Jewish nation, now to level it with the dust, and transfer all its fortune to the Romans, and since thou hast chosen my spirit to foretell future events, I surrender willingly to the Romans, and live: appealing to thee that I go over to them not as a traitor, but as thy minister." . . .

But when the Jews who had there taken refuge along with him understood that he was yielding, . . . they . . . cried out:—"Deeply may our paternal laws groan! And well may God, who planted in the Jewish breast a soul that despises death, hide his face in indignation! Is life so dear to thee, Josephus, that thou canst endure to see the light in slavery? How soon hast thou forgotten thyself! How many hast thou persuaded to die for liberty! False then indeed has been thy reputation for manliness, as well as for intelligence, if thou canst hope for safety from those whom thou hast so strenuously opposed, or consent to accept deliverance at their hands, even were it certain! But though the fortune of the Romans has poured over thee some strange forgetfulness of thyself, we must take care of our country's glory. We will provide thee with right hand and sword. If thou diest voluntarily, thou shalt die as general of the Jews." . . .

Josephus, fearing an outbreak, . . . proceeded to reason with them philosophically respecting the emergency:—

"Why, my comrades, should we so thirst for our own blood? or why do we set at variance such fond companions as soul and body? Who says that I am changed? But the Romans know whether this is true. It is honorable, I admit, to die in war; but only by the law of war,—that is, by the act of the victors. Did I then shun the Roman blades, worthy indeed should I be of my own sword and my own hand. But if pity for an enemy enter their breasts, how much more justly should pity for ourselves enter ours! For it is the extreme of folly to do that to ourselves, to avoid which we quarrel with others. . . . But some one will urge the dread of servitude. We are now, forsooth, perfectly free! Another will say that it is noble to destroy oneself. Far from it—but most ignoble! just as I would deem that pilot most dastardly, who dreading a tempest, voluntarily sinks his

ship ere the storm sets in. But further: suicide is alien to the common nature of all animals, and an impiety against God who created us. Nor indeed is there any living creature that dies premeditatedly, or by its own act; for nature's law is strong in all—the wish to live. For this reason also, those who attempt overtly to deprive us of life we account enemies; and those who attempt it clandestinely, we punish.

"Do you not think that God is indignant when man treats his gift with contempt? From him we have received our existence; and the period when we are no longer to exist, we refer to his will. Our bodies indeed are mortal to all, and composed of corruptible materials; but the soul, always immortal, and a portion of the Deity, dwells in those bodies. Now, should any one destroy or misapply what is deposited with him by man, he is esteemed wicked and faithless; and should any one cast out from his body what has been there deposited by God, do we suppose that he will elude Him whom he has wronged? . . .

"I pray however that this may prove a faithless stratagem of the Romans; for, if, after an assurance of protection, I perish by their hands, I shall die cheerfully, carrying with me their perfidy and falsehood—a consolation greater than victory."

Josephus, having thus escaped in the war with the Romans, as in that with his friends, was conducted to Vespasian by Nicanor. . . .

Josephus intimated that he wished to speak in private to him; and Vespasian having removed all except his son Titus and two of his friends, Josephus addressed him in these words:—"You think, Vespasian, that you have possessed yourself merely of a captive in Josephus; but I come to you as a messenger of greater things. Had I not received a commission from God, I knew the law of the Jews, and how it becomes a general to die. Do you send me to Nero? Wherfore? Are there any remaining to succeed Nero, previous to your own accession? You, Vespasian, are Cæsar and emperor—you, and this your son. Bind me then the more securely, and keep me for yourself. For you, Cæsar, are master not only of me, but of sea and land, and of the whole human race. And I deserve the punishment of stricter ward if I talk lightly, especially in a matter pertaining to God."

Trall's Translation.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE TEMPLE AT JERUSALEM

From the 'Jewish Wars'

WHILE the sanctuary [in Jerusalem] was in flames, everything that fell in their way became a prey to rapine, and prodigious was the slaughter of those found there. To no age was pity shown, to no rank respect; but children and old men, secular persons and priests, were overwhelmed in one common ruin. All ranks were inclosed in the embrace of war, and hunted down; as well those who sued for mercy, as those who made defense. . . .

Their destruction was caused by a false prophet, who had on that day proclaimed to those remaining in the city, that "God commanded them to go up to the Temple, there to receive the signs of their deliverance." . . . Thus it was that the impostors and pretended messengers of heaven at that time beguiled the wretched people, while the manifest portents that foreshowed the approaching desolation they neither heeded nor credited; but as if confounded and bereft alike of eyes and mind, they disregarded the immediate warnings of God. Thus it was when a star resembling a sword stood over the city, and a comet which continued for a year. Thus also it was when, prior to the revolt and the first movements of the war, at the time when the people were assembling for the feast of unleavened bread, on the eighth of the month Xanthicus, at the ninth hour of the night, so vivid a light shone round the altar and the sanctuary that it seemed to be bright day; and this lasted half an hour. By the inexperienced this was deemed favorable; but by the sacred scribes it was at once pronounced a prelude of that which afterwards happened. At the same festival also, a cow having been led by some one to the sacrifice, brought forth a lamb in the midst of the court of the Temple.

Moreover, the eastern gate of the inner court—which was of brass and extremely massive, and when closed towards evening could scarcely be moved by twenty men, and which was fastened with bars shod with iron, and secured by bolts sunk to a great depth in a threshold which consisted of one stone throughout—was observed, about the sixth hour of the night, to have opened of its own accord. The guards of the Temple ran and informed the captain, who having repaired to the spot could scarcely

succeed in shutting it. This again to the unlearned seemed a most auspicious omen; for God, they thought, had unfolded to them the gate of blessings: but the learned considered that the security of the Temple was dissolving of its own accord, and the gate opened for the advantage of the enemy; and explained it among themselves as a sign of impending desolation.

Not many days after the festival, on the twenty-first of the month Artemisius, there appeared a phenomenon so marvelous as to exceed credibility. What I am about to relate would, I conceive, be deemed a mere fable, had it not been related by eyewitnesses, and attended by calamities commensurate with such portents. Before sunset, were seen around the whole country chariots poised in the air, and armed battalions speeding through the clouds and investing the cities. And at the feast which is called Pentecost, the priests having entered the inner court of the Temple by night, as was their custom, for discharge of their ministrations, their attention was drawn at first, they said, by a movement and a clanging noise, and after this by a voice as of a multitude, "We are departing hence."

But a story more fearful still remains. Four years prior to the war, while the city was enjoying the utmost peace and prosperity, there came to the feast in which it is the custom for all to erect tabernacles to God, one Jesus, son of Ananus, a rustic of humble parentage, who, standing in the temple, suddenly began to call aloud, "A voice from the east, a voice from the west, a voice from the four winds; a voice against Jerusalem and the sanctuary, a voice against bridegrooms and brides, a voice against all the people!" Day and night he traversed all the streets with this cry. Some citizens, incensed at so ominous a voice, apprehended the man, and severely scourged him. But without uttering a word in his own behalf, nor anything privately to those who beat him, he continued his cry as before. At length the rulers—supposing, and justly so, that the man was under some supernatural impulse—conducted him to the presence of the Roman procurator, where, though lacerated with scourges to the very bone, he neither sued for mercy nor shed a tear; but modulating his voice to a tone the most mournful that was possible, repeated at every stroke, "Woe! woe! unto Jerusalem." Albinus the procurator, demanding who he was, and whence, and why he uttered these words, he made no manner of reply; desisting not from his lamentation over the city, until Albinus, concluding that

he was a maniac, set him at liberty. Up to the breaking out of the war, he neither associated with any of the citizens, nor was he seen to speak to any one; but as if it were a prayer that he had been meditating upon, daily uttered his lament, "Woe! woe! unto Jerusalem." He neither cursed those that beat him from day to day, nor gave his blessing to such as supplied him with food: to all, the melancholy presage was his one reply. His voice was loudest at the festivals; and though for seven years and five months he continued his wail, neither did his voice become feeble nor did he grow weary, until during the siege, after beholding his presages verified, he ceased. For as he was going his round on the wall, crying with a piercing voice, "Woe! woe! once more, to the city, to the people, and to the Temple;" when at the last he had added, "Woe! woe! to myself also," he was struck by a stone shot from the ballista and killed upon the spot, still uttering with his dying lips the same portentous words.

If we reflect on these events, we shall find that God exercises care over men, in every way foreshowing to their race the means of safety; but that they perish through their own folly and self-incurred evils. Thus the Jews, after the demolition of the Antonia, reduced their Temple to a square, though they had it recorded in their oracles that "the city and the sanctuary would be taken when the Temple should become square." But what chiefly incited them to the war was an ambiguous prophecy, likewise found in their sacred writings, that "about this period some one from their country should obtain the empire of the world." This they received as applying to themselves, and many eminent for wisdom were deceived in the interpretation of it. The oracle, however, in reality indicated the elevation of Vespasian — he having been proclaimed emperor in Judæa. But it is not possible for men to avoid their fate, even though they foresee it. Some of these portents they interpreted according to their pleasure, others they treated with contempt, until their folly was exposed by the conquest of their country and their own destruction.

Trall's Translation.

THE HEBREW FAITH, WORSHIP, AND LAWS

From the 'Treatise Against Apion'

WHAT form of government then can be more holy than this? What more worthy kind of worship can be paid to God than we pay, where the entire body of the people are prepared for religion; where an extraordinary degree of care is required in the priests, and where the whole polity is so ordered as if it were a certain religious solemnity? For what things foreigners, when they solemnize such festivals, are not able to observe for a few days' time, and call them mysterious and sacred ceremonies, we observe with great pleasure and an unshaken resolution during our whole lives. What are the things then that we are commanded or forbidden? They are simple, and easily known. The first command is concerning God, and affirms that God contains all things, and is a being every way perfect and happy, self-sufficient, and supplying all other beings; the beginning, the middle, and the end of all things. He is manifest in his works and benefits, and more conspicuous than any other being whatsoever; but as to his form and magnitude he is most obscure. All materials, let them be ever so costly, are unworthy to compose an image for him; and all arts are unartful to express the notion we ought to have of him. We can neither see nor think of anything like him, nor is it agreeable to piety to form a resemblance of him. We see his works: the light, the heavens, the earth, the sun and the moon, the waters, the generation of animals, the production of fruits. These things hath God made, not with hands, not with labor, not as wanting the assistance of any to co-operate with him; but as his will resolved they should be made and be good also, they were made and became good immediately. All men ought to follow this being, and to worship him in the exercise of virtue; for this way of worship of God is the most holy of all others.

There ought also to be but One Temple for One God: for likeness is the constant foundation of agreement. This temple ought to be common to all men, because he is the common God of all men. His priests are to be continually about his worship; over whom he that is the first by his birth is to be their ruler perpetually. His business must be to offer sacrifices to God, together with those priests that are joined with him; to see that the laws be observed; to determine controversies, and

to punish those that are convicted of injustice: while he that does not submit to him shall be subject to the same punishment as if he had been guilty of impiety towards God himself. . . .

But then, what are our laws about marriage? That law owns no other mixture of sexes but that which nature hath appointed, of a man with his wife, and that this be used only for the procreation of children. But it abhors the mixture of a male with a male; and if any one do that, death is its punishment. . . .

Nay, indeed, the law does not permit us to make festivals at the births of our children, and thereby afford occasion of drinking to excess; but it ordains that the very beginning of our education should be immediately directed to sobriety. . . .

Our law hath also taken care of the decent burial of the dead; but without any extravagant expenses for the funerals, and without the erection of any illustrious monuments for them. . . .

The law ordains also that parents should be honored immediately after God himself; and delivers that son who does not requite them for the benefits he hath received from them, but is deficient on any such occasion, to be stoned. It also says that the young man should pay due respect to every elder, since God is the eldest of all beings. . . .

It will be also worth our while to see what equity our legislator would have us exercise in our intercourse with strangers. . . . Accordingly, our legislator admits all those that have a mind to observe our laws so to do, and this after a friendly manner, as esteeming that a true union which not only extends to our own stock, but to those that would live after the same manner with us; yet does he not allow those that come to us by accident only to be admitted into communion with us.

The greatest part of offenses with us are capital. . . .

Now, as for ourselves, I venture to say that no one can tell of so many, nay, not more than one or two, that have betrayed our laws; no, not out of fear of death itself. . . . Now I think those that have conquered us have put us to such deaths, not out of their hatred to us when they had subdued us, but rather out of their desire to see a surprising sight, which is this, whether there be such men in the world who believe that no evil is to them so great as to be compelled to do or to speak anything contrary to their own laws!

Whiston's Translation.

ORIGIN OF THE ASAMONEAN OR MACCABÆAN REVOLT

From the 'Antiquities'

WHEN the emissaries of the King [Antiochus] came to Modin . . . to compel the Jews to offer [pagan] sacrifice as the King commanded, they wished Mattathias [priest, great-grandson of Asamoneus, and father of Judas Maccabæus and four other powerful sons]—a person of the highest consideration among them on all grounds, and especially as having so large and meritorious a family—to begin the sacrifice; because the populace would follow his example, and the King would bestow honors upon him for it. But Mattathias said "he would not do it; and if every other people obeyed Antiochus's orders, either from fear or self-seeking, he and his sons would not desert their country's religion." But when he had finished speaking, another Jew came forward and began to sacrifice as Antiochus had commanded. Mattathias was so incensed that he and his sons, who had their swords with them, fell on the sacrificer, and slew both him, Apelles (the King's general who had enforced the sacrifice), and several of the soldiers. Then he overthrew the pagan altar, and cried out, "If any one has zeal for the lands of his country and the worship of God, let him follow me;" and fled to the desert with his sons, abandoning all his property in the town. Many others followed him, and dwelt in caves in the desert with their wives and children. When the King's generals heard of this, they took the troops in the citadel at Jerusalem and went in pursuit of the fugitives; and having overtaken them, tried first to persuade them to take counsel of prudence and not compel the soldiers to treat them according to the laws of war. Meeting with a refusal, they assailed them on the Sabbath, and burnt them unresisting in the caves. . . . Many of those who escaped joined Mattathias and appointed him their ruler. . . . So Mattathias got a great army about him, and overthrew their idolatrous altars, and slew those that broke their laws, all he could lay hands on.

JOSEPH JOUBERT

(1754-1824)

BY THOMAS WENTWORTH HIGGINSON

JOSEPH JOUBERT, who has now succeeded to the place long held by La Rochefoucauld as the best author of aphorisms, was first introduced to the general world of English-speaking readers by Matthew Arnold in 1865: but he was known to many, at least in America, through what Sainte-Beuve had said of him; and Mr. Stedman thinks that Edgar Poe, whose French reading was very discursive, had known him even before Sainte-Beuve wrote. Joubert, who was born in 1754, died May 4th, 1824; and a tribute was paid to his memory, a day or two after his death, by Châteaubriand, which might well have arrested the attention of Poe. In 1838 Châteaubriand edited his works. It is, however, fair to say that as Ruskin vastly expanded the reputation of Turner, though he did not create it, so the present renown of Joubert is due largely to the generous tribute of Arnold.

With the praise due to generosity the recognition of Arnold's service must end. It was hardly possible to set readers more distinctly on the wrong track in respect to an author than to compare, as Arnold does, Joubert to Coleridge; making this comparison indeed the keynote of his essay. It is difficult—were not Arnold so emphatically a man of whims—to find common ground between the tersest writer of his time and the most diffuse; the most determined and the most irresolute; the most clear-cut and the most misty. With all the great merits and services of Coleridge, and the fact that he had occasionally the power of making an incisive detached remark, the fact remains undisputed of the wandering and slumberous quality of his mind, and of the concentration in him of many of the precise qualities that Joubert spent his life in combating. The best course to be adopted by any reader of Joubert is therefore to cut adrift from Arnold, and turn to the original book,—not the volume of letters, which is less satisfactory, but to the original volume of 'Pensées,' which contain within four hundred pages more of the condensed essence of thought than can be found anywhere else in a series of volumes.

Joubert was born in 1754 in Montignac, a small town of Périgord, France; studied and also taught at the College of Toulouse; went in

1778 to Paris; knew Diderot, Marmontel, Châteaubriand, D'Alembert; was chosen during his absence in 1790 chief magistrate of his native town, served in that capacity two years and was re-elected, but declined to serve; took up his residence in 1792 at Villeneuve in Brittany, and spent his later life between that town and Paris; in 1809 was appointed by Napoleon Bonaparte a regent of the University, and died in 1824. He lived through the French Revolution, and through the period of the Encyclopædists; but he preserved not merely his life but his faith. He was in the habit, from twenty years old to seventy, of writing down his detached thoughts, often previously molded by conversation; his rooms at the top of a tall house in the Rue St. Honoré being the resort of the brightest minds in Paris. Fourteen years after his death, both his thoughts and his correspondence were collected and given to the world; but the thoughts afford by far the more interesting volume of the two.

As Arnold has misled readers by his comparison with Coleridge, so his total estimate of Joubert is probably below the truth; because the crowning quality of Joubert—severe and sublimated concentration—was remote from Arnold's own temperament. The Englishman was constitutionally discursive and long-winded. Nothing better was ever said about Homer than he has incidentally said in his essay on translating him: the trouble is that it takes him nearly a hundred and fifty pages to say it. It is certain that Joubert never would have written such a paper; it is very doubtful whether he could even have read it. Arnold's favorite amusement—perhaps a tradition from his father's sermons—was to begin an essay with a quotation from some one, to attach every succeeding point of his essay to this text, to play with it as a cat plays with a mouse, and then at the close to take it for granted that he had proved its soundness: this was wholly foreign to Joubert. It is however in Joubert that we find invariably the sweetness and light which Arnold preached, but did not always practice.

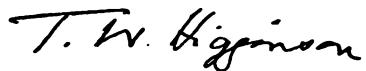
It is for this reason perhaps that Arnold dislikes the first or personal chapter of Joubert's 'Pensées': "It has," he says, "some fancifulness and affectation about it; the reader should begin with the second." But if the reader takes this unwise advice he will miss the whole "personal equation" of Joubert, and misinterpret him again and again. He will miss also some of his finest thoughts; as where he anticipates Emerson in one of the latter's most noted passages by saying, "I dislike to quit Paris, because it involves separation from my friends; and to quit the country, because it implies separation from myself." He also anticipates a passage once famous in Miss Edgeworth's 'Helen' when he writes, "I even like better those who make vice amiable than those who make virtue unattractive." He

writes finely of his own experience: "My soul dwells in a region where all passions have passed; I have known them all." With the experience which years bring to all writers, he thus sums up their result: "I needed age in order to learn what I desired to know; and I should need youth in order to utter well what I now know." This suggests, but not too sadly, that great summary of existence by St. Augustine,—"Now that I begin to know something, I die." And he thus sums up the beginning and the end of his method of writing, the very keystone of the arch of his fame: "If there is a man tormented by the accursed ambition to put a whole book into a page, a whole page into a phrase, and that phrase into a word, it is I."

All these passages are from that first chapter, 'The author portrayed by himself,' which Mr. Arnold injudiciously advises readers to omit. Then follows his chapter on piety, of which he finely says: "Piety is a sublime wisdom, surpassing all others; a kind of genius, which gives wings to the mind. No one is wise unless he is pious." Again, "Piety is a species of modesty. It leads us to shield our thought, as modesty bids us shield our eyes, before all forbidden things." And again, in one of his fine condensations he says, "Heaven is for those who think about it" (Le ciel est pour ceux qui y pensent). Then follow chapters covering Man, The Soul, Modesty, The Various Times of Life, Death, The Family, Good Manners, Truth, Illusion, Philosophy, Light, Governments, Liberty and Law, Antiquity, Education, The Fine Arts, Style, The Qualities of an Author; including also many other themes, and finally closing with Literary Judgments—these covering authors ancient and modern. The book is admirably edited, and adds to its merits that of an analytical table at the end, so that it is practically a dictionary of quotations. The late Mr. George H. Calvert, of Newport, R. I., translates a portion of it—less than half—with a preliminary notice (Boston, 1867); but the translations are not always felicitous, though the feeling shown is always sympathetic.

Joubert sometimes suggests Montaigne, but with great differences: he is never garrulous and never coarse. In him we taste in full the exquisite felicity, the limpid clearness, the well-defined accuracy of the French tradition, without the smallest trace of that refined indelicacy in which vice does *not* lose half its evil by losing all its grossness. In him his native idiom stands out clearly for what it is,—the lineal successor of the Greek, if the Greek can have a successor. Then, the national virtues of courtesy, amiability, and *bonhomie* shine out supreme: he goes, for instance, the whole round of his contemporaries, speaking his mind freely, yet without an unkind word; and although a devout Catholic, he handles the Jansenists without a trace of the *odium theologicum*.

This refinement is the more remarkable in Joubert, because he owed much to Rousseau in style, and was the originator of that often quoted phrase concerning him, that he was the first person who gave bowels to words,—in the sense used symbolically for that word in the Bible. But he demands that this power of tender expression should be always chaste; and in the very last of his maxims says that art should always keep within the realm of beauty, and should never forget the ancient religious precept, "Outside the temple and the sacrifice, make no display of the intestines of the victim." And he indicates the high standard of French courtesy by uniformly resting it on noble motives. "Politeness," he says, "is to kindness of heart [*bonté*] what words are to thought. It does not merely influence the manners, but even the mind and heart; it moderates and softens all feelings, opinions, and words." And in another place he says in yet more condensed form, "Courtesy is the very flower of humanity. He who is not quite courteous is not quite human."



OF MAN

THE body is the tent where our existence is encamped.

The voice is a human sound which nothing lifeless can perfectly imitate. It has an authority and an impressiveness which writing wants. It is not merely air, but air modulated by us, impregnated with our warmth, and as it were enveloped in the haze of our atmosphere; from which an emanation attends it, and which gives it a certain form and certain virtues fitted to act on the mind. Speech is only thought incorporated.

The more I think on it, the more I see that the mind is something outside of the soul, as the hands are outside of the body, the eyes outside of the head, the branches outside of the trunk. It helps to do more, but not to be more.

The mind is a fire of which thought is the flame.

The imagination is the eye of the soul.

OF THE NATURE OF MINDS

MEN measure minds by their stature: it would be better to estimate them by their beauty.

Nature has made two kinds of fine intellects: some to produce thoughts and beautiful actions, others to admire them.

Heaven rarely grants to the same men the power of thinking well, of speaking well, and of acting well in all things.

One is never mediocre when he has plenty of good sense and good feeling.

Sometimes great minds are nevertheless false minds. They are well-constructed compasses, but whose needles, affected by the influence of some neighboring object, always turn away from the north.

He who has imagination without learning has wings without feet.

OF VIRTUE AND MORALITY

EVERYTHING may be learned—even virtue.

We should do everything to let good people have their own way.

Do not cut what you can untie.

To be always occupied with the duties of others, never with our own—alas!

There are those who have only fragments: they have not enough of the material to make a coat.

Without duty, life is soft and boneless; it can no longer sustain itself.

Not only is there no virtue where there is no rule and law, but there is not even pleasure. The plays of children themselves have laws, and would not exist without them; these laws are always a form of restraint, and nevertheless, the more strictly they are obeyed the greater is the amusement.

OF THE FAMILY

WE SHOULD choose for a wife only such a woman as we should choose for a friend were she a man.

Nothing does a woman so much honor as her patience, and nothing so little as the patience of her husband.

We should wear our velvet inside; that is, be most amiable to those with whom we dwell at home.

The pleasure of pleasing is a legitimate one, and the desire to rule repulsive.

We should carry with us that indulgence and that habit of attention which call the thoughts of others into bloom.

We should pique ourselves on being reasonable, not on being right; on sincerity, not infallibility.

It is better to win than to command.

Before speaking ill of an eminent man, it might be well to wait till he has done ill.

A small supply of everything, a surfeit of nothing,—this is the key to moderation, wisdom, and content.

OF EDUCATION

CHILDREN need models rather than critics.

Education should be tender and strict, and not cold and relaxing.

In rearing a child, think of its old age.

People regard young men as merely students; but I see in them young men also.

To teach is to learn twice over.

To have shared the mode of education common to all is a great advantage to gifted minds, because they are thus kept in touch with others.

OF THE PASSIONS

WHATEVER purifies the passions makes them stronger, more lasting, and more enjoyable.

We exhaust in the passions the material that was given us for happiness.

Passions are but nature: it is the not repenting that yields corruption.

Repentance is a natural effort which drives from the soul the elements of its corruption.

Into every kind of excess there enters a certain coldness of soul: it is a thoughtful and deliberate abuse of pleasure.

The blind are cheerful, because their minds are not distracted from dwelling on the things that make them happy, and because they have yet more ideas than we have sights. It is a compensation granted them by Heaven.

We always lose the friendship of those who have lost our esteem.

Often our fine qualities are loved and praised only because our defects temper their brilliancy. It often even happens that we are loved rather for our defects than for our virtues.

We should make ourselves beloved, for men are only just towards those whom they love.

The punishment of those who have loved women too much is to love nothing else.

Tenderness is the calm of passion.

Man is a kind of rash being, who may exist after a fashion half-way, but whose existence is the more delightful the more complete it is.

One likes to do good deeds in one's own way.

Ambition is pitiless: every merit that it cannot use is contemptible in its eyes.

No one is good, one cannot be useful and deserves not to be loved, if he has not something heavenly, either in his intellect through thoughts, or in his will through affections directed on high.

It is a blessing, a great good fortune, to be born good.

Unless we keep watch on ourselves, we shall find ourselves condemning the unfortunate.

Be gentle and indulgent to all others; be not so to yourself.

The pleasure of giving is essential to true happiness; but the poor may possess it.

When you give, give joyfully and in smiling.

Proud natures love those to whom they do a service.

Ornaments were the inventions of modesty.

“God will punish,” say the Orientals, “him who sees and him who is seen.” Beautiful and formidable recommendation of modesty.

A spider's web made of silk and light were not more difficult to create than to answer this question, What is modesty?

OF SOCIETY

TO SEE the world is to judge the judges.

The attention of the listener affords a sort of accompaniment to the music of the talk.

If one has two names, he should be addressed by that which is the more beautiful, the sweeter, the more sonorous.

Grace copies modesty as politeness copies kindness of heart.

OF DIFFERENT AGES

NOTHING is so hard to children as reflection. This is because the final and essential destiny of the soul is to see, to know, and not to reflect. To reflect is one of the toils of life; a means of arriving, a route, a passage, and not a centre. To know and be known,—these are the two points of repose; such will be the happiness of souls.

Address yourself to young people: they know it all.

There is nothing good in man but his young feelings and his old thoughts.

Two ages of life should be sexless: the child and the aged man should be as modest as women.

Old age robs the man of sense only of those qualities that are useless to wisdom.

It would seem that for certain intellectual product the winter of the body is the autumn of the soul.

The residuum of human wisdom, refined by age, is perhaps the best thing we have.

Life's evening brings with it its lamp.

Those who have a long old age are, as it were, purified of the body.

Old age must have had most honor in times when each man could not know much more than what he had seen.

It is well to treat our life as we treat our writings: to provide that the beginning, the middle, and the end are in proportion, in harmony. For this object we need to make many erasures.

There is a time when the body's forces change place and concentrate themselves in the mind.

To be born obscure and die famous are the two boundaries of human happiness.

The deliberation of old age makes it easier to be patient in labor.

We are all priests of Vesta, and life is the sacred fire which we are to prolong until God extinguishes it.

A beautiful old age is for all beholders a delightful promise, since each can hope the same for him or his.

Old men constitute the true majority among the people.

Only robust old men have the dignity of old age, and they are the only ones who can justly speak of it.

Courtesy softens wrinkles.

One loves an old man as a perishable treasure; a ripe fruit whose fall one must expect.

In neat and fresh garments old age finds a sort of youth with which to surround itself.

No one is truly happy in old age except the aged priest and those of similar type.

It is a good thing to die still lovable; if one only can.

Patience and trial, courage and death, resignation and necessity, arrive usually together. Indifference to life comes when it is no longer possible to preserve life.

OF POETRY

POETS have a hundred times more good sense than philosophers. In seeking what is beautiful, they find more truths than philosophers in seeking what is true.

Poets are more inspired by the images of objects than even by their presence.

The poet should not traverse at a walk an interval which might be cleared at a bound.

In the poetic style every word resounds like the twang of a lyre well strung, and leaves after it a number of undulations.

Like the nectar of the bee, which turns to honey the dust of flowers, or like that liquor which converts lead into gold, the poet has a breath that fills out words, gives them light and color. He knows wherein consists their charm, and by what art enchanted structures may be built with them.

To fill an old word with new meaning, of which usage or age had emptied it, so to speak,—this is not innovation, it is rejuvenation. We enrich languages by digging into them. They

should be treated like fields: to make them fertile in old age, they must be stirred at great depths.

Before employing a beautiful word, make a place for it.

OF STYLE

WELL-CHOSEN words are abridged sentences.

Literary style consists in giving a body and a shape to the thought by the phrase.

Attention has a narrow mouth; we must pour into it what we say very carefully, and as it were drop by drop.

Only the temperate style is classic.

It is a great art, that of knowing how to point one's thought and pierce the attention.

Each author has his own dictionary.

It needs more clearness of intellect and more delicate tact to be a great writer than a great thinker.

OF THE QUALITIES OF THE WRITER

NEVER write anything that does not give you enjoyment: emotion passes easily from the writer to the reader.

The fine feelings and ideas that we wish to set forth in our writings should become familiar to us, in order that the ease and charm of intimacy be felt in their expression.

All that we say should be suffused with ourselves, with our soul. This operation is long, but it immortalizes everything.

The mind conceives with pain, but brings forth with delight.

When writing we should recollect that scholars are present; but it is not to them that we should speak.

An ordinary book needs only a subject; but for a fine work there is a germ which develops itself in the mind like a plant. The sole beautiful works are those that have been for a long while, if not worked over, at least meditated upon.

Many useless phrases come into the head, but the mind grinds its colors out of them.

In the mind of certain writers nothing is grouped or draped or modeled; their pages only offer a flat surface on which words roll.

The end of a work should always suggest the beginning.

There never was a literary age whose dominant taste was not unhealthy. The success of excellent authors consists in making wholesome works agreeable to morbid tastes.

Taste is the literary conscience of the soul.

When in any nation an individual is born who is capable of producing a great thought, another is born capable of comprehending it and admiring it.

Beautiful works do not intoxicate, but enchant.

It is not the opinions of authors, and that part of their teachings which we call assertions, that most instruct and nourish the mind. In great writers there is an invisible and subtle juice, imbibed in reading them,—an indescribable fluid, a salt, a principle more nutritive than all the rest.

Between esteem and contempt, there is in literature a path which offers success without glory, and is also obtained without merit.

It is worth a hundred times more to adapt a work to the nature of the human mind than to what is called the state of society. In man there is something immutable; thence it is that in the arts and works of art there are fixed rules,—beauties that will always please, or else contrivances that will please but for a short time.

It is not enough to write so as to attract and hold attention: we must repay it.

Does literary talent need to avail itself of passion? Yes, of manifold passion restrained.

The extent of a palace is measured from east to west, or from north to south; but that of a literary work, from the earth to heaven: so that there may sometimes be found as much range and power of mind in a few pages—in an ode, for example—as in a whole epic poem.

It is better to be exquisite than to be ample. Dealers respect big books, but readers prefer small ones,—they last longer and go farther. Virgil and Horace have left but one volume. Homer, Æschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, and Terence not more. Menander, who delights us, is reduced to a few leaves. Without Telemachus, who would know Fénelon? Who would know Bossuet without his Funeral Orations and his Discourse on Universal History? Pascal, La Bruyère, Vauvenargues, and La Rochefoucauld, Boileau, Racine, and La Fontaine, occupy little space, and are the delight of the cultivated. The best writers write

little, because they need to reduce to beauty their abundance and wealth.

Remember what St. Francis of Sales said in speaking of the 'Imitation of Jesus Christ': "I have sought repose everywhere, and have only found it in a small corner with a small book." Happy the author who can supply the need.

Force is not energy: some authors have more muscle than talent.

Where there is no delicacy of touch, there is no literature.

In literary work, fatigue is what gives to the writer warning of loss of power for the moment.

Indolence as well as labor is sometimes needed by the mind.

If a work shows the file, it is because it is not sufficiently polished; if it smells of the oil, it is because one has not sat up late enough over it [*qu'on a trop peu veillé*].

What with the fever of the senses, the delirium of the heart, and the weakness of the mind; with the storms of time and the great trials of life; with hunger, thirst, dishonor, illness, and death,—one can construct any number of romances that will bring tears; but the soul says, "You do me harm!"

It is not needful that love should be introduced into a book; but there should always be an impression of tenderness.

LITERARY JUDGMENTS

THREE never will be an endurable translation of Homer unless all the words can be chosen with art, and be full of variety, of freshness, and of grace. The diction moreover must be as antique, as simple, as the manners, the events, and the personages described. With our modern style everything is distorted in Homer, and his heroes seem grotesque figures that take grave and proud attitudes.

Plato found philosophy made of bricks, and rebuilt it of gold.

In Plato, seek only forms and ideas: this is what he himself sought. There is in him more of light than of objects, more form than substance. He should be inhaled, not fed upon.

Plato loses himself in the void; but we see the play of his wings and hear their sound.

Aristotle rectified all the rules, and in all the sciences added new truths to those already known. His works are an ocean of instruction, as it were the encyclopædia of antiquity.

The 'Memorabilia' of Xenophon are a fine thread with which he has the art of weaving magnificent lace, but with which we can sew nothing.

Cicero is in philosophy a sort of moon. His doctrine has a light extremely soft, but borrowed; a light wholly Greek, which the Roman softened and weakened.

There are a thousand ways of employing and seasoning words: Cicero loved them all.

In Catullus one finds two things, than the union of which nothing can be worse: affected delicacy with grossness.

It is the symmetries in the style of Seneca that make him quoted.

I look upon Plutarch's 'Lives' as one of the most precious monuments left to us by antiquity. There we are shown whatever has appeared that is great in the human race, and the best that men have done is put before us as an example. The whole of ancient wisdom is there. For the writer I have not the same esteem that I have for his work.

In the annals of Tacitus there is a narrative interest which will not let us read little, and a depth and grandeur of expression which will not permit us to read much. The mind, divided between the curiosity which absorbs it and the attention which holds it, experiences some fatigue: the writer takes possession of the reader even to doing him violence.

Most of the thoughts of Pascal on laws, usages, customs, are but the thoughts of Montaigne recast.

Fénelon dwells amid the valleys and slopes of thought; Bosuet on its elevations and mountain peaks.

M. de Beausset says of Fénelon, "He loved men more than he knew them." This phrase is charming: it would be impossible to praise with more wit what one blames, or to praise more highly while blaming.

Voltaire retained through life, in the world and in affairs, a very strong impress from the influence of his first masters. Impetuous as a poet, and polite as a courtier, he knows how to be as insinuating and crafty as any Jesuit. No one ever followed more carefully, and with more art and skill, the famous maxim he so ridiculed: To be all things to all men.

Voltaire is sometimes sad, or he is excited; but he is never serious. His graces even are impudent.

There are faults hard to recognize, that have not been classed or defined or christened. Voltaire is full of them.

It is impossible that Voltaire should satisfy, and impossible that he should not please.

Voltaire introduced and put into vogue such luxury in literary work, that one can no longer offer common food except on dishes of gold or silver.

J. J. Rousseau had a voluptuous nature. In his writings the soul is blended with the body, and never leaves it. No man ever gave such an impression of flesh absolutely mingled with spirit, and of the delights of their marriage.

Rousseau gave, if I may so speak, bowels to words; infused into them such a charm, savors so penetrating, energies so potent, that his writings affect the soul somewhat as do those forbidden pleasures that extinguish taste and intoxicate reason.

When we read Buffon, we think ourselves learned; when we have read Rousseau, we think ourselves virtuous: but for all that we are neither.

For thirty years Petrarch adored, not the person, but the image of Laura: so much easier is it to maintain unchanged one's sentiments and one's ideas than one's sensations. Thence came the fidelity of the ancient knights.

No man knows better than Racine how to weave words, sentiments, thoughts, actions, events; and with him events, thoughts, sentiments, words, are all woven of silk.

Racine and Boileau are not fountains of water. A fine choice in imitation makes their merit. It is their books that copy books, and not their souls that copy souls. Racine is the Virgil of the ignorant.

Molière is coolly comic; he makes others laugh without laughing himself: there lies his excellence.

Alfieri is but a convict, whom nature condemns to the galleys of the Italian Parnassus.

In La Fontaine there is an affluence of poetry which is found in no other French author.

Piron: He was a poet who played well on his jew's-harp.

All the above translations were made by Colonel Higginson for this work.

SYLVESTER JUDD

(1813-1853)

SYLVESTER JUDD was a figure in his place and time, as clergymen, lecturer, and author. And he is still a figure in American literature; for he wrote a novel—‘Margaret’—which must be recognized in the evolution of the native fiction, and is, judged by critical standards, a work of remarkable literary and spiritual power.

Judd was born at Westhampton, Massachusetts, July 23d, 1813. His father was a noted antiquarian. The son got his Yale degree in 1836, and then declined a professorship in Miami College to enter the Harvard Divinity School. In 1840 he became pastor of the Unitarian Church at Augusta, Maine, continuing in the one parish until his death, January 20th, 1853. While yet a theological student he published ‘A Young Man’s Account of his Conversion from Calvinism,’ interesting as showing his serious nature and subjective tendency. At thirty he was working on ‘Margaret,’ which was printed in 1845; a revised edition in 1851; and a fine edition, with illustrations by Darley, in 1856.

In his ministerial work Judd developed the idea that all his congregation were born into full church privileges, and many other Maine parishes accepted his teaching. He was much in demand as a lecturer on temperance and other social topics. The same spirit of earnest didacticism runs through his noted novel. It is a loosely constructed story of old New England life, with fine descriptions of nature. The tale is made the vehicle of the conveyance of Judd’s views on liberal Christianity, temperance, and universal peace. Thus it is a pioneer example of “purpose” fiction in American literature. The full title of the story, ‘Margaret: A Tale of the Real and Ideal, Blight and Bloom; including sketches of a place not before described, called Mons Christi,’ conveys a sense of this in language that now sounds stilted and sentimental.



SYLVESTER JUDD

But were 'Margaret' nothing more than an ill-disguised sermon, it would not be the remarkable book it indubitably is. Judd was first of all a literary man when he made it. It was written, as he says in the preface to the edition of 1851, "out of his heart and hope." And again: "This book was written for the love of the thing." It depicts with vigor and picturesqueness the crude, hearty New England country life of the period transitional between the Revolution and the settled Republic. Judd's genius puts before the reader the essential homely details of that life, described realistically and with great sympathy; the realism being relieved by descriptive passages of delicate beauty, or mystical imaginings in a high vein of poetry. And in the midst of the other admirable character sketches is the striking central conception of Margaret herself, child of nature and of dreams, a wood-flower growing up wild, to turn out a noble woman who rebukes even as she transcends the harshness, narrowness, and illiteracy that surround her. She is a lovely creation, which only a writer of rare gifts could have evolved. The book is unequal in parts; but the earlier portion of the novel, dealing with the heroine's childhood, is still an unsurpassed picture in its way.

Judd's other works include 'Philo: An Evangeliad' (1850), a didactic poem defending the Unitarian position; 'Richard Edney and the Governor's Family' (1850), another novel not dissimilar from 'Margaret' in purpose, but without its charm; and a posthumous work, 'The Church: In a Series of Discourses' (1854). He left in manuscript a tragedy called 'White Hills,' showing the evils of avarice. Arethusa Hall in 1854 published 'The Life and Character of Sylvester Judd.'

THE SNOW-STORM

From 'Margaret'

IT is the middle of winter, and is snowing, and has been all night, with a strong northeast wind. Let us take a moment when the storm intermits, and look in at Margaret's and see how they do. But we cannot approach the place by any ordinary locomotion: the roads, lanes, and by-paths are blocked up; no horse or ox could make his way through this great Sahara of snow. If we are disposed to adopt the means of conveyance formerly so much in vogue, whether snow-shoes or magic, we may possibly get there. The house or hut is half sunk in the general accumulation, as if it had foundered and was going to the bottom; the face of the pond is smooth, white, and stiff as

death; the oxen and the cow in the barn-yard, in their storm fleeces, look like a new variety of sheep. All is silence and lifelessness, and if you please to say, desolation. Hens there are none, nor turkeys, nor ducks, nor birds, nor Bull, nor Margaret. If you see any signs of a human being, it is the dark form of Hash, mounted on snow-shoes, going from the house to the barn. Yet there are what by a kind of provincial misnomer is called the black growth,—pines and firs, green as in summer,—some flanking the hill behind, looking like the real snowballs, blossoming in midwinter and nodding with large white flowers. But there is one token of life,—the smoke of the stunt gray chimney, which, if you regard it as one, resembles a large, elongated, transparent balloon; or if you look at it by piecemeal, it is a beautiful current of bluish-white vapor, flowing upward unendingly: and prettily is it striped and particolored, as it passes successively the green trees, bare rocks, and white crown of Indian's Head; nor does its interest cease even when it disappears among the clouds. Some would dwell a good while on that smoke, and see in it many outshows and denotements of spiritualities; others would say, the house is buried so deep it must come from the hot, mischief-hatching heart of the earth; others still would fancy the whole region to be in its winding-sheet, and that if they looked into the house they would behold the dead faces of their friends. Our own notion is that that smoke is a quiet, domestic affair; that it even has the flavor of some sociable cookery, and is legitimately issued from a grateful and pleasant fire; and that if we should go into the house we should find the family as usual there: a suggestion which, as the storm begins to renew itself, we shall do well to take the opportunity to verify.

Flourishing in the midst of snowbanks, unmoved amid the fiercest onsets of the storm, comfortable in the extremity of winter, the family are all gathered in the kitchen, and occupied as may be. In the cavernous fireplace burns a great fire, composed of a huge green backlog and forestick, and a high cobwork of crooked and knotty refuse wood. The flame is as bright and golden as in Windsor Palace, or Fifth Avenue, New York. The smoke goes off out-doors with no more hesitancy than if it was summer-time. The wood sings, the sap drops on the hot coals, and explodes as if it was Independence Day. Great red coals roll out on the hearth, sparkle a semibrief, lose their grosser

substance, indicate a more ethereal essence in prototypal forms of white down-like cinders, and then dissolve into brown ashes.

To a stranger the room has a sombre aspect, rather heightened than relieved by the light of the fire burning so brightly at mid-day. The only connection with the external world is by a rude aperture through the sides of the building;—yet when the outer light is so obscured by a storm, the bright fire within must anywhere be pleasant. In one corner of the room is Pluck, in a red flannel shirt and leather apron, at work on his kit mending shoes; with long and patient vibration and equipoise he draws the threads, and interludes the strokes with snatches of songs, banter, and laughter. The apartment seems converted into a workshop, for next the shoemaker stands the shingle-maker, Hash, who with froe in one hand and mallet in the other, by dint of smart percussion is endeavoring to rive a three-cornered billet of hemlock. In the centre sits Brown Moll, with bristling and grizzly hair, and her inseparable pipe, winding yarn from a swift. Nearer the fire are Chilion and Margaret: the latter with the 'Orbis Pictus,' or World Displayed, a book of Latin and English, adorned with cuts, which the Master lent her; the former with his violin, endeavoring to describe the notes in Dr. Byles's 'Collection of Sacred Music,' also a loan of the Master's, and at intervals trailing on the lead of his father in some popular air. We shall also see that one of Chilion's feet is raised on a stool, bandaged, and apparently disabled. Bull, the dog, lies rounded on the hearth, his nose between his paws, fast asleep. Dick, the gray squirrel, sits swinging listlessly in his wire wheel, like a duck on a wave. Robin, the bird, in its cage, shrugs and folds itself into its feathers, as if it were night. Over the fireplace, on the rough stones of the chimney, which day and night through all the long winter never cease to be warm, are Margaret's flowers: a blood-root, in the marble pot Rufus Palmer gave her, and in wooden moss-covered boxes, pinks, violets, and buttercups, green and flowering. Here also, as a sort of mantel-tree ornament, sits the marble kitten that Rufus made, under a cedar twig. At one end of the crane, in the vacant side of the fireplace, hang rings of pumpkin-rinds drying for beer. On the walls, in addition to what was there last summer, are strings of dried apples. There is also a draw-horse, on which Hash smooths and squares his shingles; and a pile of fresh, sweet-scented white shavings and splinters. Through the yawns of the back door,

and sundry rents in the logs of the house, filter in unweariedly fine particles of snow; and thus along the sides of the rooms rise little cone-shaped, marble-like pilasters.

Within doors is a mixed noise of miscellaneous operations; without is the rushing of the storm. Pluck snip-snaps with his wife, cracks on Hash, shows his white teeth to Margaret; Chilion asks his sister to sing; Hash orders her to bring a coal to light his pipe; her mother gets her to pick a snarl out of the yarn. She climbs upon a stool and looks out of the window. The scene is obscured by the storm; the thick driving flakes throw a brownish mizzly shade over all things,—air, trees, hills, and every avenue the eye has been wont to traverse. The light tufts hiss like arrows as they shoot by. The leafless butternut, whereon the whippoorwill used to sing and the yellow warbler make its nest, sprawls its naked arms and moans pitifully in the blast; the snow that for a moment is amassed upon it falls to the ground like a harvest of alabaster fruit. The peach-tree that bears Margaret's own name, and is of her own age, seems to be drowning in the snow. Water drops from the eaves, occasioned by the snow melting about the chimney.

"I shouldn't wonder if we had a snow-storm before it's over, Molly," said Pluck, strapping his knife on the edge of the kit.

"And you are getting ready for it fast," rejoined his wife. "I should be thankful for those shoes any time before next July. I can't step out without wetting my feet."

"Wetting is not so bad after all," answered Pluck. "For my part I keep too dry.—Who did the Master tell you was the god of shoemakers?" he asked, addressing Margaret.

"St. Crispin," replied the child.

"Guess I'll pay him a little attention," said the man, going to the rum bottle that stood by the chimney. "I feel some interest in these things, and I think I have some reason to indulge a hope that I am among the elect."

"He wouldn't own you," said his wife, tartly.

"Why, dear?"

"Because you are not a man; you are not the thrum of one. Scrape you all up, and we shouldn't get lint enough to put on Chilion's foot."

"Look at that," said her husband, exposing his bare arm, flabby and swollen; "what do you think now?"

"Mutton fat! Try you out, run you into cakes, make a present of you to your divinity to grease his boots with.—The fire is getting low, Meg: can't you bring in some wood?"

"You are a *woman* really!" retorted Pluck, "to send the child out in such a storm, when it would take three men to hold one's head on."

"Ha, ha!" laughed out his spouse. "You must have stitched your own on; I don't wonder you are afraid. That is the way you lost your ear, trying to hold on your head in a storm, ha, ha!"

"Well," rejoined Pluck, "you think you are equal to three men in wit, learning, providing, don't you?"

"Mayhaps so."

"And weaving, spinning, coloring, reeling, twisting, cooking, clinching, henpecking, I guess you are. Can you tell, dearest Maria, what is Latin for the Widow's Obed's red hair?"

"I can for the maggot that makes powder-post of our whole family, Didymus Hart."

Pluck laughed, and staggered towards his bench.

"I knew we should have a storm," said his wife, "after such a cold spell: I saw a Bull's Eye towards night; my corns have been pricking more than usual; a flight of snow-birds went by day before yesterday. And it won't hold up till after the full, and that's to-night."

"I thought as much too," answered Pluck. "Bottle has emptied fast, glums been growing darker in the face, windle spun faster, cold potatoes for dinner, hot tongue for supper."

"You *shall* fetch the wood, Meg, or I'll warm your back with a shingle," said her mother, flinging out a threat which she had no intention of executing. "Hash is good for something, that he is."

"Yes, Maharshalalhashbaz, my second born," interjected Pluck, "sell your shingles to the women: they'll give you more than Deacon Penrose; it is such a nice thing for heating a family with. We shan't need any more roofs to our houses—always excepting, of course, your dear and much-honored mother, who is a warming-pan in herself, good as a Bath stove."

Hash, spurred on by this double shot, plied his mallet the harder, and declared with an oath that *he* would not get the wood,—they might freeze first; adding that he hauled and cut it, and that was his part.

Chilion whispered to his sister, and she went out for the purpose in question. It was not excessively cold, since the weather moderated as the storm increased; and she might have taken some interest in that tempestuous outer world. The wind blazed and racketed through the narrow space between the house and the hill. The flakes shaded and mottled the sky, and fell twirling, pitching, skimble-scamble, and anon slowly and more regularly, as in a minuet; and as they came nearer the ground, they were caught up by the current and borne in a horizontal line, like long, quick-spun silver threads, afar across the landscape. There was but little snow in the shed, although entirely open on the south side; the storm seeming to devote itself to building up a drift in front. This drift had now reached a height of seven or eight feet. It sloped up like the roof of a pyramid, and on the top was an appendage like a horn, or a plume, or a marble *jet d'eau*, or a frozen flame of fire; and the elements in all their violence, the eddies that veered about the corner of the house, the occasional side blasts, still dallied, and stopped to mold it and finish it; and it became thinner, and more tapering and spiral, each singular flake adjusting itself to the very tip with instinctive nicety, till at last it broke off by its own weight,—then a new one went on to be formed: Under this drift lay the wood Margaret was after, and she hesitated to demolish the pretty structure. The cistern was overrun with ice; the water fell from the spout in an ice tube; the half-barrel was rimmed about with a broad round molding of similar stuff, and where the water flowed off it had formed a solid wavy cascade, and under the cold snows the clear cold water could be heard babbling and singing as if it no whit cared for the weather. From the corner of the house the snow fretted and spurted in continuous shower. A flock of snow-birds suddenly flashed before the eyes of the child, borne on by the wind; they endeavored to tack about and run in under the lee of the shed, but the remorseless elements drifted them on, and they were apparently dashed against the woods beyond. Seeing one of the little creatures drop, Margaret darted out through the snow, caught the luckless or lucky wanderer, and amid the butting winds, sharp rack, and smothering sheets of spray, carried it into the house. In her 'Book of Birds' she found it to be a snow-bunting; that it was hatched in a nest of reindeer's hair near the North Pole; that it had sported among eternal solitudes of rocks and ice, and come thousands of miles.

It was purely white, while others of the species are rendered in darker shades. She put it in the cage with Robin, who received the traveled stranger with due respect.

Night came on, and Margaret went to bed. The wind puffed, hissed, whistled, shrieked, thundered, sighed, howled, by turns. The house jarred and creaked, her bed rocked under her, loose boards on the roof clattered and rattled, snow pelted the window shutter. In such a din and tussle of the elements lay the child. She had no sister to nestle with her and snug her up; no gentle mother to fold the sheets about her neck and tuck in the bed; no watchful father to come with a light and see that all was safe.

In the fearfulness of that night she sung or said to herself some words of the Master's, which he however must have given her for a different purpose;—for of needs must a stark child's nature in such a crisis appeal to something above and superior to itself, and she had taken a floating impression that the Higher Agencies, whatever they might be, existed in Latin:—

“O sanctissima, O purissima,
Dulcis Virgo Maria,
Mater amata, intemerata!
Ora, ora, pro nobis!”

As she slept amid the passion of the storm, softly did the snow from the roof distill upon her feet, and sweetly did dreams from heaven descend into her soul. In her dream she was walking in a large, high, self-illuminated hall, with flowers, statues, and columns on either side. Above, it seemed to vanish into a sort of opaline-colored invisibility. The statues of clear white marble, large as life, and the flowers in marble vases, alternated with each other between the columns, whose ornamented capitals merged in the shadows above. There was no distinct articulate voice, but a low murmuring of the air, or sort of musical pulsation, that filled the place. The statues seemed to be for the most part marble embodiments of pictures she had seen in the Master's books. There were the Venus de' Medici; Diana, with her golden bow; Ceres, with poppies and ears of corn; Humanity, “with sweet and lovely countenance”; Temperance, pouring water from a pitcher; Diligence, with a sickle and sheaf; Peace, and her crown of olives; Truth, with “her looks serene, pleasant, courteous, cheerful, and yet modest.” The flowers were such as

she had sometimes seen about houses in the village, but of rare size and beauty: cactuses, dahlias, carnations, large pink hydrangeas, white japonicas, calla lilies, and others. Their shadows waved on the white walls, and it seemed to her as if the music she heard issued from their cups.

Sauntering along, she came to a marble arch or doorway, handsomely sculptured, and supported on caryatides. This opened to a large rotunda, where she saw nine beautiful female figures swimming in a circle in the air. These strewed on her as she passed, leaves and flowers of amaranth, angelica, myrtle, white jasmin, white poppy, and eglantine; and spun round and round silently as swallows. By a similar arch, she went into another rotunda, where was a marble monument or sarcophagus, from which two marble children with wings were represented as rising, and above them fluttered two iris-colored butterflies. Through another doorway she entered a larger space opening to the heavens. In this she saw a woman, the same woman she had before seen in her dreams, with long black hair, and a pale, beautiful face, who stood silently pointing to a figure far off on the rose-colored clouds. This figure was Christ, whom she recognized. Near him, on the round top of a purple cloud, having the blue distant sky for a background, was the milk-white Cross, twined with evergreens; about it, hand in hand, she saw moving as in a distance four beautiful female figures, clothed in white robes. These she remembered as the ones she saw in her dream at the Still, and she now knew them to be Faith, Hope, Love, and their sister—who was yet of their own creation—Beauty. Then in her dream she returned, and at the door where she entered this mysterious place she found a large green bullfrog, with great goggle eyes, having a pond-lily saddled to his back. Seating herself in the cup, she held on by the golden pistils as the pommel of a saddle, and the frog leaped with her clear into the next morning, in her own little dark chamber.

When she awoke, the wind and noise without had ceased. A perfect cone of pure white snow lay piled up over her feet, and she attributed her dream partly to that. She opened the window shutter; it was even then snowing in large, quiet, moist flakes, which showed that the storm was nearly at an end; and in the east, near the sun-rising, she saw the clouds bundling up, ready to go away. She descended to the kitchen, where a dim, dreary light entered from the window. Chilion, who, unable to go up

the ladder to his chamber, had a bunk of pelts of wild beasts near the fire, still lay there. Under a bank of ashes and cinders smoked and sweltered the remains of the great backlog.

Pluck opened the ashes and drew forward the charred stick, which cracked and crumbled into large, deep-crimson, fine-grained, glowing coals, throwing a ruddy glare over the room. He dug a trench for the new log, deep as if he were laying a cellar wall.

After breakfast Margaret opened the front door to look out. Here rose a straight and sheer breastwork of snow, five feet or more in height, nicely scarfing the door and lintels. Pluck could just see over it, but for this purpose Margaret was obliged to use a chair. The old gentleman, in a fit of—we shall not say uncommon good feeling, declared he would dig through it. So, seizing a shovel, he went by the back door to the front of the house, at a spot where the whiffling winds had left the earth nearly bare, and commenced his subnivean work. Margaret, standing in the chair, saw him disappear under the snow, which he threw behind him like a rabbit. She awaited in great excitement his reappearance under the drift, hallooed to him, and threatened to set the dog on him as a thief. Pluck made some gruff unusual sound, beat the earth with his shovel; the dog bow-wowed at the snow; Margaret laughed. Soon this mole of a man poked his shovel through, and straightway followed with himself, all in a sweat, and the snow melting like wax from his hot, red face. Thus was opened a snow tunnel, as good to Margaret as the Thames, two or three rods long and three or four feet high; and through it she went.

The storm had died away; the sun was struggling through the clouds as if itself in search of warmth from what looked like the hot, glowing face of the earth; there were blue breaks in the sky overhead; and far off, above the frigid western hills, lay violet-fringed cloud drifts. A bank of snow, reaching in some places quite to the eaves of the house, buried many feet deep the mallows, dandelions, rose-bushes, and hencoops.

The chestnuts shone in the new radiance with their polished, shivering, cragged limbs, a spectacle both to pity and admire. The evergreens drooped under their burdens like full-blown sunflowers. The dark, leafless spray of the beeches looked like bold delicate netting or linear embroidery on the blue sky; or as if the trees, interrupted in their usual method of growth, were

taking root in midwinter up among the warm transparent heavens.

Pluck sported with Margaret, throwing great armfuls of snow that burst and scattered over her like rocks of down, then suffering himself to be fired at in turn. He set her astride the dog, who romped and flounced, and pitched her into a drift, whence her father drew her by her ankles. As he was going in through the tunnel, a pile of snow that lay on the roof of the house fell and broke the frail arch, burying the old man in chilly ruins. He gasped, floundered, and thrust up his arms through the superincumbent mass, like a drowning man. Margaret leaped with laughter; and Brown Moll herself, coming to the door, was so moved by the drollery of the scene as to be obliged to withdraw her pipe to laugh also. Bull was ordered to the rescue; who doing the best he could under the circumstances, wallowing belly-deep in the snow, seized the woolen shirt-sleeve of his master, and tugged at it till he raised its owner's head to the surface. Pluck, unmoved in humor by the coolness of the drench, stood sunk to his chin in the snow, and laughed as heartily as any of them, his shining bald pate and whelky red face streaming with moisture and shaking with merriment. At length both father and child got into the house and dried themselves by the fire.

Chilion demanded attention; his foot pained him; it grew swollen and inflamed. Margaret bathed and poulticed it; she held it in her lap and soothed it with her hand. A preparation of the Widow's was suggested. Hash would not go for it, Pluck and his wife could not, and Margaret must go. Bull could not go with her, and she must go alone. She was equipped with a warm hood, marten-skin tippet, and a pair of snow-shoes. She mounted the high, white, fuffy plain and went on with a soft, yielding, yet light step, almost as noiseless as if she were walking the clouds. There was no guide but the trees; ditches by the wayside, knolls, stones, were all a uniform level. She saw a slightly raised mound, indicating a large rock she clambered over in summer. Black spikes and seed-heads of dead golden-rods and mulleins dotted the way. Here was a grape-vine that seemed to have had a skirmish with the storm, and both to have conquered, for the vine was crushed, and the snow lay in tatters upon it. About the trunk of some of the large trees was a hollow pit reaching quite to the ground, where the snow had waltzed round and round till it grew tired, and left. Wherever there

was a fence, thither had the storm betaken itself, and planted alongside mountain-like embankments, impenetrable dikes, and inaccessible bluffs.

Entering thicker woods, Margaret saw the deep, unalloyed beauty of the season: the large moist flakes that fell in the morning had furred and mossed every limb and twig, each minute process and filament, each aglet and thread, as if the pure spirits of the air had undertaken to frost the trees for the marriage festival of their Prince. The slender white birches, with silver bark and ebon boughs, that grew along the path, were bent over; their arms met intertwiningly; and thus was formed a perfect arch, voluptuous, dream-like, glittering, under which she went. All was silent as the moon; there was no sound of birds or cows, sheep, dinner-horns, axes, or wind. There was no life, but only this white, shining still-life wrought in boreal ivory. No life? From the dusky woods darted out those birds that bide a New England winter: dove-colored nut-hatches quank-quanked among the hemlocks; a whole troop of titmice and woodpeckers came bustling and whirring across the way, shaking a shower of fine tiny raylets of snow on the child's head; she saw the graceful snow-birds, our common bird, with ivory bill, slate-colored back and white breast, perched on the top of the mulleins and picking out the seeds. Above all, far above the forest and the snow-capped hills, caw-cawed the great black crow. All at once, too, darted up from the middle of a snow-drift by the side of the road a little red squirrel, who sat bolt upright on his hind legs, gravely folded his paws and surveyed her for a moment, as much as to say, "How do you do?" then in a trice, with a squeak, he dove back into his hole.

JUVENAL

(60 A. D. ?-140 A. D. ?)

BY THOMAS BOND LINDSAY

THE permanent value of any literary work may be due to the fact that it appeals to those common emotions which vary neither with time nor with nationality. Love, hatred, envy, and ambition differ in the objects towards which they are directed, and in the methods of their manifestation; but as primary emotions they exist unchanged in the modern as in the ancient world. The writer who knows how to depict them directly, with little or no reference to the changing conditions under which they appear, is sure of an audience for all time. The rhythmic heart-beats of Catullus find their echoes everywhere. On the other hand, there are writers whose abiding interest springs from a different source. In them there is less emphasis on the emotion, more on the object upon which the emotion is exercised,—on the complex and constantly shifting circumstances under which it reveals itself. Thus the two factors of history—the individual and the environment—are presented with varying degrees of prominence.

In writers of the former class, we prize chiefly depth of feeling, breadth of sympathy, and that quick responsiveness to indefinable spiritual influences that marks the poet and the genius. In the latter, we look for the more strictly intellectual qualities of keen insight, clear judgment, and power of pictorial representation. It makes very little difference when and where such a poet as Catullus lived. With the writer of the latter class, however, the condition of the society with which he is surrounded is all-important.

It is to this latter class that Juvenal belongs. As a great poet he is undoubtedly inferior to Catullus or Lucretius. As a picturer of morals and manners he is far beyond them. They appeal to the student of poetry; Juvenal appeals to the student of history. Nowhere, not even in the histories (satires themselves) of Tacitus, can we find so distinct a picture of the seething tumult of that complex Roman civilization which was rapidly moving on to destruction. To the modern reader the value of this picture is enhanced by the fact that it represents a state of society which in many respects closely resembles that of our own time.

At the period which Juvenal describes, Rome was full of unearned wealth; wealth that had come not as the result of honest effort in agriculture or commerce, but from the plunder of the East, from bribery and corruption in public life, from usury and blackmail, from the prostitution of power to the ends of selfish ambition. At this time, too, Rome was flooded with a foreign population: all the refuse of the earlier civilizations of Persia, of Carthage, and of Greece, had been poured into that powerful stream which seemed destined to engulf the world; the stream was clogged and spread out into a pool of corruption. The old Roman spirit was gone: the simplicity and directness of purpose, the force of will, the devotion of the individual to the State, the dignity that marked Rome's earlier struggle to embody her ideals of law and of order in a great political commonwealth,—had given place to the complexity of a luxurious society, to a selfish pursuit of private interest, to that dangerous relaxation which almost inevitably attends the attainment of an eagerly sought purpose. Rome had become the undisputed mistress of the world, and resting on her laurels, she grew inert and powerless. The force that shaped her course was no longer in the hands of the old patricians, —men who, whatever their faults, loved Rome and the Roman ideal State; it had passed to those whose only claim to precedence was their ability to pay for it,—and that too, oftentimes, with money gained by the kindred professions of informer and legacy-hunter. The severity of the old Roman morality of Cato's time had given place to a system—or lack of system—in which duty, self-denial, honesty, and uprightness, had little place.

While it may not be claimed that this dark picture has its exact reflection in our own time, and while the forces which work for social regeneration are now undoubtedly far more active and far better organized than in that day, yet the student of social and economic history cannot fail to be struck by certain marked similarities in the progress of tendencies in Rome and in our own republic. The rapid and vast increase of wealth and its accompanying luxury; the changes in political methods and in the use made of political power; the displacement of the old Puritan ideals of duty by a morality much less severe in its type,—all these seem to be among the repetitions of history. Nor is the parallel confined to such general outlines. Juvenal describes the mania for building great palaces, the degradation of the stage, the influence exerted by the worst element of a contemporary foreign people, the increasing frequency of divorce,—and even the advent of the new woman!

Juvenal appeals to the modern spirit also by his power of clear presentation. He has none of that vague denunciation of vice which is like an arrow shot harmlessly into the air, leaving the actual

sinner untouched, and ready to follow its flight with sympathetic admiration. His description of the cringing parasite, the cowardly bully, the flattering courtier, the rich upstart, the degenerate patrician, the conceited patron of literature, all bear the marks of reality. The same is true where he puts before us a scene rather than a character. The departure of Umbricius from Rome, the quarrel in the street, the jostling crowd that pushes to the rich man's door for its daily dole, the fortune-hunter hurrying off, dressing as he runs, to present himself at the rich widow's morning reception, the obsequious senators gathered at the emperor's villa,—they all stand out with the same pictorial vividness that marks the more delicate word-painting of Virgil, and with an even greater clearness of outline and strength of color.

Although Juvenal may not share with the lyric poets that universality of interest which has its explanation in the permanent character of the emotions, yet the circumstance that he deals with the facts of conduct which are common to all humanity makes it impossible for readers in any age to be indifferent to his work. Again, his method is the method of modern satire: in its impersonality, in its sustained force, in its systematic arrangement, in its concise adaptation of telling phrases, in its effective use of illustration, and more than all in its indignant bitterness.

Of the outer life of Juvenal, we know literally almost nothing. That his name was Decimus Iunius Iuvenalis; that he lived in the latter part of the first and the early part of the second century after the birth of Christ,—these two facts comprise all of which we can claim certain knowledge. We have indeed material for conjectures, in a life of the poet by an unknown author prefixed to his works, an inscription supposed to refer to him, two or three epigrams of Martial, and an occasional hint in his own works. Accepting the more probable of these statements, we may assume that Juvenal was the son of a freedman, born at Aquinum about 60 A. D.; that he spent most of his life at Rome, where he was especially interested in the study of rhetoric; and that his satires were written after he reached middle age, between 96 and 120 A. D. It is probable that he served in the army, that he was at one time banished to Egypt, and that he was about eighty years old when he died. The two most striking things about this dearth of information are—first, that Martial, the only classical writer who mentions Juvenal, speaks of him simply as a friend, with no reference to his literary achievements; and second, that the poet is so singularly chary of information about his own life.

Many poets write autobiographies in spite of themselves; from simplicity rather than egoism they lay before their readers records of

their lives,—as Burns and Horace, for instance, have done. All that we need to know of the birth of Horace, his education, his friends, his pleasures, his taste, and his philosophy, we may find written down by his own hand, either in intentional description or in unintentional reference. Juvenal's reticence is in the more striking contrast to this self-revelation, since they both deal with the same general subject,—the follies and vices of their own contemporaries. It is characteristic of the two points of view. Horace is not only in the world of which he writes, but of it. We may fancy him resting at ease in a circle of his friends, reading aloud to them, while a quiet smile plays about his lips, the carefully prepared, well-polished, often persuasive, but rarely convincing arguments in favor—of what? Not of righteousness, not even of good morals,—but of moderation, content, and good taste. Honesty is the best policy; discontent is very disquieting; violent emotion is conducive to dyspepsia: even his friends would hardly resent these pleasant discussions of every-day topics, this mingling of wit and wisdom, these little thrusts at their follies and affectations.

“We all have our faults: let us deal gently with each other; and when we laugh at our friends, let us laugh with them too. The really foolish man is the one that gives up the calm joy of living, in the pursuit of some vulgar extreme of wealth or power or philosophic asceticism.” Such a man, with such a disposition, and in such an environment as that of the early Empire, was naturally communicative.

If we can imagine Juvenal reading his satires to an audience, it must be to one that stood with him aloof from the world that he describes. The man who recognized his own portrait in any one of these figures, standing out with such startling distinctness from the background of infamy and degradation furnished by the later Empire, would be in no mood to take the reader by the hand and thank him for a very pleasant evening. Juvenal is not resting on a couch talking things over with his friends: he is standing in the full strength of an indignant manhood, denouncing with the voice of one of the old Hebrew prophets the debauchery and the crime which are the death of all that is great and good. He does not play about his subject, but attacks it directly and vigorously; and we follow him with personal sympathetic attention, confident that he means what he says, and that he will not turn around upon us at the end of the journey and laugh at us because we are out of breath. Sometimes indeed we may feel that the pace is rather hot, and we may think with a touch of envy of our round-bodied good-natured little friend Horace ambling along in the rear; but on the whole we enjoy the rush and the whirl of Juvenal's gallop. After all, it is hard to make

a hero of a philosopher. The man of few ideas, but of single purpose and indomitable will, rouses our enthusiasm, however much in our moments of calm reflection we may deprecate his violence.

The main source of Juvenal's power is this directness—this honest recognition of the brute in man: he is like a preacher that believes in original sin and total depravity. We may gloss it over, and talk about the educative value of evil, and the refining influences of art and wealth; we may laugh with Horace, and say "What fools these mortals be!"—but when Juvenal sweeps away these philosophic compromises, we instinctively put out our hands as if to ward off a blow.

The works of Juvenal as they have come down to us consist of sixteen satires, containing about four thousand lines. The genuineness of several satires, and of passages in others, has been disputed; but while the two sections into which such critics divide the works attributed to Juvenal differ decidedly in subject and in style, these differences are not of such a sort as to lead the best editors to reject the disputed portions.

Juvenal announces his subject as "The doings of men, their hopes, their fears, their runnings to and fro." It was a topic that found little or no place in the great body of Greek literature. Quintilian claimed this field for the Romans when he said, "Satire is wholly our own;" and Horace speaks of it as a form of verse untouched by the Greeks. Among the Romans themselves Juvenal's most important predecessors were Ennius, Lucilius, Horace, and Persius. The fragments of Ennius are so few that the character of his satires is doubtful. We know little more of them than that they were medleys, sometimes in dialogue form. True satire began with Lucilius. Like Juvenal he was essentially Roman in spirit, and stood for the old Roman virtues; but, also like Juvenal, he sometimes rose to a broader conception, as in his famous definition of virtue: his style was careless, but full of force, and sharp with real satiric power. Horace differs from Juvenal in his whole spirit and tone. He is cosmopolitan rather than national, his weapon is ridicule rather than invective. His style is easy and conversational, free from rhetorical exaggeration and systematic elaboration. Persius, a student of books rather than of men, is didactic and pseudo-philosophical, full of affectation and self-consciousness; occasionally, however, he forgets himself and writes an effective passage, as in his description of the prayers offered in the temples. Juvenal is more polished and rhetorical than Lucilius, more vigorous than Horace, more real than Persius.

In the first satire, which is in a way introductory to the whole series, Juvenal gives his reasons for writing. He is tired of the fashionable poetry of the day, made up of mythology and commonplace, and proposes to follow in the footsteps of Lucilius. The state

of the times certainly justifies satire. The social order is upside down, Rome is full of masculine women and effeminate men, rascally lawyers and malicious informers, rich upstarts and dishonest politicians, gamblers, forgers, poisoners. Here is a field indeed where "if nature fail, just wrath may fill the line."

The third satire shares with the tenth the claim to greatest general interest. It was imitated by Johnson in his 'London'; but the imitation is not close enough to be a good translation, and is too close to be a good paraphrase. Here Juvenal's power of vivid word-painting is at its best. His friend Umbricius feels forced to leave Rome and go to live in a quiet little country town; and to justify this resolution he describes the state of the city. There is no room for honest men, since all success is the reward of wrong-doing. Rome has become the paradise of the versatile time-serving Greeks, who are ready to assume any part and do any work, and are equally unscrupulous in all. Nor is there room in Rome for a poor man: he is ill treated and despised, and driven to dishonesty by the ostentation that society forces upon him. Even in the streets deep with mud, brawny porters, with casks or beams on their shoulders, and sturdy soldiers with hob-nailed shoes, crowd and jostle him, while he makes way for the rich man's litter or for the contractor's wagon. The night is worse than the day; for then the streets are full of boisterous revelers, who delight to pick a quarrel, and after insults and blows, finish their frolic by summoning their victim for assault and battery! His head is not safe from falling tiles and objects of various sorts thrown from the windows of the tall buildings.—whose ill-built walls are a danger in themselves,—nor his neck from the footpads and garroters that infest the town.

The tenth satire, which English readers know through Dr. Johnson's imitation, entitled 'The Vanity of Human Wishes,' is perhaps the least technical, the least Roman, and the least savage of all Juvenal's works. It is marked by great breadth of view, and rests more firmly on ground common to humanity. Its instances of "the better that is ever the enemy of the good" teach the wisdom of content quite as clearly as the more direct maxims of the apostle of moderation, Horace himself. Sejanus, who sought the imperial crown and found a felon's death; Hannibal, who fretted within the narrow limits of a single empire and became an exile and a suicide; Cicero, anxious to pose a second time as the savior of his country; Priam, whose length of days brought heaped-up woes: all these and other examples show—not, as some have thought, the futility of human effort, but as Juvenal himself says, the blindness of the human heart, and its inability to distinguish between the good and its opposite. What wonder that Heraclitus wept, and Democritus laughed, at the

folly of man? Let us hear the conclusion of the whole matter. Man is dearer to the gods than to himself. Let him pray for a sane mind in a sound body; for the strength of soul that death cannot affright; for a heart that bears its burdens patiently, that knows not anger nor admits inordinate desire. Dr. Johnson's imitation suffers by comparison with the original. It lacks force and fervor; its pictures are dull beside the brilliant coloring of Juvenal; while Wolsey is but a poor substitute for Sejanus, and Charles of Sweden a dim reflection of the man who bade his soldiers scale the Alps, "the walls of Rome." Chaucer refers to this satire in 'Troilus and Cresseide':—

"O Juvenall, lord, true is thy sentence,
That little wenens folke what is to yerne,
That they ne finden in hir desire offence,
For cloud of errorre ne lette hem discerne
What best is."

Another satire which appeals rather to humanity than to anything distinctly Roman is the fourteenth, on the influence of parental example. The young man learns of his father as the young bird learns of the old. Men complain of the faults and vices of their sons, and say, "I never taught him that." No; but your example was stronger than your precepts, and he is only treading your own footsteps deeper. In the case of avarice indeed you add precept to example; and teach your boy meanness, injustice, and crime, only that he may be tormented by anxiety to retain what he has been tormented by anxiety to acquire.

The contrast between the early Roman Senate and the collection of sycophants that bore the name in Juvenal's day is brought out in the fourth satire. The Emperor summons his advisers to his Alban villa to decide on the disposition of a great fish which the poor fisherman, making a virtue of necessity, has presented to his imperial master. The various senators are described, each in a few lines, but in phrases so carefully chosen and so aptly framed that the individuals stand out like pictures on a canvas, from "kindly old Crispus" to "Pompeius," who was "good at slitting throats with a whisper."

The degenerate form of the old Roman relation of patron and client is depicted in the fifth satire. The mean servility that will submit to all sorts of indignities for the sake of a place at a rich man's table, where the obsequious guest receives an occasional word, like a bone thrown to a dog, calls for little pity. The man that will practice it deserves all the contempt that is his inevitable reward.

The famous chapter in *Punch*, 'Advice to Those about to Marry,' is a condensation into one word of Juvenal's six hundred lines of warning on the same subject to his friend Postumus, in the sixth satire. There is probably no chapter in the whole range of literature

that deals so unsparingly with the faults and vices of women as this. The writer does not confine himself to sex relations, but dilates with vigor upon their extravagant love of display, silly devotion to actors and musicians, delight in gossip, cruelty to those weaker than themselves, childish literary aspirations, foolish superstitions, imitation of men's dress, manners, and pursuits. If a woman be free from these vices of her sex, her self-complacency makes her very virtue distasteful. The chief value of the satire lies in its picture of the times, set forth with all the unrivaled vigor of Juvenal's denunciation. An interesting parallel may be found in the third chapter of Isaiah.

The thirteenth satire contains several famous passages. In one of them Juvenal describes the different mental attitudes of different men in the face of wrong-doing, in another the pains of remorse, and in a third the pettiness of revenge. In breadth of view, strength of grasp, psychological insight, and evidence of reserve power, the satire ranks with the masterpieces of literature; and it furnishes the chief arguments to those critics who have thought that its author was well acquainted with the ethics of the Christian system.

Juvenal's whole work takes its dominant note from his standard of morality, which is drawn not from any system of philosophic ethics, but from a simple recognition of the eternal conflict between right and wrong. In many passages indeed he applies this standard in a conventional Roman way, as when he flings his scorn upon the Roman noble who drives his own chariot past the very tombs of his ancestors. In general, however, he is human rather than merely Roman. It is the same standard that the old Roman character evolved without the help of Greek philosophy; the same crude but definite standard that Cato feared to see obscured by the complication and compromises of Greek culture. It results in that direct appeal to the individual conscience which marks all earnest reformers, all great religious movements. This gives to the satires their immediate personal interest.

Juvenal's style is the natural expression of strong feeling tinged with bitterness. His sentences come out with a rush and a swing that force the attention. They have the "drum and trumpet's din," rather than "the continuity, the long slow slope and vast curves of the gradual violin." Artistic in the Horatian sense he is not. The tension is rarely relaxed. There are few lights and shades. His very strength becomes his weakness. We seem to feel, not the calm consciousness of power in which the word inevitably follows the thought, but the tumult of feeling that seizes upon the words and forces them into the verse: such a style is effective, but by its very stress and strain it is wearisome. Many critics have accused him of being a mere rhetorician; failing to see that while his strong phrases may sometimes cloud his thought, they never take its place.

Besides its pictorial quality, instances of which have already been given, his style is marked by an epigrammatic terseness which puts an essay into a single line, and has made him one of the best quoted of Roman writers. "A sane mind in a sound body;" "But who shall watch the watchers?" "All men praise honesty—and let her freeze;" "The traveler with empty purse will whistle in the footpad's face;" "To save his life, he gives up all that makes life dear;" "Prayers which the unkindly gods have granted;" "It is the innocence of youth that most deserves our reverence." His works abound in such summaries of thought, which place a whole situation at the command of a reader who possesses an imagination, though they may leave the mere grammarian cold.

A satirist without humor is a literary scold; and while Juvenal's humor has none of the lightness and delicacy which we usually associate with the word, it is present in full measure. Remorseless as that of Swift, bitter as that of Thackeray, it does not stir to laughter, but raises at best a grim smile. Scornful rather than contemptuous, it is the humor of indignation rather than of ridicule. Juvenal can knock his victim down with the bludgeon of Cato, run him through with Swift's rapier, and then draw his picture with Hogarth's pencil.

For us, then, Juvenal means a strong, earnest spirit with great breadth of view and distinctness of vision, depicting with marvelous power of expression the state of society during one of the most important periods of human history. He is not only a poet,—he is preacher and prophet as well.

A handwritten signature in cursive script, appearing to read "Thomas Bond Lindsay". The signature is fluid and somewhat stylized, with a large, sweeping flourish on the right side.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTE.—The earliest English versions of Juvenal are those by Holyday and Stapylton in the middle of the seventeenth century. Gifford, Hodgson, and Badham have made translations in English verse. There are literal prose translations by Madan, Evans, and Lewis. Five of the satires were translated by Dryden; and two, the third and the tenth, were imitated by Dr. Johnson. The best English editions are those of Maclean and the exhaustive one of Mayor. There are excellent articles on Juvenal by Professor Ramsay in Dr. Smith's 'Dictionary of Greek and Roman Biography,' by Sellar in the 'Encyclopædia Britannica,' and in the introductions to Dryden's, Gifford's, and Lewis's translations.

T. B. L.

UMBRICIUS'S FAREWELL TO ROME

From the Third Satire

SINCE of honest gains—
By honest arts—no hope at Rome remains;
Since from the remnant of my scanty store
Each morrow still wears off some fragment more:
Thither I go where Dædalus, distressed,
Took his tired wings off, and was glad to rest—
In the first freshness of an old man's prime.

What should I do at Rome, untaught to lie,
Who neither praise the stupid book, nor buy?
Who cannot, will not, bid the stars declare
His father's funeral to the greedy heir?
The bowels of the toad I ne'er inspect,
To bear th' adulterer's gifts none me select;
No public robbers through my aid shall thrive:
Then wherefore with the current longer strive?
No man's confederate, here alone I stand,
Like the maimed owner of a palsied hand. . . .

From that vile race at length behold me free;
Dear to the great, detestable to me!
Scruples, away! What! is it come to this?
Is Rome at last a Greek metropolis?
Yet of the filth derived from foreign mart,
The feculence of Greece but forms a part:
Full into Tiber's stream 'tis many a day
Since foul Orontes forced its fatal way;
Hence Syrian speech and Syrian manners come,
And Syrian music, and the barbarous drum:
Hie to the circus, ye that set a price
On foreign lures, and exotic vice!

Into each house the wily strangers crawl,—
Obsequious now, soon to be lords of all.
Prompt to discern, and swift to seize his time,
Your Greek stands forth in impudence sublime.
Torrents of words that might Isæus drown
Rush forth at once, and bear you helpless down.
Hope not to scan that prodigy of parts,
The deep in science, the adept in arts:
Geometer, logician, man of taste,
Versed in all lore, with all acquirements graced,
Medicine and magic swell the ample list,
From augur grave to light funambulist:

Bid an esurient Greek do what you choose,—
The absurd, the impossible,—he'll not refuse!
Was it for nothing, that of Aventine
The freshening gales in infancy were mine?
For nothing that on Roman soil I grew,
And my first strength from Sabine olives drew?
Go, persevere; and in most prudent strain,
Praise wit in fools and features in the plain;
On lanky, long-necked feebleness confer
The grasp of Hercules—ye cannot err!
Go, praise a voice as mellow as the note
Which the shrill cock pours from exulting throat.
Thus too might we,—but who would be deceived?
The Greek alone may lie and be believed.

Who at Præneste ever lived in dread
Lest the frail roof should crumble o'er his head?
At Gabii who? Volsinium's woodland height,
Or Tibur throned upon its mountain site?
Here props and buttresses the crash suspend,
And loaded with incumbent ruin, bend:
For thus the thrifty steward would conceal
The perils which old flaws anon reveal;
And while the loosened pile yet nods on high,
Bids us sleep on, nor fear the danger nigh.
Oh! let me dwell where no nocturnal screams
Shall break the golden links of blissful dreams!
Hark! where Ucagon for water cries,
Casts out his chattels, from the peril flies;
Dense smoke is bursting from the floor below,—
Ho! wake thee, man! thy instant perils know.
The basement totters, and thou snor'st the while!
Last to be burnt, all snug beneath the tile
That gives thee shelter from the vernal rain,
Where the fond dove hath pledged her eggs in vain.

Such are our days; let a new theme invite,
And hear the greater perils of the night.
Behold those lofty roofs from which, on high,
The loosened tile oft wounds the passer-by;
Nor seldom, from some lofty casement thrown,
The cracked and broken vase comes thundering down;
See with what force it strikes the flint below,
Where the flawed pavement tells the frequent blow!
Oh! thoughtless, careless, indolent, or blind,
Sip not abroad before thy will be signed;

Assured, as many dangers thou shalt meet
 As there be open windows in the street.
 To these, my friend, more reasons yet remain:
 Enough! the sun's already on the wane;
 The cattle wait—th' impatient driver, see,
 Points to the road, and only stays for me.
 Farewell! forget me not, and when, oppressed
 With cares at Rome, thou seek'st Aquinum's rest,
 The much-loved shores of Cuma I'll resign,
 At his own Ceres' and Diana's shrine,
 To greet my friend; and in his satires there
 (If they disdain not) I will gladly bear
 What part I may: in country shoes I'll come,
 Tread your bleak lands, and share your friendly home.

TERRORS OF CONSCIENCE

From the Thirteenth Satire

THE Spartan rogue who, boldly bent on fraud,
 Dared ask the god to sanction and applaud,
 And sought for counsel at the Pythian shrine,
 Received for answer from the lips divine,—
 “That he who doubted to restore his trust,
 And reasoned much, reluctant to be just,
 Should for those doubts and that reluctance prove
 The deepest vengeance of the powers above.”
 The tale declares that not pronounced in vain
 Came forth the warning from the sacred fane:
 Ere long no branch of that devoted race
 Could mortal man on soil of Sparta trace!
 Thus but intended mischief, stayed in time,
 Had all the mortal guilt of finished crime.
 If such his fate who yet but darkly dares,
 Whose guilty purpose yet no act declares,
 What were it, done! Ah! now farewell to peace!
 Ne'er on this earth his soul's alarms shall cease!
 Held in the mouth that languid fever burns,
 His tasteless food he indolently turns;
 On Alba's oldest stock his soul shall pine!
 Forth from his lips he spits the joyless wine!
 Nor all the nectar of the hills shall now
 Or glad the heart, or smooth the wrinkled brow!

While o'er the couch his aching limbs are cast,
If care permit the brief repose at last,
Lo! there the altar and the fane abused!
Or darkly shadowed forth in dream confused,
While the damp brow betrays the inward storm,
Before him flits thy aggravated form!
Then as new fears o'er all his senses press,
Unwilling words the guilty truth confess!
These, these be they whom secret terrors try,
When muttered thunders shake the lurid sky;
Whose deadly paleness now the gloom conceals
And now the vivid flash anew reveals.
No storm as Nature's casualty they hold,
They deem without an aim no thunders rolled;
Where'er the lightning strikes, the flash is thought
Judicial fire, with Heaven's high vengeance fraught.
Passes this by, with yet more anxious ear
And greater dread, each future storm they fear;
In burning vigil, deadliest foe to sleep,
In their distempered frame if fever keep,
Or the pained side their wonted rest prevent,
Behold some incensed god his bow has bent!
All pains, all aches, are stones and arrows hurled
At bold offenders in this nether world!
From them no crested cock acceptance meets!
Their lamb before the altar vainly bleats!
Can pardoning Heaven on guilty sickness smile?
Or is there victim than itself more vile?
Where steadfast virtue dwells not in the breast,
Man is a wavering creature at the best!

PARENTAL INFLUENCE

From the Fourteenth Satire

LET naught which modest eyes or ears would shun
Approach the precincts that protect thy son!
Far be the revel from thy halls away,
And of carousing guests the wanton lay:
His child's unsullied purity demands
The deepest reverence at a parent's hands!
Quit for his sake thy pleasant vice in time,
Nor plunge thy offspring in the lore of crime;

For if the laws defied at length requite
His guilty course, and angry censors smite,
Thy moral likeness if the world shall see,
And sins made worse by practice, taught by thee,—
Then shalt thou sharply, in thy wrath, declare
Thy canceled will, and him no longer heir!
What! dost assume the grave parental face,
Thou, whom persistive vices still disgrace?
Thou, from whose head, where endless follies reign,
The void cucurbit were a needful drain?

Expects thy dwelling soon a stranger guest?
Behold! not one of all thy menials rest;
Down comes the spider, struggling in his loom,
O'er walls and pavements moves the active broom;
This brings the pail, to that the brush assigned,
While storms the master with his whip behind!
Wretch! art thou troubled lest thy friend descry
Some unswept corner with too curious eye?
Lest marks unseemly at thy porch be seen,
Which sawdust and a slave may quickly clean?—
And is it nothing, nothing, that thy child
Should see thy house with vices undefiled,
From moral stains immaculate and free.
The home of righteousness and sanctity?
Yes! if thou rear'st thy son to till the soil,
To bear the patriot's or the statesman's toil,
Then from thy grateful country claim thy meed,
A good and useful citizen indeed!
But ere she thank thee, let that country know
From early care of thine what virtues flow!

THE KABBALAH

BY SAMUEL A. BINION

THE mass of literature and of learning which the word Kabbalah designates is abstruse and difficult; but a knowledge of it is essential to an understanding of the Hebrew thought in the middle centuries of our era, and also of its influence in Europe during the same and later periods. The fascination which the doctrines grouped under the name Kabbalah had for the mystic, the theologian, and the philosopher, has hardly yet passed entirely away. The reason for this is obvious. This Hebrew esoteric philosophy sought to explain the INFINITE in terms comprehensible to men. The sublime names of God in the Old Testament awed the world, and the attributes attached to those Divine names enriched it. A study of the doctrines of the Kabbalah opened and illuminated the Bible. It enlarged the religious conception of the Christian world.

That the pure theosophy of the Kabbalah shared the fate of other theosophies, and was prostituted to wonder-working and to "practical" uses, was to be expected. It is the common fate of all theosophies.

My subject divides itself into two branches: first, the Theoretical Kabbalah, an esoteric theosophy; and second, the Practical Kabbalah, the various treatises on which comprise the great majority of the books belonging to the subject: and I will try to state broadly what the Kabbalah is, and indicate its various stages and the uses made of it. The word Kabbalah (also spelled Cabala and Qabalah) is derived from the Hebrew verb *kabbal* (to receive). In addition to the received Hebrew Scripture designated as 'Torah Shebikthab' (the Written Law), there is the 'Torah sheb'al* pěh' (the Oral or Traditional Law). The Rabbis affirm that both laws were derived from the same source, having been communicated to Moses by the Almighty on Mount Sinai.

*NOTES.—The *a*, *e*, *i*, *o*, preceded by an apostrophe ('), have each a peculiar sound which has no equivalent in Western languages. The approximate sound can only be produced by pronouncing the above-named vowels with the assistance of the soft palate and throat.

The Hebrew alphabet has no vowels. The vowel sounds are indicated by signs above or below the letters.

The Talmud declares (Tract. 'Pirke Abhoth' or Patristic Chapters, Chap. i., 1) that *Mosheh kibbel* (Moses received) the Law from Sinai and transmitted it to Joshua; that Joshua transmitted it to the Elders; the Elders to the Prophets; and the Prophets to the "Men of the Great Congregation," who flourished from the end of the sixth century B. C. till the time of Rabbi Shimeon Hatsadik (Simeon the Just), who was the last of the line, and died 300 B. C.

The famous Hebrew philosopher Maimonides, who died in the earlier part of the thirteenth century A. D., gives us the names of the receivers of the 'Oral Law' since Simeon the Just, as follows:—Simeon the Just bequeathed the tradition to the *Sophrim* (Scribes); the Scribes to the *Hakhamim* (Wise Men) or *Tanaim* (Repeaters). The *Hakhamim* flourished between 70 and 220 A. D., and were the composers of the 'Mishna' (Repetition), which was compiled by Rabbi *Jehudah the Holy*, about the close of the second century A. D. By them it was transmitted to the *Amoraim* (Speakers), the authors of the voluminous commentary on the 'Mishna' called 'Gemara' (Completion). The 'Mishna' and 'Gemara' form the great Jewish National Code of laws, ethics, and traditions known as the Talmud. This great work was completed by *Rabina*, *Rab Ashi*, and the latter's son *Mar*, the last of the *Amoraim*, 365-427 A. D. The *Amoraim* were succeeded by the *Sabboraim*, or *Rabbanan Sabborai* (Reasoners), who arranged, sifted, and gave the final touch to the great work. The *Sabboraim* period is 500-689 A. D., followed by the *Geonim* (Magnificent or Eminent Men). The latter made no alteration in the letter nor in the text of the Talmud, but confined themselves to writing many works explanatory of it. The *Geonim* period is from 689 to 895 A. D.

Maimonides's reason for the composition of his *magnum opus* called 'Yad Hahazakah' (Mighty Hand), or 'Mishnah Torah' (the Repeated Law), is as follows (Preface):—"On account of the troubles and persecutions, the wisdom of our learned men is lost and the knowledge of our sages is hidden; so that certain parts of the exposition of the 'Talmud' by the *Geonim* became obscured, and great confusion had arisen in their interpretation. . . . Therefore," he adds, "since the Rabbis in captivity cannot communicate on account of war and distance. . . . with the help of my Creator, and being well versed in all those works, I have endeavored to collate and explain in the clearest possible manner all that which was said since the time of our Rabbi *Jehudah the Holy*" i. e., since the compilation of the 'Mishna' to the last of the *Geonim*.

Thus in the writings of the Rabbis the entire 'Oral Law,' including the Babylonian and the Jerusalem Talmuds, *Midrashim*, etc., is designated as 'Kabbalah' (the Received Doctrines); but the name is now applied to that part of tradition which treats, first, of the

“Heavenly Chariot” and throne as described by the Prophets Ezekiel and Isaiah (Ezek. i.; Isaiah vi. 1-4); second, of the Work of Creation, embodied in the first chapter of Genesis; and third, of the whole system of the symbolic interpretation of Scripture adopted by the ‘Zohar’ and its commentaries.

The Kabbalah is the technical name of the Jewish Esoteric Philosophy. It is divided into two principal parts: the *Iyünith* (Theoretical or Speculative), and the *Ma'asiyoth* (Active or Practical). It was also denominated *Hakhmah Nistarah* (Hidden Wisdom), because its study was hidden from the profane, and known only to the few “elect” who received it by tradition. As the initials of *Hakhma Nistarah*, H. N., form the Hebrew word *HeN* (Grace), the modern Kabbalists designate the Kabbalah by that short but meaning cryptogram.

Separating from its principal dogmas the accretions which modern Kabbalistic writers added, and freeing it from its parasite, the pretended wonder-workings of the ‘Practical Kabbalah,’ we shall behold in the principal doctrines of the ‘Theoretical Kabbalah’ a pure theosophy far superior to the *Trimūrti* (the triad of the *Vedas*), and in many respects not conflicting with the fundamental doctrines of Christianity.

THE PRINCIPAL DOGMA OF THE KABBALAH

The starting-point of the ‘Theoretical Kabbalah’ is the nature of the Deity prior to the creation of the universe. The Kabbalists designate him as the *EN-SOPH* (the Infinite), without any *Dimyon* (shape or form) whatsoever. He was above being. He was the *Ain* (nothing). Yet in that non-existent state he is designated as the ‘Ilah Kol Ha-'Iloth . . . Sibath Kol Hassiboth (the Cause of all Causes).

This doctrine according to our understanding is paradoxical, since, as the Hindu philosophy has it, *Nāvastuno vastu siddhīh* (Nothing is made of nothing); the terms “manifestation” or “will” imply “being.” The Kabbalists nevertheless affirm that he *willed* to become known, and the Concealed of all Concealed *manifested* himself by means of Ten *Sephiroth* (Emanations).

THE TEN SEPHIROTH

The exact meaning of the Hebrew word *Sephīrah*, plural *Sephīroth*, is in dispute. According to some it is derived from the Hebrew verb *saphar* (to count); while others render it “declaration,” from *sapér* (to declare) as in Psalm xix. 1, *Hash-shamaim Mesaprim*, . . . “The heavens declare the glory of God.” Others again translate it “sphere” or “sapphire.” This name, the Kabbalists affirm, was given

by no less an authority than the Prophet Elijah himself: in addressing himself to the Deity he exclaimed, "Thou art he who hast brought forth the ten things which we call Sephiroth, in order to illuminate the world." (Second pref. of 'Tikûnē Zohar.')

In order to introduce the reader into the maze of the Sephîritic Spheres and facilitate his progress therein, a diagram of the Ten Sephiroth is inserted on page 8429. This will assist to a clearer understanding of their emanation, their coming into existence, their Divine Scriptural names, their functions in the "worlds,"—Briah (Creation), Yetzirah (Formation), and 'Asiyah (Action),—and their position in the Adam-Kadmon (the Archetypal Man); or the 'Olam Ha-Atsilôth (the World of Emanations). A complete understanding of this diagram will reward the reader and give him the key to the foundation of the whole theosophy. It is very easy of comprehension, if followed by the description and guided by the arrows shown.

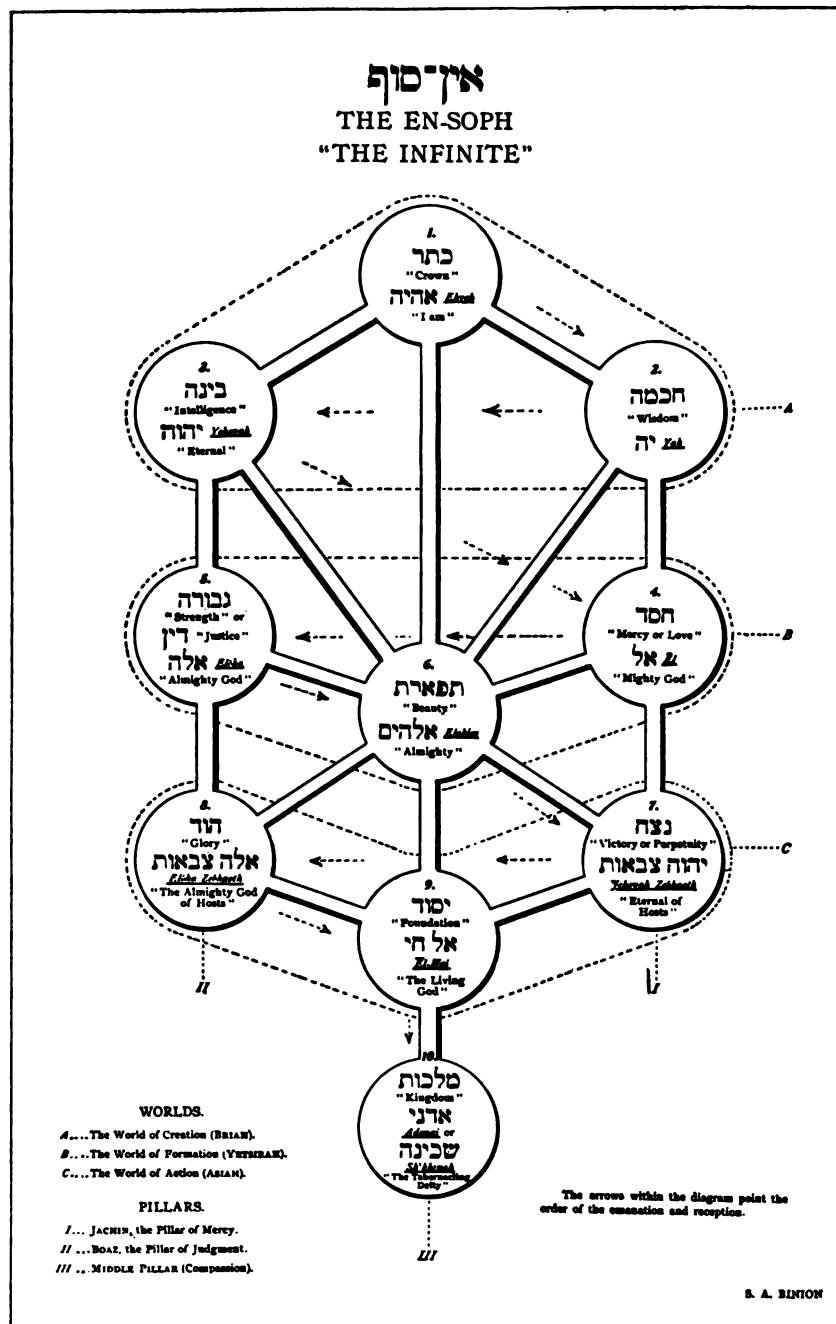
The first "Emanation," or "Intelligence," is designated the Nekûdah (point); which the Kabbalah identifies with the smallest letter of the Hebrew alphabet, Yod ('), the first letter of the Tetragrammaton I H V H, the numerical value of which is equal to 10 (see diagram of values), symbolizing the Ten Sephiroth by which the world was created. The 'Zohar' (i. 15a and 16b) describes the manifestation of the first "Intelligence" thus: "The air surrounding the 'Concealed of all Concealed' (the En-Soph), was cleft and it was not cleft. He was absolutely unknown until from the midst of the cleft a luminous Nekûdah appeared. After this he (the Concealed) continued in his unknown state. This point is therefore designated the Rêshith (beginning), because it is the primordial word of all."

Thus it follows that since the Nekûdah Rishônah (the first luminous point) directly emanated from the En-Soph, it must possess the same nature as the source whence it proceeded. This "luminous point" the Kabbalists call the "First Sephirah," out of which nine other Sephiroth emanated in succession. It was by the agency of these Ten Sephiroth, called the Adam Kadmon (the Archetypal Man), that the universe was created.

Rabbi Simeon* opens his mystic discourse on this subject as follows: "What is meant by the words, 'I *am* my beloved's and his desire *is* towards me'? (Canticles, vii. 10). It means that all the days that we are joined together in this world we are united by one bond with the Holy One, blessed be he. Therefore is it written, 'And his desire is towards me.'"

While thus expounding the Divine truth, the 'Zohar' relates (iii. 288a): "The Deity and his holy company came to listen to the

* Rabbi Simeon ben Yohai is the reputed author of the great Kabbalistic work called 'Zohar' or 'Sohar' (Brilliant Light).



exposition of the secret words and the praises of the Ancient Holy One." These secret words were as follows:—"The Mystery of all Mysteries has been and is separated from all; yet he is not separated. Everything is attached to him, for he is everything. He is the Ancient of all ancient; the Unknown of all unknown. He assumed a form, yet he is without form. He assumed a form in order to maintain all, and yet he has no form because he is incomprehensible [literally, because He does not exist]. When he assumed a form [the Nekûdah] he caused to emanate from it nine flaming lights; and those lights that proceeded from him diffused their [constantly increasing] luminosity in every direction. Just as a burning lamp spreads its glow to all sides; but if one approach to examine the diffused light, nothing is found but the burning lamp. So also is he the Ancient Holy [One]. He is the Heavenly light, the Mystery of all Mysteries. If we try to comprehend him we cannot [because] he does not exist, except in those diffused lights which are visible and [at the same time] hidden; and these are called the Holy Name,—they are all in one."

THE EXPLANATION OF THE ADAM KADMON

THE uppermost Sephîrah is called Kether (the Crown). It emanated, as already stated, directly from the En-Soph, and is styled Nekûdah Rishônah (the First Point). This Nekûdah existed from all eternity. Hence its Divine appellation in Scripture, A H I H, Ehyeh: rendered "I Am" (Exodus iii. 14). It is also variously known as the Arikh Anpin (the Great, or Long-Faced); 'Atiqa (the Ancient); Rêsha Hivra (White-head); Rôm Ma'âlah (the Most High). In the Heavenly Chariot it is represented by the Hayoth Hak-Kodesh (the Holy Creatures), and the Archangel Metatron; its position in the Adam-Kadmon is the Head.

From Kether (the Crown) emanated the second Sephîrah, Hakhmah (Wisdom). It is of the masculine nature. Its position in the Adam-Kadmon is the right shoulder or breast, and it is represented by the Divine name Y'a H (the Lord—Isaiah xxvi. 4; Exodus xvii. 16), the *first two letters* of the Tetragrammaton I H V H (Jehovah—the Eternal).

Out of "Wisdom" sprung up the third Sephîrah, Binah (Intelligence). Its Divine name in Scripture is the *whole* Tetragrammaton I H V H (Jehovah), and in the Heavenly Hosts it is represented by Arêlim, rendered in the Authorized Version "the Valiant Ones" (Isaiah xxxiii. 7), and the Archangel Raziel. Its position in the Adam Kadmon is the left shoulder or breast, and it is of the feminine nature. Hence it has another appellation A M (Em—Mother, or Supernal Mother), out of which the following seven intelligences were

developed. Thus the *full name* of Jehovah was not known until the third Sephirah appeared, and the first Trinity of three triads, which embraces the 'Olam Habriah (World of Creation) as typified by Em (mother), was completed. The Talmud (Tract. Berachoth, ix. 57a) renders the Hebrew word AM in Proverbs ii. 3, "Thou shalt call 'Intelligence' (Binah) thy 'mother.'" The Authorized Version reads IM, meaning "if"—"If thou criest for knowledge . . ."

From the third Sephirah is derived the fourth, the name of which is Hesed (Mercy or Love). Its position in the Archetypal Man is the right arm. Its Divine name in Scripture is El (Mighty God); it is the first syllable of Elohim—Almighty. In the Heavenly Host it is represented by Hashmālim (Ezekiel i. 4) and the Archangel Zadkiel. It is of the same nature as Hakhmah (Wisdom).

The fifth Sephirah is of the feminine principle. It emanated from the fourth Sephirah; and is called Gebhūrah (Strength), also Dīn (Justice), and Pahad (Fear). Its Divine name is ELH—Eloha (Almighty God). In the Heavenly Host it is represented by the Seraphim and the Archangel Kamael, and forms the left arm of the Adam-Kadmon.

The sixth Sephirah represents in the Adam-Kadmon the region embracing the chest and downward. Its name is Tiphereth (Beauty). Its divine name is Elohim (Almighty), and in the Heavenly Host it is represented by Shinanim or Malakhim (Ps. Ixviii. 17), and the Archangel Michael. These three, Justice, Mercy, and Beauty, form the "Second Trinity," called Olam Murgash (Sensual World—literally, the world which is felt), because it represents moral faculties.

The seventh Sephirah is the first of the third Trinity, and is called Netsah (Victory, or Perpetuity). Its principle is like its immediate predecessor's, and it corresponds to the right leg of the Adam Kadmon. Its Divine name is Jehovah Zebhaoth (Eternal of Hosts); among the Heavenly Hosts it is represented by Tarshishim and the Archangel Haniel. From the seventh emanates the eighth Sephirah, which is called Hôd (Glory, or Splendor), and—like Gebhūrah and Binah—it is of feminine nature. Its Divine name is Eloha Zebhaoth (Almighty God of Hosts). Among the Heavenly Hosts it is represented by B'nē Elohim (Sons of the Almighty) and the Archangel Raphael; and out of this beamed forth the ninth, called Yesod (Foundation), the position of which in the Adam-Kadmon is in the part comprising the reproductive sphere. This, with the previous two, forms the third Trinity of the Adam-Kadmon, and is called the 'Olam Hamutb'a (the Natural or Material World). Its Scriptural name is Shaddai (the All-Sufficient), or El-Hai (the Living God); and in the Heavenly Hosts it is represented by the Kerûbim (Cherubim) and the Archangel Gabriel.

The tenth is the lowermost Sephirah, and it is said to possess all the life principles of the preceding nine. It is called Malkhuth (Kingdom), and is known as the Sh'khinah (the Tabernacling Deity). Its Scriptural name is Adonai (the Lord). In the Heavenly Host it is represented by the Cherubim and the Archangel Metatron, the same as of the first Sephirah.

The Angel Metatron, whose name is equivalent to the name of God by Gematria (that is, by numerical value), is represented in the first Sephirah (the Crown) as well as in the last (Kingdom). His functions therefore are not only in the highest spheres of the Briatic and Yetsiratic (creative and formative) worlds, but he also governs the Asiyatic (active) world. The harmony of the universe is caused by HIM. Christian Kabbalists identify him with Christ, the "Angel of the Lord," the Sar Ha-panim (Zechariah iii. 1). Its place in the Adam-Kadmon is the feet, and also comprises the harmony of the complete Adam-Kadmon.

It will thus be seen that each of the ten Sephiroth emanated from each other in regular succession, and in their totality form the 'Olam Ha-Atsilot (the "world of emanations" or "derivations"). The meaning of "Atsilot" is in dispute. The word occurs only once in the Bible, Jeremiah xxxviii. 12, where its translation "arm-holes" is doubtful. Some scholars variously render it "wrists," or "knuckles," or "the juncture of the fingers with the hand." (Cf. Gesenius, *sub voce* "Atsil.") The last rendering, however, seems to be more in accordance with the adopted word "emanation," i.e., "separation," just as the united phalanges separate and form ten fingers. (Cf. 'Sepher Yetsirah,' Mishnah 3, where the ten Sephiroth are actually compared to the ten fingers, "five and five," of the hands.) It was this form of the "Archetypal Man," the Kabbalists affirm, which the Prophet Ezekiel beheld in his vision on the river Chebar (Ezek. i.).

The Adam-Kadmon is also sometimes designated as the Ets Hayim (the Tree of Life). The branches of the tree are three in number. They are called 'Amūdim (Pillars). The pillar on the right is composed of the three Sephiroth possessing the masculine nature, and is called the "Pillar of Mercy." It is also named Jachin (as in the Temple at Jerusalem, 1 Kings vii. 21). The pillar on the left is composed of the three Sephiroth possessing the feminine nature, and is called the "Pillar of Judgment," also Boaz (*ibid.*); while the four Sephiroth between the two side pillars (Crown, Beauty, Foundation, and Kingdom), form the "Middle Pillar."

The Ten Sephiroth in their complete state are designated as the "World of Emanations," and are also known as the "King and Queen." They are typified by the masculine and feminine potencies

in the right and left pillars and by the four middle Sephiroth which unite them. The Adam-Kadmon, in his complete state, becomes the connecting link between the non-creative En-Soph and creation, by means of four worlds which evolved from him, and of which I have spoken heretofore, namely:—

'Olam Ha-Atsilot (The World of Emanation)
 " Ha-Briah (" " " Creation)
 " Ha-Yetsirah (" " " Formation)
 " Ha-'Asiyah (" " " Action)

THE UNIVERSE WAS CREATED

THE Kabbalists further teach that each of the three worlds Creation, Formation, and Action, is composed like the World of Emanation, and has Ten Sephiroth of its own. The farther the worlds are removed from the En-Soph, the less divine are the beings which evolved from them. For instance, the Pure Spirits which are of a higher category than the Angels belong to the World of Action, while the Angels inhabit the world below it. The less ethereal of comprehensible and material substance, including the K'lipoth (a name given to the Prince of Darkness and his hosts, literally meaning shells or refuse), belong to the lowermost decade of Sephiroth, the World of Action.

Now the question arises, since the Adam-Kadmon emanated from the En-Soph, how is it that He (the En-Soph) permitted the creation of the material world and the K'lipoth (Demons) in the Olam Ha-'Asiyah? The Kabbalists get over this difficulty by the theory of Tsimtsum (contraction or concentration), which explains that when the material world was about to be created the En-Soph was in a "tsimtsum" condition (*i. e.*, contracted himself): an explanation which is as difficult to understand as the original question. The promoter of this doctrine is Rabbi Mosheh ben Jacob Cordovero (1522-1570), the author of the famous Kabbalistic work 'Pardes Rimmonim' (The Garden of Pomegranates).

Whether the present statement of the fundamental doctrines of the Ten Sephiroth was known or not prior to the tenth century A. D., cannot be positively stated. It appears, however, that the 'Sepher Yetsirah' (The Book of Creation) is the first book from which the author (or compiler) of the 'Zohar,' and subsequent commentators, have drawn their main information.

It is to be regretted that several important Kabbalistic works are attributed to fictitious authors. Tradition asserts that the author of the 'Sepher Yetsirah' is the Patriarch Abraham, and the author of the book called 'Sepher Raziel Hamalach' the First Adam. This,

Kabbalists never doubted, yet scientific investigation demonstrated that neither the first nor the second was entitled to such antiquity. They belong to a much more recent period: the 'Sepher Yetsirah' to the Geônim period (after the fifth century A. D.); and the author of 'Raziel the Angel' is Rabbi Eliezer of Worms.

Another authority, called 'Sepher Habahir' (The Book of Brilliant Light), is attributed to Rabbi Nehunyah ben Hakanah (of the first century); but it has also been demonstrated (*cf.* Winter and Wünsche, 'Die Jüdische Literatur,' Vol. iii., 257) that this is a pseudonym, and its real author is Isaac "The Blind" of the eleventh century, or one of his disciples.

There are several Kabbalistic Midrashim (see Jellinek's 'Beth Ha-Midrash') supposed to be contemporaries with Midrash Rabbah and Tanhumah, etc.; but most of them have likewise been proven to be apocryphal. Considering these things, the student of the Kabbalah can do no better than to refer to authorities beginning with the twelfth century.

The book called 'Zohar' is ascribed to Rabbi Simeon, the son of Yohai (Yochai), who was contemporary with the famous Rabbi Akiba (second century A. D.). Modern critics, however, believe they have discovered some elements in the text which tend to prove that it is of a later date (*cf.* Ginzburg, 'The Kabbalah,' pp. 78-94), and attribute it to Rabbi Moses ben Shem Tob de Leon (born 1250, died 1305).

Notwithstanding those criticisms, the 'Zohar' continues to be the corner-stone upon which the whole structure of the Kabbalah rests. It is the fountain-head from which all modern Kabbalistic writers have drawn their material; and no true adherent to its doctrines has ever disputed its authorship. The most recent edition (Wilna: 1882), now before me, bears the same title as the first edition published by Da Padova and Jacob ben Naphtali (Mantua: 1558-1560). The title is as follows: 'Sepher Ha-Zohar 'al Hamishah Humshē Torah mehata na ha-Eloke Rabbi Shimeon ben Yohai' [Yochai] (The Book of Zohar, a Commentary on the Pentateuch by the Tana, the Divine Rabbi Simeon ben Yochai).

Whilst it cannot be denied that there are numerous additions and interpolations, probably whole treatises, in the 'Zohar' which might be ascribed to a later period than the second century of our era, it is nevertheless certain that the greater part of the work belongs to an early period. What Moses de Leon might have done (if he ever did anything) was to compile the lighter works of various Midrashim and add them to the Midrash Yel' Or the Exposition "Let there be Light," etc., thus changing Or Light into the more significant name Zohar, shining Light.

The 'Zohar,' like the Hebrew Pentateuch, is divided into fifty-two Parshioth (sections) and contains several treatises, which are for the most part a Kabbalistic exposition of the Pentateuch. One of the dissertations (Vols. ii. and iii.), called 'Ra'aya Mehemna' (the Faithful Shepherd), contains the discussions of Moses (the Faithful Shepherd), the prophet Elijah, and Rabbi Simeon ben Yohai. Another treatise, the 'Book of Secrets,' discusses Demonology, Psychology, Metempsychosis, and kindred subjects.

HERMENEUTICAL RULES OF THE KABBALAH

WE HAVE space only to explain a few of the more important rules so frequently used in the Kabbalistic interpretation of the Scriptures. The most important exegetical rule in the Kabbalah is called Gematria (formed by metathesis from the Greek *γεματρεία*), according to which every Hebrew letter has a numerical value. There are in the Hebrew alphabet, including the finals, twenty-seven characters, which are divided into nine groups of threes. The first letters of each group from right to left are the units from 1 to 9; the second represent the tens from 10 to 90; the third represent the hundreds, from 100 to 900. This arrangement of the 27 letters in nine groups is called the AIK BKR (the Ayak Bekhar) alphabet, being the six letters contained in the first two chambers of the diagram.

ג G . . . Num. val. 3	ב B . . . Num. val. 2	א A . . . Num. val. 1
ל L . . . " 30	ק K . . . " 20	י I (Y) . . . " 10
שׁ Sh . . . " 300	ר R . . . " 200	כׁ K . . . " 100
וׁ V . . . " 6	הׁ H . . . " 5	דׁ D . . . " 4
סׁ S . . . " 60	נׁ N . . . " 50	מׁ M . . . " 40
מׁ M (final) . . . " 600	קׁ Kh (final) . . . " 500	תׁ T . . . " 400
טׁ T . . . " 9	הׁ H . . . " 8	זׁ Z . . . " 7
תׁ T . . . " 90	פׁ P . . . " 80	טׁ (A) . . . " 70
תׁ T (final) . . . " 900	פׁ P (final) . . . " 800	נׁ (final) . . . " 700

By this ingenious but illogical mode many Hebrew verses, words, or letters are computed and compared with other verses, words, or letters; and if their numerical value happens to correspond, which

not infrequently happens, their affinity is held to be established. For example, the numerical value of the three Hebrew letters forming the word **T** **ו** **ב** (Tobh), "good," amounts to $9+6+2=17$; reduce 17 to its component figures thus: $1+7=8$; then compare this reduced number with the numerical equivalent of the Tetragrammaton **י** **ה** **ו** **ה** $10+5+6+5=26$; reduce 26 into its component parts thus: $2+6=8$: ergo, it is plain, to the Kabbalist, that whenever the word Tobh (good) occurs in the Scriptures the Deity is meant (I H V H—Jehovah).

Some of these deductions are very interesting. See for instance the exposition of Exodus ii. 2, in the 'Zohar,' ii. 11b. When Moses was born, it is said: "And she [the mother] saw him that he was a goodly [literally, good] child." Rabbi Jose said that "the mother beheld the light of the Shekhinah shining within him"; and according to both the Talmud and the Midrash, "the house was filled with Ôr [light]." It was by this same method that the author of the Kabbalistic work 'Shelah'* discovered that the reduced number of the letters composing the Hebrew En-Soph (Infinite) amounts to $207=9$: precisely the same as that of Ôr (Light) and of Adon 'Olam (the Lord of the Universe).

When one considers these exhaustless means of interpretation at the disposal of the Kabbalists, it is not in the least surprising that they could twist and interpret any text of Scripture to suit their own purposes.

Another rule which the Kabbalists often employ is the *Notarikôn*. According to this the initials or finals of a whole phrase make one word, and *vice versa*; for instance, *war—We Are Ruined*.

It is narrated of a certain Rabbi Abner (of the fifteenth century), a skeptic and disbeliever in the symbolic interpretation of the Scriptures, that disputing with a Kabbalist who maintained that by means of the exegetical rules of the Kabbalah one could trace the past, present, and future of men from the beginning to the end of the world, he challenged his opponent to indicate the verse in the 'Torah' wherein his own name and fortune occurred. The Kabbalist pointed out Deuteronomy xxxii. 26, where we read: A M a R T I A P h A H e m A S h B I T H a M' A N O S h Z i K h R a M ("I said . . . I would make the remembrance of them to cease among men"). "Your name and fortune," said the Kabbalist, "are indicated in the third consonant of each of the five words—R(abbi) Abn(e)r." What impression this argument made on Rabbi Abner is not stated; but the story is often quoted by the Kabbalists as a convincing proof that every letter, yea, each scintilla, has some secret meaning understood by the "qualified," but unknown and invisible to the profane and uninitiated.

* S H e L a H is the abbreviated form composed of the initials of the Hebrew words Sh'nē Lühōth Haberith,—the two tables of the Covenant.

Besides these inexhaustible means, there are several additional rules; so that if the point in dispute cannot be settled by any one of the above-named rules, others may be brought forward. Thus, if the Gematria and Notarikôn should fail to produce the desired effect, the Temurah (Permutation) is resorted to, by which means each and every one of the twenty-two letters of the Hebrew alphabet may be substituted for another. There are about twenty-eight alphabets of that category. The At-Bash alphabet—formed by pairing the first Hebrew letter, Aleph (A), with the last, Tau (T); the second letter, Beth (B), with the last but one, Shin (Sh); etc.—is the most frequently used. By this canon the Aleph (A) can assume the character of Tau (T), and *vice versa*, Beth (B) the character of Shin (Sh), etc., as here shown (read from right to left):—

THE AT-BASH ALPHABET

א	ת	ב	ש	נ	ר	ד	ק	ח	צ	ו	פ	ע	ז	ם	ח	מ	ט	נ	י	ם	ב	ל
LK	MI	NT	SH	'AZ	PV	T.H	K.D	RG	S.B	TA												

Permutation of letters seems to have been in practice centuries before our present era. We meet traces of its use as early as the time of Jeremiah, when (Jerem. xxv. 26) *BaBeL* (Babylon) is called *SheShaK*. Now if the letters *BBL* are placed above *SSK*, we see that Jeremiah made use of the At-Bash alphabet. If this were the only instance, we might call it an accident; but there is another example (*ibid.*, li. 1), where the Chaldeans (Hebrew *KaSDIM*) are called *L'BKaMI*, by the same permutation process of the At-Bash alphabet.

Considering the number of their alphabets, we understand how easy it is for the Kabbalist to predict anything and everything. But copious and all-sufficient as this system would seem to be, the Kabbalists have yet another resource: by this last, the alphabet is divided into three sections forming triads composed of three letters, and the letters of the same triad (see diagram, page 8435) are interchanged one with the other.

THE PRACTICAL KABBALAH

The 'Practical Kabbalah' is the immediate outcome of—first, hermeneutical interpretation of Scripture; second, the use for practical purposes of the Shem-Hamphorash (the unutterable name of God—IH VH) and his numerous attributes; third, the introduction of heterogeneous elements proceeding from heathen sources and alchemist

enthusiasts; and fourth, the persecution of the Jews in the Middle Ages.

It was then that the esoteric theosophy (hitherto exclusively in the hands of the Jewish "elect") became public property. This publicity was owing to the internecine contention among the ranks of the Spanish Hebrew philosophers of the thirteenth century, which caused a split in the synagogue. The war was carried on between the two factions. One, the most intellectual, was championed by the famous Maimonides (1235-1304); who did not renounce the philosophical bearing of the Sephiroth, but was opposed to the mystical interpretation of Scripture by the successors of Rabbi Isaac the Blind. The other, the most numerous and influential faction, had for their champion the youthful but famous Kabbalist Rabbi Moshe ben Nachman, called Nachmoni or Nachmonides.

Maimonides was denounced by his opponents as a heretic; and the hatred which kept smoldering among them was fanned into an open conflagration, which compelled the Gentile world also to inquire into the subject.

The persecution and forced conversions of the Jews have also contributed to the publicity of the Hebrew esoteric philosophy. Many of the learned Rabbis embraced the Christian faith, and the principal books were translated into Latin. Christian philosophers embraced the Kabbalah as a godsend. At first they were somewhat hampered by the doctrine of "Three Trinities"; but since the doctrine of three is the basis of the Sephiroth, and since it deals also with "Father" and "Mother," the Makroprosorpon (Great Face), the Mikroprosorpon (Small Face), the "Infinite," etc.—they overlooked the impediments and accepted the essential points.

This foreign doctrine found additional friends among the "practical" scientists of that age, and it enrolled among its admirers men of great learning,—physicians, metaphysicians, alchemists, mathematicians, etc.—as the learned works of that period (1300-1700) testify; from the famous scholastic Raymond Lully, who died 1315, to the most eminent Christian scholar Baron C. Knorr von Rosenroth, of the seventeenth century.

Whilst the Kabbalah was making rapid strides in these new quarters, and absorbed in its progress not a few of the heterogeneous doctrines entirely foreign to the Sephiric system, it did not remain idle in its former abode. The check it received from Maimonides's followers was counteracted by the formidable array of Nachmonides and his disciples. The number of "elect" and "saints" multiplied, and the 'Zohar' came to be considered as a Holy Book on the same level with the 'Torah.' The Gentile Kabbalists who engaged in the Practical Kabbalah were ignored by the Hebrew "elect." The Rabbis

declared that their "wonder-workings" were accomplished by means of the Shem Hamphorash (the ineffable name of God), his attributes, and the Angels, whilst the Gentiles performed them by means of Satan and his hosts.

The principal Hebrew colleges for the study of the Kabbalah were located in Spain; but after the expulsion of the Jews (1492) from that country, various schools were opened in France, Germany, and Palestine.

Whilst the Gentile alchemists endeavored to discover the philosopher's stone by means of the 'Practical Kabbalah,' the Rabbis, on the other hand, by help of the all-powerful Prophet Elijah, tried to obtain saintly virtues, in order to become the possessors of the Divine teachings (Grace); and there were not a few who even attempted the liberation of the Jews from their captivity by means of the Shem Hamphorash, and even assumed the title of "Messiah." Abraham Abulafia in the thirteenth century, born in Zaragosa, and the famous Sabbathai Zebhi in the seventeenth century, born in Smyrna, are examples of those who tried it, but who failed miserably. It was not long before the latter pseudo-Messiah proclaimed himself King of the Jews. Plans to march on Constantinople and subdue the Gentiles—of course not by the sword, but by miraculous deeds—were laid. The globe was portioned out among his immediate disciples and relatives, reserving for his own dominion the Holy Land, with Jerusalem for his own residence. The day for the capture of Constantinople was already appointed. But the unusual multitude which gathered around him attracted the attention of the authorities, and the intended uprising was quelled in its inception. Sabbathai Zebhi and his disciples were cast in prison. His adherents still confided in him, and waited for Divine intervention when the gates of the prison should open. This drama ended in the total discomfiture of the pseudo-Messiah and his followers. Sabbathai Zebhi embraced the Moslem faith, and died in prison. In his belief he was a follower of Isaac Loria's Kabbalistic doctrines, and considered himself able to perform miracles; his right-hand disciple was Nathan of Gaza, who assumed the title of "Prophet." The fame of Sabbathai Zebhi spread among the Jews in all parts of the world, and he proclaimed himself to be the long-expected Messiah. Deputations were sent from various centres of Hebrew learning to ascertain the truth as to his claims of the Messiahship. The deluded Kabbalist had succeeded in convincing some of them that certain Messianic passages in the Scriptures (by means of the above-named *Gematria*, *Notarikôn*, etc.) point directly to himself. For instance, the three Hebrew consonants S B T, forming the word ShēBheT (sceptre), mentioned in Balaam's prophecy, "There shall come a star out of Jacob, and a sceptre (ShēBheT)

shall rise out of Israel" (Numbers xxiv. 17), amount to the number 5, the same as the Hebrew letters of his own name; a slender foundation for the Messiahship.

Notwithstanding the efforts of those modern occultists who attempt to infuse new life into the 'Practical Kabbalah' by means of heterogeneous materials, it is, like sorcery, doomed to become a thing of the past. As a matter of fact, its incantations, charms, and exorcisms are nothing more than sorcery. There are numerous books on this subject, some of them written by eminent Kabbalists. One of the most curious of these is the production of Rabbi Israel Baalshem, called 'Miph'loth Elohim' or 'Elokim' (Workings of the Almighty). This book is the storehouse of Kabbalistic therapeutics, and among the numerous recipes are directions how to expel unfamiliar spirits from the possessed by means of exorcisms and charms; how to draw wine from the wall, how to create wine, etc. The *vade mecum* of the modern Baalshem is the book called 'Shimush Tehilim,' which teaches how to cure all diseases, put out fires, become a favorite, conquer enemies, counteract an evil eye, discover hidden treasure, etc., by means of certain Psalms. Each Psalm, yea, verse or word, is asserted to contain the name or attributes of God and the Heavenly Hosts. The injunctions to the postulants are of the most severe nature. A worldly man, even if he chances to learn the doctrinal part of the theosophy, can penetrate no further. The Keeper of those secrets is Elijah the Prophet, who will never permit the ungodly to acquire them. Not only is the unworthy student threatened with dire punishment, but the betrayer of the Divine secrets must meet the same fate.

The Kabbalists believe that Moses acquired these heavenly secrets, the Shem 'A B (Seventy-two Name), at the "burning bush." Whosoever utters the holy name of the "Seventy-two," the Kabbalists declare, "will surely die." The name of the "Seventy-two" proceeds from the Hebrew letters of the verses in Exodus xiv. 19-21, beginning with Vayis'a, Vayabho, Vayēt. These verses speak of the doings of the "Angel of the Lord" and Moses at the Red Sea. Each verse has seventy-two letters, and is by the Kabbalists written in three lines; the first from right to left, the second from left to right, and the third again from right to left. The verses, placed horizontally and in juxtaposition so as to correspond exactly letter for letter, if vertically divided form seventy-two triads of letters; each triad is supposed to represent one of the attributes of the Deity, and to possess a recondite meaning.

The Prophet Elijah never tasted death (2 Kings ii. 11). He is, according to the Kabbalists, a ubiquitous personage engaged in the same mission now as when he was on earth. This assertion they

base on quasi-Scriptural authority, as in Malachi iv. 5-6: "Behold I will send you Elijah the Prophet before the coming of the great and dreadful day of the Lord." Many stories of his exploits are related in the 'Talmud,' the 'Midrash,' and the 'Zohar': how he relieves the needy and suffering, chastises the godless, etc. But his main mission is to assist the ascetic saints when they are engaged in the study of the Divine secrets.

Not only the Hasidim sect, but even many orthodox Hebrews, repeat every Saturday evening songs and hymns wherein are cited the deeds of Elijah, as related in the Bible and tradition. Saturday evening is specially a propitious time for those who keep the Sabbath holy; for Elijah sits then under the Ets Hayim (Tree of Life), and records the good deeds of the pious. Elijah's name is then repeated one hundred and thirty times. The five Hebrew letters in "Elijah" are transposed one hundred and twenty times, in the following manner:—

ELIAH (Elijah), ELIHA, ELHIA, ELHAI,
ELAHI, ELAIH, EILHA, EILAH, EIHLA,
EIHAL, EIAHL, EIALH, Etc., Etc.,

corresponding to the numerical value of the Hebrew letters composing "Eliahu Hanabhi" (Elijah the Prophet): $1+30+10+5+6+5+50+2+10+1=120$. In addition to these 120 transpositions they repeat ten times the regular untransposed name of ELIAH (Elijah), making the total 130. Those who are unable to pronounce these difficult transpositions repeat 130 times "Elijah the Prophet, Elijah the Prophet," etc. This points to the Hebrew word K a L = 130 (Swift), and hints also at 'A B = 72 (Cloud); both words are mentioned in Isaiah xix. 1: "Behold the Lord rideth upon a 'Swift' (K a L, 130) 'Cloud'" ('A B, 72).

Among those who chiefly distinguished themselves (since 1550) and who are designated by the title Elohe or Eloke (Divine), and could perform miracles, are Moses ben Jacob Cordovero (1522-1570), author of the Kabbalistic work 'Pardes Rimonim' (The Garden of Pomegranates); Jesaiah Horwitz (1570-1630), author of the 'Sh L a H'; Isaac Loria, author of 'Ets Haim' (Tree of Life), and 'Sepher Hagigulim' (Metempsychosis); and his disciple Haim Vital (Vidal), and Israel Baal Shem, born in 1750, at Medziborze, Poland.

The number of the Hebrew books and commentaries on the Kabbalah amounts to thousands. The following are the most important and accessible:—

The 'Talmud,' Tract. Chagigeh (Haguigah), Chap. ii., fols. 11-16.

The 'Zohar,' attributed to Rabbi Simeon ben Yohai. First edition, Cremona and Mantua, 1560. (There are numerous later editions.)

‘Sepher Tikûne Ha-Zohar’ (attributed to the same). Leghorn, 1842.

‘Sepher Yetzireh’ (The Book of Creation), with ten Commentaries. Warsaw, 1884.

‘Sepher Habahir’ (The Book of Brilliant Light). Amsterdam, 1651. (There are several editions.)

‘Pardes Rimônim’ (The Garden of Pomegranates), by Rabbi Moses Cordovero.

‘Sha’aré Ôrah’ (Gates of Light), by Joseph ben Abraham Gikatilia. (There is a Latin translation by P. Ricius, 1516.)

‘Ets Hayim’ (The Tree of Life), compiled by Hayim (Chayim) ben Joseph Vital (Vidal). Korzec, 1784.

‘Sh’nē Lûhôth Habrith’ (The Two Tables of the Covenant), by Jesaiyah Horwitz.

‘Beth Ha-Midrasch,’ a collection of apocryphal midrashim, mostly treating of Jewish folk-lore and Kabbalah; compiled and translated by Adolph Jellinek. Leipzig, 1853-55.

‘Guinzé Hakhmath Hakaballah: Auswahl Kabbalistischer Mystik’ (A Selection of Kabbalist Mystic). Jellinek, Leipzig, 1853.

‘Beiträge zur Geschichte der Kabbala’ (Contributions toward the History of Kabbalah). Jellinek, Leipzig, 1852.

‘Kabbalah Denudata’ (Latin). By Baron C. Knorr von Rosenroth. Sulzbach, 1677. English translation, with Preface by S. L. MacGregor Mathews. London, 1887.

‘The Kabbalah, An Essay,’ by C. D. Ginzburg, 1865.

‘Kabbalah’ in ‘Encyclopædia Britannica,’ Ninth Ed., by C. D. Ginzburg.

‘La Kabbale, ou la Philosophie Réligieuse des Hebreux,’ by Adolphe Frank (new ed.). Paris, 1889.

‘Midrash Hazohar: Die Religionsphilosophie des Zohar: Eine Kritische Beleuchtung der Frank’schen “Kabbala”’ (The Religious Philosophy of the ‘Zohar’: A Critical Examination of Frank’s ‘Kabbalah’). (By) Joel (D. H.), Leipzig, 1849.

‘Le Livre des Splendeurs’ (The Book of Splendors), by Eliphaz Lévi, Paris, 1894.

‘Geschichte der Juden’ (History of the Jews), Graetz, Vol. viii., pp. 96-98, 219-221, 242.



THE KALEVALA

BY WILLIAM SHARP

HE great Finnish epic, the 'Kalevala,' is in a sense the most significant national epic in existence. In it are reflected not only the manners, beliefs, superstitions, and customs of a race, but the very soul of that race. The Finnish pulse beats in the 'Kalevala,' the Finnish heart stirs throughout its rhythmic sequences, the Finnish brain molds and adapts itself within these metrical limits. There is, too, certainly no other instance so remarkable of the influence upon the national character of an epic work which as it were summarizes the people for itself. In no exaggerated sense, the Finland of to-day is largely due to the immense influence of the national sentiment created by the universal adoption of the 'Kalevala' as, after the Scriptures, the chief mental and spiritual treasure-house of the Finnish nation.

The word "epic" is frequently used too loosely; as for example when applied to the 'Ossian' of Macpherson. In the sense of continuity alone can the word "epic" properly be used; whereas great epical works such as the 'Kalevala' are really aggregations of epic matter welded into a certain homogeneity, but rather by the accident of common interest, and by the indomitable skill of one or more sagamen, than by any inherent necessity of controlled and yet inevitable sequent relation. When therefore one sees the 'Kalevala' referred to—as recently in the instance of a critic of some standing—as an epic comparable with those of Milton or Dante, one must at once discount a really irrelevant comparison. For though both Dante and Milton, and doubtless Homer in his half-mythic time, summed up an infinitude of general knowledge and thought, their actual achievement stands to this day as individual and distinctive. But though we owe the 'Kalevala' as we know it to the genius of one man,—Elias Lönnrot of Helsingfors,—this man was the editor rather than the creator of the national epic. For the famous national epic of Finland is in reality composed of a great number of popular songs, ballads, incantations, and early runic poetry, strung together into an artistic whole by the genius of Dr. Lönnrot.

The Finns were gradually dying out as a nation before the 'Kalevala' appeared. National hopes, aspirations, and ideals had long been slowly atrophying; and in another generation or two Russia would

have absorbed all the intellectual life of the old Northern realm, and Finland have sunk to the status of a mere outlying province. At the same time the Finns have ever been a people of marked racial homogeneity, and have cherished their ancient language and literature with something of that passionate attachment which we find in all races whose heroic past dominates a present which in no respect can be compared with it. The upper classes would inevitably have become Swedish or Russian, and the majority of the people would in time have degenerated into a listless and mentally inert mass. Perhaps a great war, involving a national uprising, would have saved them from this slow death: but happily the genius of one man and the enthusiasm of contemporary and subsequent colleagues obviated any such tragically crucial test; for by applying the needed torch to the national enthusiasm, Lönnrot and his fellow-workers gave incalculable stimulus to the mental and actual life of their countrymen.

For many ages the Finnish minstrels, who had ever been beloved of the people, went to and fro reciting the old sagas of the race, singing old national songs and telling the wonderful folk-tales of a remote and ancient land. These singers were known as the Runolainen, and played to the sound of the *kantela*, a kind of harp much like that which the Gaelic minstrels used to carry in their similar wanderings to and fro from village to village and from house to house. For generation after generation, much of the essential part of the 'Kalevala,' as we now know it, lived within the hearts and upon the lips of the peasants and farming classes: but with the changed conditions which came to the whole of Europe early in the present century, and with the political and other vicissitudes through which Finland in common with almost every other country has passed, it was inevitable that as elsewhere, this oral legendary lore should slowly fade before the pressing actualities of new and radically distinct conditions.

The first man to make a systematic endeavor to stem the ebb of the national poetry and sentiment was Dr. Zacharias Topelius, who in 1822 published a small collection of Finnish folk poetry and legends. But fifteen years later Dr. Elias Lönnrot achieved that marvelous success which has been the admiration and wonder of Europe ever since, as well as the delight—and in a sense, as already indicated, the regeneration—of Finland itself.

Dr. Lönnrot, inspired with a passionate enthusiasm for the historical language and legendary literature of his people, set himself the task of rescuing all that was best in the vast unprinted and uncollected mass of folk-lore which existed in his country. To this end he lived with the peasantry for many years and wandered from place to place, everywhere taking down from the lips of the people all that

they knew of their popular songs or legendary lore, and including of course all they could tell him of local superstitions, incantations, and so forth. At first his researches were limited to the district of Karelia, in the Government of Kupio. Even within this limited scope he obtained, besides numerous fragmentary songs and a great number of proverbs and charms, a complete epos consisting of some 12,000 lines. These either fell naturally, or were arranged by him, in thirty-two parts, each consisting of from 200 to 700 verses. They were given to the world just as he had heard them sung or chanted; and in this, of course, lies their primary value. At the first, however, this all-important work attracted little attention when it was published in 1835—and this notwithstanding the fact that it appeared under the title of 'Kalevala' (Kalewala), the ancient poetic designation of Finland. Five years later the Academy of Dorpat made the publication the subject of discussion at their meetings. Some nine years subsequently Dr. Lönnrot issued a new edition of nearly 23,000 verses in fifty so-called runes. But already the attention of scientific Europe had been drawn to this wonderful Finnish find. Not only the Swede and famous Finnish scholar Castrén, but the great German philologists, the two Grimms and Brockhaus, agreed in regarding the 'Kalevala' as a genuine epic; and as an epic it has ever since been received—although, as already hinted, a splendid epical national mirror rather than epic in the strict literary sense of the term. It would be pedantic, however, to refuse the term "epic" to the 'Kalevala,' for all that it does not conform to certain literary conditions which we associate with the epic pure and simple. Not only, from the date of the first discussions at Dorpat down to the present time, has the 'Kalevala' been admitted to be one of the most curious monuments of its kind possessed by any European people, but the chief authorities have agreed in regarding it as a composition possessing an almost unparalleled wealth of images and tropes, great flexibility of rhythm, and a copiousness of synonyms not to be met with in any other Northern tongue. Of course there is great divergence of opinion as to the identification of historic facts and arbitrary figments; that is, as to whether the incidents of the narrative refer to definite historical epochs, or are mainly mythical or allegorical. It is too loose a way of writing to aver, with one authority on the subject, that the date of its composition must be referred to a period anterior to the introduction of Christianity among the Finns in the fourteenth century; for while there is internal evidence to an even more ancient origin than this,—indeed, of an identity of names and traditions which points to an epoch anterior to the immigrations of the Karelins Finns into the districts which they now occupy,—not enough allowance is made for the arbitrary archaic coloring which by a natural law

characterizes all renascent folk-lore. It does not follow, because a narrative is remote in date and is archaic in form, that it belongs to a remote date itself; though the conditions and circumstances which preserve traditional folk-lore are pre-eminently conservative. Students of all early and mainly traditional literatures have long agreed upon this point, and one of the first efforts of the philological folklorist is to penetrate the illusion of an arbitrary archaism.

Once the importance of this great indigenous epic of Finland was fully recognized, translations from Dr. Lönnrot's invaluable version appeared in Swedish, German, and French,—and latterly in English, with which may be included the few representative selections translated by the late Professor Porter of Yale College (published in New York, 1868). The 'Kalevala' is written in eight-syllabled trochaic verse, and an adequate idea of its style and method may be obtained from the popular 'Hiawatha' of Longfellow; who, it may be added, adopted this particular metrical form from his knowledge of the great Finnish poem. Some eight or nine years ago a complete edition of the 'Kalevala' appeared in English, the work of Mr. John Martin Crawford (2 vols., 1888). In the interesting preface to this work—which deals with the Finns and their country, and also with their language and mythology—the translator remarks, what the famous Grimm had already affirmed, that the 'Kalevala' describes Finnish life and nature with extraordinary minuteness, verisimilitude, and beauty; and that indeed no national poem is to be compared with it in this respect, unless it be some of the epics of India. He adds also some interesting additional evidence for the genuineness of certain of the more archaic portions, which have been disputed by some critics. For, as he says, some of the most convincing evidences of the genuineness and great age of the 'Kalevala' have been supplied by Barna, the Hungarian translator. The Hungarians, it is well known, are racially closely connected with the Finns; and their language, the Magyar, has the same characteristics as the Finnish tongue. Naturally therefore Barna's translation might well be, as it admittedly is, much the finest rendering of the original. (In a book written by a Hungarian in 1578 are collected all the incantations in use among Hungarian country-people of his day for the expulsion of disease and misfortunes. These display a most satisfactory sameness with the numerous incantations in the 'Kalevala' used for the same purpose.)

The 'Kalevala' (whose direct significance is "the land of heroes") relates as its main theme the ever-varying contests between the Finns and a people referred to in the epic as "the darksome Lapps," just as the Iliad relates the contests between the Greeks and the Trojans. It is more than probable, however, that these Laplanders

are not exactly the Lapps of to-day; and it is possible that another interpretation of the 'Kalevala' points to a contest between Light and Darkness, Good and Evil,—the Finns representing the Light and Good, and the Lapps the Darkness and Evil. The celebrated Swedish scholar Castren is of opinion that the enmity between the Finns and the Lapps was sown long before the Finns had left their Asiatic birthplace. Certainly this possibility is enhanced—collaterally affording another proof of the great antiquity of the fundamental part of the 'Kalevala'—by the silence throughout concerning the neighboring Russians, Swedes, and Germans. Nowhere in the poem are there any important signs of foreign influence; indeed, from first to last it is a true pagan epic, and some of the narrative portions—for example the story of Mariatta recited in the fiftieth rune—are pre-Christian.

It has been well said of the architecture of the 'Kalevala,' that it stands midway between the epic ballads of the Servians and the purely epical structure of the Iliad: for although now accepted as a continuous whole, it contains several almost independent parts; as for example the contest of the Yonkahainen, the Kullervo episode, and the legend of Mariatta. To this day its eight-syllabled trochaic verse, with the part line echo, is the characteristic literary expression of the Finnish people. It is this which gives peculiar value to Mr. Crawford's translation, to which allusion has already been made; for it is in the original metre,—a wonderfully versatile metre, he adds, which admits of keeping the right medium between the dignified and virile hexameter and the quieter metres of the lyrics. Its feet are nimble and fleet, yet are full of vigor and expressiveness; while in addition the 'Kalevala' uses alliteration, and thus varies the rhythm of time with the rhythm of sound. While therefore all honor is given to Dr. Lönnrot, it must not be forgotten that the substance of the 'Kalevala' existed before he wandered minstrel-wise from village to village; that, in a word, it has descended unwritten from the mythical age to the present day, kept alive from generation to generation, and in this sense is the veritable expression of the national life. We must remember the national idiosyncrasy in judging the monotonous effect of this great epic. For what is congenial to the Finns is not so to us, who have something of the Celtic love of variety and vivacity. For this epic of fifty books, written throughout in the 'Hiawatha' metre, seldom relieves the ear by a pause or a final long syllable, but is one uninterrupted stream of trochees, which have in prolonged perusal a wearisome effect to our ears. Strangely enough, we find at least one Southern people with the same characteristic; for the metre of the dialogues in the plays of Calderon and other Spanish masters is akin.

A great many theories have arisen as to the origin and full significance of the 'Kalevala,' but these may be merely alluded to *en passant*. In the words of Mr. Oxenford: "To admit any conjecture as to the veritable import of the 'Kalevala'—as to the nucleus of truth, moral, historical, or theological, that would remain if it were stripped of its wild fancies—would be an act of presumption, as the profoundest investigators of the subject are still in darkness." There are certain features, however, which may be pointed out; and these we have already indicated. All authorities agree on one point: that the surprising development of the Finns during the present century is to a large extent due to the fostering efforts of the Finnish Literary Society (itself an outcome of the labors of Dr. Lönnrot and other pioneers), and the collection of those marvelous stores of folk-lore which have so long lain half buried under the austere reserve of the Finnish peasant. The critics, moreover,—native, Swedish, Russian, German, and English,—all concur in recognition of the 'Kalevala's' immense importance in this political and national development. With the best fitted to judge of these, we may agree in saying that the 'Kalevala' has stirred the fibre of nationality among a people who have never yet shown any political genius; that it has revealed to an obscure race their own unity and power; that it has awakened an enthusiasm for national culture and historic life which appears destined to have far-reaching effects.

Some idea of the immense extent of contemporary research may be gained from the fact that by the year 1889 the Finnish Society had already collected

22,000 songs,
13,000 stories,
40,000 proverbs,
10,000 riddles,
2,000 folk melodies, and
20,000 incantations, games, etc.

The main body and frame of the 'Kalevala' is compounded of four cycles of folk-songs. The poem itself takes its name from three heroes of ancient Kalevala; namely, Wäinämöinen, Ilmarinen, and Lemminkäinen. It is the struggles of these with the mythical "dark-some Laplanders" or others, out of Pohjola, a land of the cold north, and from Luomela, the land of death, that constitute the theme of the epic narrative. The poem, which begins at the creation of the world, ends at last in the triumph of Wäinämöinen and his comrades. Besides the four divisional cycles just alluded to, there are seven distinct romances or folk-tales woven into the general fabric; namely, 'The Tale of Aino,' 'The Fishing for the Mermaid,' 'The Wooing

of the Daughter of the Air,' 'The Golden Bride,' 'The Wooing of the Son of Kojo,' 'The Captivity and Deliverance of the Sun and Moon,' and 'The Story of the Virgin Maria.' Besides these, and scattered freely throughout the work,—sometimes placed in the mouths of the characters, sometimes absorbed into the narrative itself,—are many prayers, chants, religious formulas, and other magic songs and lyrics, roughly divisible thus: (1) origins; (2) charms; (3) lyrics; (4) marriage songs; (5) the origin of the harp; (6) introductory and closing songs. Finally, there seem to be additions apparently composed, paraphrased, or adopted by Dr. Lönnrot himself; though it is uncertain if these are not merely later and perhaps contemporary additions to the national treasures of folk-lore.

No one who has ever visited Finland can fail to note the truth of the delineation of the national genius as reflected in this representative work: truth of observation, love of nature, mental independency, unmistakable racial idiosyncrasy. Something of the spirit of that vast and for the most part strangely bleak and desolate country has saturated the 'Kalevala.' The immense plains, the great treeless pastures, the lakes like inland seas, the trackless gloomy pine forests, have together thrown something of their shadow across the national epic: and in it we hear—almost as distinctly as the voices of men and women and the sharp antagonism of rival forces bodily or spiritual—the lone cry of the wind, the dashing of solitary seas, and the solitary cry of the wild swan along unfrequented lakes. This characteristic melancholy is to be found not only in the ancient poems, but in the writings of contemporary Finnish poets; and we may take it that that Finnish legend is true in spirit which displays the genius of Finland as a wild swan, singing a death-song beautifully, while, bewildered by the slow increasing mists of death, it circles blindly above the forests and lakes and vast snow plains of the great Northland. If the 'Kalevala' be indeed the swan-song of the Finns, we must admit that it has at least the note rather of virility and endurance than of undue melancholy or decrepitude.

Fortunately, it is no longer considered boorish in Finland to speak the ancient Finnish tongue. For a time the Russian government did its utmost to encourage the cultivation of Finnish in every direction; but this, it is to be feared, was not so much from disinterested love of an ancient language and its literature as the desire to alienate the people from the language and general sympathies of the Swedes, under whose dominion Finland formerly was. Latterly, Russia has broken its solemn pledges and done its utmost to Russianize Finland. It needs all the enthusiasm and native independence of the Finns to resist the organized assault made against them from school and church and the public courts; but at present, at any rate, the national

patriotism is likely to prove a stronger factor than Russian bureaucratism. The Finnish literary movement inspired by the 'Kalevala' has as yet achieved very little; but if not stamped out by Russian influence, it is possible that it may have a marked development before long. Many of the younger Finns display remarkable promise, though they have to face the fact that the people who will read the native language are mostly of a class who can ill afford to buy books. Moreover, the prose literature of Finland has ever been almost exclusively devoted to religious and moral subjects; and it seems as though the mental soil were not yet ready to bear a harvest akin to that remarkable aftermath which is so noticeable a feature of the contemporary intellectual development of Sweden, and still more of Norway.

We may take leave of the 'Kalevala' in the words of one of the most popular writers on kindred subjects, Mr. Max Müller:—

"From the mouths of the aged an epic poem has been collected, equaling the Iliad in length and completeness; nay,—if we can forget for a moment all that we in our youth learned to call beautiful,—not less beautiful. A Finn is not a Greek, and a Wainamoinen was not a Homer. But if the poet may take his colors from that nature by which he is surrounded, if he may depict the men with whom he lives, the 'Kalevala' possesses merits not dissimilar from those of the Iliad: and will claim its place as the fifth national epic of the world, side by side with the 'Ionian Songs,' with the 'Mahābhārata,' the 'Shahnāmeh,' and the 'Nibelungen.'"

As exemplifying the style and method of the 'Kalevala,' I may give the opening and closing lines in the translation of Mr. Crawford, as that more adequately conveys a notion of the original than any other save that of the Hungarian, Barna.

PROEM

M ASTERED by desire impulsive,
By a mighty inward urging,
I am ready now for singing,
Ready to begin the chanting
Of our nation's ancient folk-song,
Handed down from bygone ages.
In my mouth the words are melting,
From my lips the tones are gliding,
From my tongue they wish to hasten;
When my willing teeth are parted,
When my ready mouth is opened,
Songs of ancient wit and wisdom
Hasten from me not unwilling.

Golden friend, and dearest brother,
Brother dear of mine in childhood,
Come and sing with me the stories,
Come and chant with me the legends,
Legends of the times forgotten,
Since we now are here together,
Come together from our roaming.
Seldom do we come for singing,
Seldom to the one, the other,
O'er this cold and cruel country,
O'er the poor soil of the Northland.
Let us clasp our hands together
That we thus may best remember.
Join we now in merry singing,
Chant we now the oldest folk-lore,
That the dear ones all may hear them,
That the well-inclined may hear them,
Of this rising generation.
These are words in childhood taught me,
Songs preserved from distant ages;
Legends they that once were taken
From the belt of Wainamoinen,
From the forge of Ilmarinen,
From the sword of Kaukomiel,
From the bow of Youkahainen,
From the pastures of the Northland,
From the meads of Kalevala.
These my dear old father sang me
When at work with knife and hatchet:
These my tender mother taught me
When she twirled the flying spindle,
When a child upon the matting
By her feet I rolled and tumbled.
Incantations were not wanting
Over Sampo and o'er Louhi,
Sampo growing old in singing,
Louhi ceasing her enchantment.
In the songs died wise Wipunen,
At the games died Lemminkainen.
There are many other legends,
Incantations that were taught me,
That I found along the wayside,
Gathered in the fragrant coves,
Blown me from the forest branches,

Culled among the plumes of pine-trees,
Scented from the vines and flowers,
Whispered to me as I followed
Flocks in land of honeyed meadows,
Over hillocks green and golden,
After sable-haired Murikki,
And the many-colored Kimmo.
Many runnes the cold has told me,
Many lays the rain has brought me,
Other songs the winds have sung me;
Many birds from many forests,
Oft have sung me lays in concord;
Waves of sea, and ocean billows,
Music from the many waters,
Music from the whole creation,
Oft have been my guide and master.
Sentences the trees created,
Rolled together into bundles,
Moved them to my ancient dwelling,
On the sledges to my cottage,
Tied them to my garret rafters,
Hung them on my dwelling-portals,
Laid them in a chest of boxes,
Boxes lined with shining copper.
Long they lay within my dwelling
Through the chilling winds of winter,
In my dwelling-place for ages.
Shall I bring these songs together?
From the cold and frost collect them?
Shall I bring this nest of boxes,
Keepers of these golden legends,
To the table in my cabin,
Underneath the painted rafters,
In this house renowned and ancient?
Shall I now these boxes open,
Boxes filled with wondrous stories?
Shall I now the end unfasten
Of this ball of ancient wisdom?
These ancestral lays unravel?
Let me sing an old-time legend,
That shall echo forth the praises
Of the beer that I have tasted,
Of the sparkling beer of barley.
Bring to me a foaming goblet

Of the barley of my fathers,
Lest my singing grow too weary,
Singing from the water only.
Bring me too a cup of strong beer;
It will add to our enchantment,
To the pleasure of the evening,
Northland's long and dreary evening,
For the beauty of the day-dawn,
For the pleasure of the morning,
The beginning of the new day.

Often I have heard them chanting,
Often I have heard them singing,
That the nights come to us singly,
That the Moon beams on us singly,
That the Sun shines on us singly;
Singly also, Wainamoinen,
The renowned and wise enchanter,
Born from everlasting Ether
Of his mother, Ether's daughter.

These beautiful lines from the prologue may aptly be followed by the last lines from the rune of Mariatta, which describe the passing of the hero, Wainamoinen.

As the years passed, Wainamoinen
Recognized his waning powers:
Empty-handed, heavy-hearted,
Sang his farewell song to Northland,
To the people of Wainola;
Sang himself a boat of copper.
Beautiful his bark of magic;
At the helm sat the magician,
Sat the ancient wisdom-singer.
Westward, westward, sailed the hero
O'er the blue-black of the waters,
Singing as he left Wainola,
This his plaintive song and echo:—
“Suns may rise and set in Suomi,
Rise and set for generations,
When the North will learn my teachings,
Will recall my wisdom-sayings,
Hungry for the true religion.
Then will Suomi need my coming,
Watch for me at dawn of morning,
That I may bring back the Sampo,

Bring anew the harp of joyance,
Bring again the golden moonlight,
Bring again the silver sunshine,
Peace and plenty to the Northland.*

Thus the ancient Wainamoinen,
In his copper-banded vessel,
Left his tribe in Kalevala,
Sailing o'er the rolling billows,
Sailing through the azure vapors,
Sailing through the dusk of evening,
Sailing to the fiery sunset,
To the higher-landed regions,
To the lower verge of heaven;
Quickly gained the far horizon,
Gained the purple-colored harbor.
There his bark he firmly anchored,
Rested in his boat of copper;
But he left his harp of magic,
Left his songs and wisdom-sayings,
To the lasting joy of Suomi.

Truly, Wainamoinen has left his songs and wisdom-sayings in the heart and in the brain of his people, of which the 'Kalevala' is the mirror.

Wainamoinen's Harp

KĀLIDĀSA

(Presumably, Sixth Century A. D.)

BY A. V. WILLIAMS JACKSON

 KĀLIDĀSA is the poet in Sanskrit literature whose name may best be compared with Shakespeare. No less an authority than Sir William Jones styled him "the Indian Shakespeare" when he made Kālidāsa's name known to the Western World by translating his romantic play 'Çakuntalā' into English. 'Çakuntalā' has ever been a magic word for enchantment since Goethe, with somewhat of a poet's ecstasy, wrote those oft-quoted lines which may be rendered:—

“Would'st thou tell of the blossoms of Spring, and paint the ripe fruits of the Autumn,
 All that may charm and delight with fullness and joy manifold;
 Would'st thou combine in one word the enchantments of Earth and of Heaven,—
 I'll name, O Çakuntalā, thee; in thy name alone all is told.”

Or as the original stanza runs:—

“Willst du die Blüthe des frühen, die Früchte des späteren Jahres,
 Willst du was reizt und entzückt, willst du was sättigt und nährt,
 Willst du den Himmel, die Erde mit Einem Namen begreifen,
 Nenn ich, Sakuntala, dieh, und so ist Alles gesagt.”

The same enthusiasm for Kālidāsa and 'Çakuntalā' is echoed in the writings of Schiller, and by many writers who have since found much to admire in this poet of mediæval India.

Respecting the life of this gifted playwright and lyrical writer, however, we have little if any authentic information. The era in which he lived has been the subject of much discussion. The native tradition favors the first century B. C. as the time when he flourished; but the consensus of scholarly opinion points to the middle of the sixth century A. D. as probably the time when Kālidāsa lived and wrote at the court of King Vikramāditya. Vikrama's reign was a renaissance period in Sanskrit letters, and Kālidāsa's name is spoken of as one of "the nine jewels" of Vikrama's throne; and his work is closely associated with the literary revival, as is shown under 'Indian

Literature' in the present volumes. The poet's graphic and beautiful descriptions of the city Ujjain, and his familiarity with court life, show that he probably enjoyed for a long time the patronage of his royal protector; although the epilogue of his drama 'Vikramorvaṣī' seems to indicate straitened circumstances. The poet's fondness for the Himālayas and mountain pictures, combined with other facts, seems to point toward a Kashmir home. There is reason to believe that he had traveled somewhat. Certain characteristics of his own nature, moreover, are undoubtedly reflected in the tenderness, grace, beauty, delicacy, and passionate feeling that is found in his poetry. There is a story that like Marlowe, his death was violent,—that he perished by the hand of a woman, who to win a monarch's favor, claimed one of Kālidāsa's improvised verses as her own, and murdered the poet lest the truth should be discovered. But enough of such gossip! This graceful, sensitive, yet thoroughly manly poet is firm and secure in his title to noble and lasting fame.

Kālidāsa's renown does not rest alone on his dramatic work, but it rests also upon his lyrical, descriptive, and narrative poetry. Of his three dramas, 'Cakuntalā,' 'Vikramorvaṣī,' and 'Mālavikāgnimitra,' the last named is probably the earlier in point of composition. There is no reason to doubt Kālidāsa's authorship. It is a play written on the conventional lines of several Hindu dramas which followed it,—a play of court life and romantic incident. The love of King Agnimitra for the dancing-girl Mālavikā, a handmaid to the queen, forms its subject. In spite of the opposition of the queen and the jealousy of a younger consort, the king finds an opportunity to express his admiration; and after many amusing or distressing incidents the girl is found to be a princess in disguise, and all ends happily in union and general reconciliation. The scene in which the fair Mālavikā exhibits her skill in dancing before the king and queen, with the revered Buddhist nun as referee in judging which of the two rival professors has proved himself the better teacher, is quite cleverly arranged, and a selection from it is given below. As the plot is confined to court life and to social intercourse in the palace, the play forms a contrast to the 'Cakuntalā,' in which the plot is partly engaged with the supernatural; or a contrast again to the 'Vikramorvaṣī' (Nymph Won by Heroism), in which the mythical, marvelous, and supermundane abound. The plots of the two latter plays are described under 'Indian Literature'; and the comments that are made here are added simply by way of supplementing the main points there presented regarding Kālidāsa as a dramatic poet.

In the field of the romantic epopee, Kālidāsa ranks first in his 'Raghuvanṣā,' or 'Line of Raghu,'—a poem in eighteen cantos tracing the descendants of the solar kings, or the line from which the

great Rāma is sprung. Parts of the poem are Vergilian in tone, but according to our taste they lack the classic restraint of the Roman writer. Similar in character is Kālidāsa's narrative from 'Kumāra-sambhava,' or Birth of the War Prince, which may be read as far as the seventh canto in Griffith's rhymed translation. In respect to Kālidāsa's lyrical poetry, it is not necessary to add anything here regarding the 'Ritusanhara,' a sort of Sanskrit Thomson's 'Seasons,' which has been sufficiently discussed under 'Indian Literature.' A few additional words, however, may be devoted to Kālidāsa's lyrical masterpiece, 'Meghadūta,' (the Cloud-Messenger.) This love message which the banished Yaksha (demigod) intrusts to the cloud to convey to his beloved, has almost the feeling of a Shelley. The poem is short,—not much over a hundred stanzas; but the beauty of its description of natural phenomena, and the fineness of its lyrical passion, render it worthy of the reputation which it enjoys in India and of the attention which some lovers of poetry in the Occident have given it.

As a poet, Kālidāsa combines art with nature. His language and his style have all the finish and skillful elaboration, without the labored workmanship and meretricious faults, that mark the later development and decay of Sanskrit art-poetry. In his writings the literary student will find certain elements that recall the renaissance spirit of Marlowe or of Keats rather than the soul of Shakespeare. One might be reminded in his lyrical poetry and descriptive narrative, for example, of the lavishness and exuberance of Marlowe, or of the beauty, color, and passionate effusiveness of Keats. He excels in poetic outbursts of pure fancy, but he can reflect in philosophic tone, and can be stirred by the pomp of war and the trumpet's blare; yet these passages are not common. His description of natural scenery and his love of animals seem almost Wordsworthian; for nature is nearer to the heart of Kālidāsa than to almost any other poet's heart. In dramatic work, if such comparison be possible, his hand is rather the hand of the earlier Shakespeare, or the touch of the later romantic Shakespeare, than the Shakespeare of the great tragic period; for the Hindu dramatic canon practically excluded Kālidāsa from tragic subjects. Taken for all in all, he is a poet worthy to be studied by a poet and by any true lover of poetry, and his work well merits a place in the best literature of the world.

A. T. Williams Jackson

FROM 'MĀLAVIKĀGNIMITRA'

Then are seen, after the orchestral arrangements have been completed, the King, with his friend, seated on a throne, the Queen Dhārini, and the retinue in order of rank.

King—Reverend madam! which of the two professors shall first exhibit to us the skill which he has infused into his pupil?

Parivrājikā—Even supposing their attainments to be equal, Ganadāsa ought surely to be preferred on account of his being the elder.

King—Well, Maudgalya, go and tell these gentlemen this, and then go about your business.

Chamberlain—As the King commands.

Ganadāsa [entering]—King, there is a composition of Čarmistha, consisting of four parts in medium time: your Highness ought to hear attentively one-fourth of it performed with appropriate gestures.

King—Professor! I am most respectively attentive.

[*Exit Ganadāsa.*]

King [aside to *Vidūshaka*, the *Buffoon*]—Friend, my eye, eager to behold her who is concealed by the curtain, through impatience seems to be endeavoring to draw it up.

Vidūshaka [aside]—Ha! the honey of your eyes is approaching, but the bee is near; therefore look on with caution.

Then Mālavikā enters, with the teacher of dancing contemplating the elegant movement of her limbs

Vidūshaka [aside]—Look, your Highness. Her beauty does not fall short of the picture [with which you fell in love].

King [aside]—Friend, my mind anticipated that her beauty could not possibly come up to that represented in the picture; but now I think that the painter by whom she was taken studied his model but carelessly.

Ganadāsa—My dear child, dismiss your timidity; be composed.

King—Oh, the perfection of her beauty in every posture! For her face has long eyes and the splendor of an autumn moon; her two arms are gracefully curved at the shoulders; her chest is compact, having firm and swelling breasts; her sides are as if planed off; her waist may be spanned by the hand; her hips

slope elegantly, her feet have curving toes, her body is as graceful as the ideal in the mind of the teacher of dancing.

[*Mālavikā, having approached, sings the composition, consisting of four parts.*]

Mālavikā [singing]—

My beloved is hard to obtain; be thou without hope with respect to him, O my heart! Ha! the outer corner of my left eye throbs somewhat: how is this man, seen after a long time, to be obtained? My lord, consider that I am devoted to thee with ardent longing.

[*She goes through a pantomime expressive of the sentiment.*]

Vidūshaka [aside]— Ha! ha! this lady may be said to have made use of the composition in four parts for the purpose of flinging herself at your head.

King [aside to Vidūshaka]— My friend, this is the state of the hearts of both of us. Certainly she, by accompanying the words “know that I am devoted to thee,” that came in her song, with expressive action pointing at her own body,—seeing no other way of telling her love, owing to the neighborhood of Dhārinī,—addressed herself to me under pretense of courting a beautiful youth.

[*Mālavikā at the end of her song makes as if she would leave the stage.*]

Vidūshaka— Stop, lady! you have somewhat neglected the proper order; I will ask about it, if you please.

Ganadāsa— My dear child, stop a minute; you shall go after your performance has been pronounced faultless.

[*Mālavikā turns round and stands still.*]

King [to himself]— Ah, her beauty gains fresh splendor in every posture. For her standing attitude, in which she is placing on her hip her left hand, the bracelet of which clings motionless at the wrist, and making her other hand hang down loosely like the branch of a *gyāma*-tree, and casting down her eye on the inlaid pavement on which she is pushing about a flower with her toe, an attitude in which the upper part of her body is upright, is more attractive even than her dancing.

Translation of C. H. Tawney.

FROM THE 'RAGHUVANÇA'

HYMN ADDRESSED TO VISHNU BY THE DEITIES

GLORY to Thee, who art first the creator of the universe, next its upholder, and finally its destroyer; glory to Thee in this threefold character. As water falling from the sky, though having but one flavor, assumes different flavors in different bodies, so Thou, associated with the three qualities [Sattva, Rajas, and Tamas, or Goodness, Passion, and Darkness], assumest [three] states [those of creator, preserver, and destroyer], though Thyself unchanged. Immeasurable, Thou measurest the worlds; desiring nothing, Thou art the fulfiller of desires; unconquered, Thou art a conqueror; utterly indiscernible, Thou art the cause of all that is discerned. Though one, Thou, from one or another cause, assumest this or that condition; Thy variations are compared to those which crystal undergoes from the contact of different colors. Thou art known as abiding in [our] hearts, and yet as remote; as free from affection, ascetic, merciful, untouched by sin, primeval, and imperishable. Thou knowest all things, Thyself unknown; sprung from Thyself [or self-existent], Thou art the source of all things; Thou art the lord of all, Thyself without a master; though but one, Thou assumest all forms. Thou art declared to be He who is celebrated in the seven Sāma-hymns, to be He who sleeps on the waters of the seven oceans, whose face is lighted up by the god of seven rays [Fire], and who is the one refuge of the seven worlds. Knowledge which gains the four classes of fruit [virtue, pleasure, wealth, and final liberation], the division of time into four yugas [ages], the fourfold division of the people into castes,—all these things come from Thee, the four-faced. Yogins [devoutly contemplative men] with minds subdued by exercise recognize Thee, the luminous, abiding in their hearts; [and so attain] to liberation from earthly existence. Who comprehends the truth regarding Thee, who art unborn, and yet becomest born; who art passionless, yet slayest thine enemies; who sleepest, and yet art awake? Thou art capable of enjoying sounds and other objects of sense; of practicing severe austerity, of protecting thy creatures, and of living in indifference to all external things. The roads leading to perfection, which vary according to the different revealed systems, all end in Thee, as the waves of the Ganges flow to the ocean.

For those passionless men whose hearts are fixed on Thee, who have committed to Thee their works, Thou art a refuge, so that they escape further mundane births. Thy glory, as manifested to the senses in the earth and other objects, is yet incomprehensible: what shall be said of Thyself, who canst be proved only by the authority of Scripture and by inference? Seeing that the remembrance of Thee alone purifies a man,—the rewards of other mental acts also, when directed towards Thee, are thereby indicated. As the waters exceed the ocean, and as the beams of light exceed the sun, so Thy acts transcend our praises. There is nothing for Thee to attain which Thou hast not already attained: kindness to the world is the only motive for Thy birth and for Thy actions. If this our hymn now comes to a close after celebrating Thy greatness, the reason of this is our exhaustion, or our inability to say more, not that there is any limit to Thy attributes.

Translation of J. Muir.

FROM 'ÇAKUNTALĀ; OR, THE LOST RING'

Scene: A Forest. Enter King Dushyanta, armed with a bow and arrow, in a chariot, chasing an antelope, attended by his Charioteer.

CHARIOOTER [looking at the deer and then at the King]—Great Prince, When on the antelope I bend my gaze, And on your Majesty, whose mighty bow Has its string firmly braced.—before my eyes The god that yields the trident seems revealed, Chasing the deer that flies from him in vain.

King—Charioteer, this fleet antelope has drawn us far from my attendants. See! there he runs:

Aye and anon his graceful neck he bends To cast a glance at the pursuing car; And dreading now the swift-descending shaft, Contracts into itself his slender frame: About his path, in scattered fragments strewn, The half-chewed grass falls from his panting mouth; See! in his airy bounds he seems to fly, And leaves no trace upon th' elastic turf.

[With astonishment]—How now! swift as is our pursuit, I scarce can see him.

Charioteer—Sire, the ground here is full of hollows; I have therefore drawn in the reins and checked the speed of the chariot. Hence the deer has somewhat gained upon us. Now that we are passing over level ground, we shall have no difficulty in overtaking him.

King—Loosen the reins, then.

Charioteer—The King is obeyed. [*Drives the chariot at full speed.*] Great Prince, see! see!

Responsive to the slackened rein, the steeds,
Chafing with eager rivalry, career
With emulative fleetness o'er the plain;
Their necks outstretched, their waving plumes that late
Fluttered above their brows, are motionless!
Their sprightly ears, but now erect, bent low;
Themselves unsullied by the circling dust
That vainly follows on their rapid course.

King [*joyously*—In good sooth, the horses seem as if they would outstrip the steeds of Indra and the Sun.

That which but now showed to my view minute
Quickly assumes dimension; that which seemed
A moment since disjoined in diverse parts
Looks suddenly like one compacted whole;
That which is really crooked in its shape,
In the far distance left, grows regular;
Wondrous the chariot's speed, that in a breath
Makes the near distant and the distant near.

Now, Charioteer, see me kill the deer. [*Takes aim.*]

A voice behind the scenes—Hold, O King! this deer belongs to our hermitage. Kill it not! kill it not!

Charioteer [*listening and looking*—Great King, some hermits have stationed themselves so as to screen the antelope at the very moment of its coming within range of your arrow.

King [*hastily*—Then stop the horses.

Charioteer [*stops the chariot*]—I obey.

Enter a Hermit, and two others with him

Hermit [*raising his hand*—This deer, O King, belongs to our hermitage. Kill it not! kill it not!

Now heaven forbid this barbèd shaft descend
Upon the fragile body of a fawn,
Like fire upon a heap of tender flowers!
Can thy steel bolts no meeter quarry find
Than the warm life-blood of a harmless deer?
Restore, great Prince, thy weapon to its quiver.
More it becomes thy arms to shield the weak,
Than to bring anguish on the innocent.

King [replaces the arrow in its quiver]—'Tis done.

Hermit—Worthy is this action of a Prince, the light of Puru's race.

Well does this act befit a Prince like thee,

Right worthy is it of thine ancestry.

Thy guerdon be a son of peerless worth,

Whose wide dominion shall embrace the earth.

Both the other Hermits [raising their hands]—May Heaven indeed grant thee a son, a sovereign of the earth from sea to sea!

King [bowing]—I accept with gratitude a Brahman's benediction.

Here enter Çakuntalā, with her two female companions, and carrying a watering-pot for sprinkling the flowers

Çakuntalā—This way, my dear companions, this way.

Anasūyā—Dear Çakuntalā, one would think that father Kanwa had more affection for the shrubs of the hermitage even than for you, seeing he assigns to you, who are yourself as delicate as the fresh-blown jasmine, the task of filling with water the trenches which encircle their roots.

Çakuntalā—Dear Anasūyā, although I am charged by my good father with this duty, yet I cannot regard it as a task. I really feel a sisterly love for these plants. [*Continues watering the shrubs.*]

King—Can this be the daughter of Kanwa? The saintly man, though descended from the great Kācyapa, must be very deficient in judgment to habituate such a maiden to the life of a recluse.

The sage who would this form of artless grace

Inure to penance, thoughtlessly attempts

To cleave in twain the hard acacia's stem

With the soft edge of a blue lotos leaf.

Well! concealed behind this tree, I will watch her without raising her suspicions. [*Conceals himself.*]

Çakuntalā—Good Anasūyā, Priyamvadā has drawn this bark dress too tightly about my chest. I pray thee, loosen it a little.

Anasūyā—I will. [*Loosens it.*]

Priyamvadā [smiling]—Why do you lay the blame on me? Blame rather your own blooming youthfulness, which imparts fullness to your bosom.

King—A most just observation!

This youthful form, whose bosom's swelling charms

By the bark's knotted tissue are concealed,

Like some fair bud close folded in its sheath,

Gives not to view the blooming of its beauty.

But what am I saying? In real truth, this bark dress, though ill suited to her figure, sets it off like an ornament.

The lotos with the Saivala entwined
 Is not a whit less brilliant; dusky spots
 Heighten the lustre of the cold-rayed moon:
 This lovely maiden in her dress of bark
 Seems all the lovelier. E'en the meanest garb
 Gives to true beauty fresh attractiveness.

Çakuntalā [looking before her]—Yon Kēsara-tree beckons to me with its young shoots, which, as the breeze waves them to and fro, appear like slender fingers. I will go and attend to it. [Walks towards it.]

Priyamvadā—Dear Çakuntalā, prithee, rest in that attitude one moment.

Çakuntalā—Why so?

Priyamvadā—The Kēsara-tree, whilst your graceful form bends about its stem, appears as if it were wedded to some lovely twining creeper.

Çakuntalā—Ah! saucy girl, you are most appropriately named *Priyamvadā* [speaker of flattering things].

King—What *Priyamvadā* says, though complimentary, is nevertheless true. Verily,—

Her ruddy lip vies with the opening bud;
 Her graceful arms are as the twining stalks;
 And her whole form is radiant with the glow
 Of youthful beauty, as the tree with bloom.

Anasūyā—See, dear Çakuntalā, here is the young jasmine, which you named “the Moonlight of the Grove,” the self-elected wife of the mango-tree. Have you forgotten it?

Çakuntalā—Rather will I forget myself. [Approaching the plant and looking at it.] How delightful is the season when the jasmine-creeper and the mango-tree seem thus to unite in mutual embraces! The fresh blossoms of the jasmine resemble the bloom of a young bride, and the newly formed shoots of the mango appear to make it her natural protector. [Continues gazing at it.]

Priyamvadā [smiling]—Do you know, my *Anasūyā*, why Çakuntalā gazes so intently at the jasmine?

Anasūyā—No, indeed; I cannot imagine. I pray thee tell me.

Priyamvadā—She is wishing that as the jasmine is united to a suitable tree, so in like manner she may obtain a husband worthy of her.

Çakuntalā—Speak for yourself, girl; this is the thought in your own mind. [Continues watering the flowers.]

King—Would that my union with her were permissible! and yet I hardly dare hope that the maiden is sprung from a caste different from that of the head of the hermitage. But away with doubt:

That she is free to wed a warrior-king
 My heart attests. For, in conflicting doubts,
 The secret promptings of the good man's soul
 Are an unerring index of the truth.

However, come what may, I will ascertain the fact.

Çakuntalā [*in a flurry*]—Ah! a bee, disturbed by the sprinkling of the water, has left the young jasmine, and is trying to settle on my face. [*Attempts to drive it away.*]

King [*gazing at her ardently*]—Beautiful! there is something charming even in her repulse.

Where'er the bee his eager onset plies,
 Now here, now there, she darts her kindling eyes:
 What love hath yet to teach, fear teaches now,
 The furtive glances and the frowning brow.

[*In a tone of envy*]

Ah, happy bee! how boldly dost thou try
 To steal the lustre from her sparkling eye;
 And in thy circling movements hover near,
 To murmur tender secrets in her ear,
 Or, as she coyly waves her hand, to sip
 Voluptuous nectar from her lower lip!
 While rising doubts my heart's fond hopes destroy,
 Thou dost the fullness of her charms enjoy.

Çakuntalā—This impertinent bee will not rest quiet. I must move elsewhere. [*Moving a few steps off, and casting a glance around.*] How now! he is following me here. Help! my dear friends, help! deliver me from the attacks of this troublesome insect.

Priyamvadā and Anasūyā—How can we deliver you? Call Dushyanta to your aid. The sacred groves are under the King's special protection.

King—An excellent opportunity for me to show myself. Fear not— [*Checks himself when the words are half uttered. Aside.*] But stay, if I introduce myself in this manner, they will know me to be the King. Be it so: I will accost them, nevertheless.

[The King, filled with admiration, declares his love for Çakuntalā, and in the next act he is espoused to her according to the Gandharva ceremonial. He then departs from the hermitage and returns to the royal city; but leaves with Çakuntalā a precious ring, which she is to present when she claims him as her lawful husband. The play continues, and shows how the fair Çakuntalā, so deeply enamored, becomes absent-minded and neglects to do some act of homage to an aged hermit; who consequently pronounces a curse upon her that her beloved shall absolutely forget her until he sees the magic ring, which alone has power to remove the curse. King Dushyanta accordingly loses all recollection of Çakuntalā; and Çakuntalā's foster-father, the saintly Kanwa,

determines to send his daughter to the King, that her child may be born under the royal roof. The Fourth Act opens with the day of Çakuntalā's departure from the hermitage.]

Scene: The neighborhood of the hermitage. Enter one of Kanwa's Pupils, just arisen from his couch at the dawn of day.

Pupil—My master, the venerable Kanwa, who is but lately returned from his pilgrimage, has ordered me to ascertain how the time goes. I have therefore come into the open air to see if it be still dark. [Walking and looking about.] Oh! the dawn has already broken.

Lo! in one quarter of the sky, the Moon,
Lord of the herbs and night-expanding flowers,
Sinks towards his bed behind the western hills;
While in the east, preceded by the Dawn,
His blushing charioteer, the glorious Sun,
Begins his course, and far into the gloom
Casts the first radiance of his Orient beams.
Hail! co-eternal orbs, that rise to set,
And set to rise again; symbols divine
Of man's reverses, life's vicissitudes.

And now—

While the round Moon withdraws his looming disk
Beneath the western sky, the full-blown flower
Of the night-loving lotos sheds her leaves
In sorrow for his loss, bequeathing naught
But the sweet memory of her loveliness
To my bereavèd sight: e'en as the bride
Disconsolately mourns her absent lord,
And yields her heart a prey to anxious grief.

Anasūyā [entering abruptly]—Little as I know of the ways of the world, I cannot help thinking that King Dushyanta is treating Çakuntalā very improperly.

Pupil—Well, I must let my reverend preceptor know that it is time to offer the burnt oblation. [Exit.

Anasūyā—I am broad awake, but what shall I do? I have no energy to go about my usual occupations. My hands and feet seem to have lost their power. Well, Love has gained his object; and Love only is to blame for having induced our dear friend, in the innocence of her heart, to confide in such a perfidious man. Possibly however the imprecation of Durvāsas may be already taking effect. Indeed, I cannot otherwise account for the King's strange conduct, in allowing so long a time to elapse without even a letter; and that too after so many promises and protestations. I cannot think what to

do, unless we send him the ring which was to be the token of recognition. But which of these austere hermits could we ask to be the bearer of it? Then again, Father Kanwa has just returned from his pilgrimage; and how am I to inform him of Çakuntalā's marriage to King Dushyanta, and her expectation of being soon a mother? I never could bring myself to tell him, even if I felt that Çakuntalā had been in fault, which she certainly has not. What is to be done?

Priyamvadā [entering joyfully]—Quick, quick! *Anasūyā*! come and assist in the joyful preparations for Çakuntalā's departure to her husband's palace.

Anasūyā—My dear girl, what can you mean?

Priyamvadā—Listen, now, and I will tell you all about it. I went just now to Çakuntalā, to inquire whether she had slept comfortably.

Anasūyā—Well, well; go on.

Priyamvadā—She was sitting with her face bowed down to the very ground with shame when Father Kanwa entered, and embracing her, of his own accord offered her his congratulations. “I give thee joy, my child,” he said: “we have had an auspicious omen. The priest who offered the oblation dropped it into the very centre of the sacred fire, though thick smoke obstructed his vision. Henceforth thou wilt cease to be an object of compassion. This very day I purpose sending thee, under the charge of certain trusty hermits, to the King's palace; and shall deliver thee into the hands of thy husband, as I would commit knowledge to the keeping of a wise and faithful student.” . . .

[Çakuntalā's touching farewell to the hermitage, and her tender leave-taking of her young friends, are dramatically presented with much delicacy of feeling. Two hermits, and an aged matron, Gautami, accompany her on the journey. Her arrival at the palace, in the Fifth Act, is announced to the King by the Chamberlain of State.]

Chamberlain—Well, well: a monarch's business is to sustain the world, and he must not expect much repose; because—

Onward, forever onward, in his car
 The unwearied Sun pursues his daily course,
 Nor tarries to unyoke his glittering steeds;
 And ever moving, speeds the rushing Wind
 Through boundless space, filling the universe
 With his life-giving breezes; day and night
 The King of Serpents on his thousand heads
 Upholds the incumbent earth: and even so,
 Unceasing toil is aye the lot of kings,
 Who, in return, draw nurture from their subjects.

I will therefore deliver my message. [Walking on and looking about.] Ah! here comes the King:

His subjects are his children; through the day,
Like a fond father, to supply their wants
Incessantly he labors: wearied now,
The monarch seeks seclusion and repose;
E'en as the prince of elephants defies
The sun's fierce heat, and leads the fainting herd
To verdant pastures, ere his way-worn limbs
He yields to rest beneath the cooling shade.

[Approaching]—Victory to the King! So please your Majesty, some hermits who live in a forest near the Snowy Mountains have arrived here, bringing certain women with them. They have a message to deliver from the sage Kanwa, and desire an audience. I await your Majesty's commands.

King [respectfully]—A message from the sage Kanwa, did you say?

Chamberlain—Even so, my liege.

King—Tell my domestic priest Somarāta to receive the hermits with due honor, according to the prescribed form.

[The hermits introduce Çakuntalā, accompanied by Gautamī; and deliver the message from her father sanctioning her marriage with the King, and requesting her honorable reception into the palace.]

King—Holy men, I have revolved the matter in my mind; but the more I think of it, the less able am I to recollect that I ever contracted an alliance with this lady. What answer, then, can I possibly give you when I do not believe myself to be her husband, and I plainly see that she is soon to become a mother?

Çakuntalā [aside]—Woe! woe! Is our very marriage to be called in question by my own husband? Ah me! is this to be the end of all my bright visions of wedded happiness?

Çārṅgarava—Beware!

Beware how thou insult the holy Sage!
Remember how he generously allowed
Thy secret union with his foster-child;
And how, when thou didst rob him of his treasure,
He sought to furnish thee excuse, when rather
He should have cursed thee for a ravisher.

Çāradwata—Çārṅgarava, speak to him no more. Çakuntalā, our part is performed; we have said all we had to say, and the King has replied in the manner thou hast heard. It is now thy turn to give him convincing evidence of thy marriage.

Çakuntalā—Since his feeling towards me has undergone a complete revolution, what will it avail to revive old recollections? One thing is clear,—I shall soon have to mourn my own widowhood. [Aloud.] My revered husband— [Stops short.] But no—I dare not address thee by this title, since thou hast refused to acknowledge our union. Noble descendant of Puru! It is not worthy of thee to betray an innocent-minded girl, and disown her in such terms, after having so lately and so solemnly plighted thy vows to her in the hermitage.

King [stopping his ears]—I will hear no more. Be such a crime far from my thoughts!

What evil spirit can possess thee, lady,
That thou dost seek to sully my good name
By base aspersions? like a swollen torrent,
That, leaping from its narrow bed, o'erthrows
The tree upon its bank, and strives to blend
Its turbid waters with the crystal stream?

Çakuntalā—If then thou really believest me to be the wife of another, and thy present conduct proceeds from some cloud that obscures thy recollection, I will easily convince thee by this token.

King—An excellent idea!

Çakuntalā [feeling for the ring]—Alas! alas! woe is me! There is no ring on my finger! [Looks with anguish at *Gautami*.]

Gautami—The ring must have slipped off when thou wast in the act of offering homage to the holy water of Çachi's sacred pool, near Çakrāvatāra.

King [smiling]—People may well talk of the readiness of woman's invention! Here is an instance of it.

Çakuntalā—Say rather, of the omnipotence of fate. I will mention another circumstance, which may yet convince thee.

King—By all means let me hear it at once.

Çakuntalā—One day, while we were seated in a jasmine bower, thou didst pour into the hollow of thine hand some water, sprinkled by a recent shower in the cup of a lotos blossom—

King—I am listening; proceed.

Çakuntalā—At that instant, my adopted child, the little fawn, with soft long eyes, came running towards us. Upon which, before tasting the water thyself, thou didst kindly offer some to the little creature, saying fondly, “Drink first, gentle fawn.” But she could not be induced to drink from the hand of a stranger; though immediately afterwards, when I took the water in my own hand, she drank with perfect confidence. Then, with a smile, thou didst say, “Every creature confides naturally in its own kind. You are both inhabitants of the same forest, and have learnt to trust each other.”

[King Dushyanta vainly tries to recall Çakuntalā to mind, but the fatal power of the old sage's curse still clouds his memory. All efforts failing, Çakuntalā is suddenly swept from sight by a whirlwind and carried to a remote mountain; where in a hallowed spot, she gives birth to a son, the ancestor of future kings. At this moment the enchanted ring, which had been swallowed by a fish, is unexpectedly brought to light, and Dushyanta's mental vision is at once restored. He deeply mourns the loss of his beloved Çakuntalā, and finds distraction from his grief only in aiding the gods in a holy war against the demons. Some years elapse, and the god Indra, to reward Dushyanta's heroic service, transports him through the sky to the far-off mountain retreat of Çakuntalā and their little son. The reunion of the King with his wife and child is touchingly presented in the last act of the drama.]

Enter a Child, attended by two Women of the hermitage, and dragging a lion's cub by the ears.

Child—Open your mouth, my young lion; I want to count your teeth.

First Attendant—You naughty child, why do you tease the animals? Know you not that we cherish them in this hermitage as if they were our own children? In good sooth, you have a high spirit of your own, and are beginning already to do justice to the name Sarva-damana [All-taming], given you by the hermits.

King—Strange! my heart inclines towards the boy with almost as much affection as if he were my own child. What can be the reason? I suppose my own childlessness makes me yearn towards the sons of others.

Second Attendant—This lioness will certainly attack you if you do not release her whelp.

Child [laughing]—Oh! indeed! let her come. Much I fear her, to be sure! [Pouts his under lip in defiance.]

King—The germ of mighty courage lies concealed
Within this noble infant, like a spark
Beneath the fuel, waiting but a breath
To fan the flame and raise a conflagration.

First Attendant—Let the young lion go, like a dear child, and I will give you something else to play with.

Child—Where is it? Give it me first. [Stretches out his hand.]

King [looking at his hand]—How's this? His hand exhibits one of those mystic marks which are the sure prognostic of universal empire. See!

His fingers stretched in eager expectation
To grasp the wished-for toy, and knit together
By a close-woven web, in shape resemble
A lotos blossom, whose expanding petals
The early dawn has only half unfolded.

Second Attendant—We shall never pacify him by mere words, dear Suvratā. Be kind enough to go to my cottage, and you will find there a plaything belonging to Mārkāndeya, one of the hermit's children. It is a peacock made of china-ware, painted in many colors. Bring it here for the child.

First Attendant—Very well. [*Exit.*]

Child—No, no: I shall go on playing with the young lion. [*Looks at the female attendant and laughs.*]

King—I feel an unaccountable affection for this wayward child.

How blest the virtuous parents whose attire
Is soiled with dust, by raising from the ground
The child that asks a refuge in their arms!
And happy are they while with lisping prattle,
In accents sweetly inarticulate,
He charms their ears; and with his artless smiles
Gladdens their hearts, revealing to their gaze
His tiny teeth just budding into view.

Attendant—I see how it is. He pays me no manner of attention. [*Looking off the stage.*] I wonder whether any of the hermits are about here. [*Seeing the King.*] Kind sir, could you come hither a moment and help me to release the young lion from the clutch of this child, who is teasing him in boyish play?

King [*approaching and smiling*]
—Listen to me, thou child of a mighty saint:

Dost thou dare show a wayward spirit here?
Here, in this hallowed region? Take thou heed
Lest, as the serpent's young defiles the sandal,
Thou bring dishonor on the holy sage,
Thy tender-hearted parent, who delights
To shield from harm the tenants of the wood.

Attendant—Gentle sir, I thank you; but he is not the saint's son.

King—His behavior and whole bearing would have led me to doubt it, had not the place of his abode encouraged the idea.

[*Follows the child, and takes him by the hand, according to the request of the attendant.*]

Aside— I marvel that the touch of this strange child
Should thrill me with delight; if so it be,
How must the fond caresses of a son
Transport the father's soul who gave him being!

Attendant [*looking at them both*]
—Wonderful! Prodigious!

King—What excites your surprise, my good woman?

Attendant—I am astonished at the striking resemblance between the child and yourself; and what is still more extraordinary, he

seems to have taken to you kindly and submissively, though you are a stranger to him.

King [*fondling the child*]—If he be not the son of the great sage, of what family does he come, may I ask?

Attendant—Of the race of Puru.

King [*aside*]—What! are we then descended from the same ancestry? This no doubt accounts for the resemblance she traces between the child and me. Certainly it has always been an established usage among the princes of Puru's race—

To dedicate the morning of their days
 To the world's weal, in palaces and halls,
 'Mid luxury and regal pomp abiding;
 Then, in the wane of life, to seek release
 From kingly cares, and make the hallowed shade
 Of sacred trees their last asylum, where
 As hermits they may practice self-abasement,
 And bind themselves by rigid vows of penance.

[*Aloud.*] But how could mortals by their own power gain admission to this sacred region?

Attendant—Your remark is just; but your wonder will cease when I tell you that his mother is the offspring of a celestial nymph, and gave him birth in the hallowed grove of Kācyapa.

King [*aside*]—Strange that my hopes should be again excited!
 [*Aloud.*] But what, let me ask, was the name of the prince whom she deigned to honor with her hand?

Attendant—How could I think of polluting my lips by the mention of a wretch who had the cruelty to desert his lawful wife?

King [*aside*]—Ha! the description suits me exactly. Would I could bring myself to inquire the name of the child's mother!
 [*Reflecting.*] But it is against propriety to make too minute inquiries about the wife of another man.

First Attendant [*entering with the china peacock in her hand*]—Sarvadamana, Sarva-damana, see, see, what a beautiful çakunta [*bird*].

Child [*looking round*]—My mother! Where? Let me go to her.

Both Attendants—He mistook the word “çakunta” for “Çakuntalā.” The boy dotes upon his mother, and she is ever uppermost in his thoughts.

Second Attendant—Nay, my dear child: I said, look at the beauty of this çakunta.

King [*aside*]—What! is his mother's name Çakuntalā? But the name is not uncommon among women. Alas! I fear that the mere similarity of a name, like the deceitful vapor of the desert, has once more raised my hopes only to dash them to the ground.

Child—Dear nurse, what a beautiful peacock! [*Takes the toy.*]

First Attendant [looking at the child in great distress]—Alas! alas! I do not see the amulet on his wrist.

King—Don't distress yourself. Here it is. It fell off while he was struggling with the young lion. [Stoops to pick it up.]

Both Attendants—Hold! hold! Touch it not, for your life. How marvelous! He has actually taken it up without the slightest hesitation. [Both raise their hands to their breasts and look at each other in astonishment.]

King—Why did you try to prevent my touching it?

First Attendant—Listen, great monarch. This amulet, known as “The Invincible,” was given to the boy by the divine son of Marichi soon after his birth, when the natal ceremony was performed. Its peculiar virtue is, that when it falls on the ground, no one excepting the father or mother of the child can touch it unhurt.

King—And suppose another person touches it?

First Attendant—Then it instantly becomes a serpent, and bites him.

King—Have you ever witnessed the transformation with your own eyes?

Both Attendants—Over and over again.

King [with rapture, aside]—Joy! joy! Are then my dearest hopes to be fulfilled? [Embraces the child.]

Second Attendant—Come, my dear Suvratā, we must inform Çakuntalā immediately of this wonderful event, though we have to interrupt her in the performance of her religious vows. [Exeunt.]

Child [to the *King*]—Do not hold me. I want to go to my mother.

King—We will go to her together, and give her joy, my son.

Child—Dushyanta is my father, not you.

King [smiling]—His contradiction convinces me only the more.

Enter Çakuntalā, in widow's apparel, with her long hair twisted into a single braid.

Çakuntalā [aside]—I have just heard that Sarva-damana's amulet has retained its form, though a stranger raised it from the ground. I can hardly believe in my good fortune. Yet why should not Sānumati's prediction be verified?

King [gazing at Çakuntalā]—Alas! can this indeed be my Çakuntalā?

Clad in the weeds of widowhood, her face
Emaciate with fasting, her long hair
Twined in a single braid, her whole demeanor
Expressive of her purity of soul:
With patient constancy she thus prolongs
The vow to which my cruelty condemned her.

Çakuntalā [gazing at the King, who is pale with remorse]—Surely this is not like my husband; yet who can it be that dares pollute by the pressure of his hand my child, whose amulet should protect him from a stranger's touch?

Child [going to his mother]—Mother, who is this man that has been kissing me and calling me his son?

King—My best beloved, I have indeed treated thee most cruelly, but am now once more thy fond and affectionate lover. Refuse not to acknowledge me as thy husband.

Çakuntalā [aside]—Be of good cheer, my heart. The anger of Destiny is at last appeased. Heaven regards thee with compassion. But is he in very truth my husband?

King—Behold me, best and loveliest of women,
Delivered from the cloud of fatal darkness
That erst oppressed my memory. Again
Behold us brought together by the grace
Of the great lord of Heaven. So the moon
Shines forth from dim eclipse, to blend his rays
With the soft lustre of his Rohini.

Çakuntalā—May my husband be victorious—

[She stops short, her voice choked with tears.]

King—O fair one, though the utterance of thy prayer
Be lost amid the torrent of thy tears,
Yet does the sight of thy fair countenance
And of thy pallid lips, all unadorned
And colorless in sorrow for my absence,
Make me already more than conqueror.

Child—Mother, who is this man?

Çakuntalā—My child, ask the deity that presides over thy destiny.

King [falling at *Çakuntalā*'s feet]—

Fairest of women, banish from thy mind
The memory of my cruelty; reproach
The fell delusion that o'erpowered my soul,
And blame not me, thy husband,—'tis the curse
Of him in whom the power of darkness reigns,
That he mistakes the gifts of those he loves
For deadly evils. Even though a friend
Should wreath a garland on a blind man's brow,
Will he not cast it from him as a serpent?

Çakuntalā—Rise, my own husband, rise. Thou wast not to blame. My own evil deeds, committed in a former state of being, brought down this judgment upon me. How else could my husband, who

was ever of a compassionate disposition, have acted so unfeelingly? [The King rises.] But tell me, my husband, how did the remembrance of thine unfortunate wife return to thy mind?

King—As soon as my heart's anguish is removed, and its wounds are healed, I will tell thee all.

Oh! let me, fair one, chase away the drop
That still bedews the fringes of thine eye;
And let me thus efface the memory
Of every tear that stained thy velvet cheek,
Unnoticed and unheeded by thy lord,
When in his madness he rejected thee.

[Wipes away the tear.]

Çakuntalā [seeing the signet-ring on his finger]—Ah! my dear husband, is that the Lost Ring?

King—Yes; the moment I recovered it, my memory was restored.

Çakuntalā—The ring was to blame in allowing itself to be lost at the very time when I was anxious to convince my noble husband of the reality of my marriage.

King—Receive it back, as the beautiful twining plant receives again its blossom in token of its reunion with the spring.

Çakuntalā—Nay; I can never more place confidence in it. Let my husband retain it.

Enter Mātali

Mātali—I congratulate your Majesty. Happy are you in your reunion with your wife; happy are you in beholding the face of your own son.

Translation of Monier Williams.

FROM THE 'MEGHADŪTA,' OR CLOUD MESSENGER

ACERTAIN Yaksha [Divine Being] neglectful once of his master's task, and stript thus of his glory through his lord's 1. curse, which was to last a year and was the more grievous because of separating him from his Beloved, had taken up his abode amid the hermitages on Rāma's Hill, dense in shade trees and whose waters were hallowed by [the fair] Sītā's having bathed in them.

2. Upon this mountain the love-lorn wight, from whose wasted arm the golden bracelet had slipped down, had already spent eight weary moons, separated from his consort; when, on

the first day of the Āshādha month, he caught sight of a cloud clinging to the mountain peak and resembling an elephant with lowered tusks butting at a bank of earth.

3. Scarce checking his tears in the presence of the cloud which was a source of emotion to him, the servant of Kubera [Lord of Wealth] stood long wrapt in thought: [for truly] at the sight of a cloud the heart even of a person in happiness is stirred, but how much more when one is longing to throw his arms about [the loved one's] neck and is absent far away.

4. Now, desirous to cheer the heart of his Beloved, for the rainy month was nigh at hand, and eager to send by the cloud a message to her, telling of his welfare, the Yaksha, filled with joy, bade the cloud welcome, in loving terms, after he had worshiped it with fresh jasmine sprays, saying:— . . .

6. "I know that thou art born of a world-renowned race of clouds, Indra's chief counselor and assuming any shape at will, so I, who am separated from my consort by Fate's cruel decree, come as suppliant to thee; for better is a fruitless boon if asked of a noble person than an answered request made to a craven.

7. "Thou art, O Cloud, a refuge for the sore-distressed; deign therefore to bear a message for me whom the wrath of Kubera has banished. It is to Alakā, abode of the Yakshas' Lord, that thou must fly, where the palaces gleam with the moonlight that glances from the head of god Çiva, whose statue stands in the outer garden. . . .

9. "A favoring breeze will gently, gently waft thee, and this proud Chātaka bird upon the left doth carol sweetly; the cranes in wreathed curves in the sky, and eager for the mating-time, will wait in attendance upon thee, for thou art the herald of joy. . . .

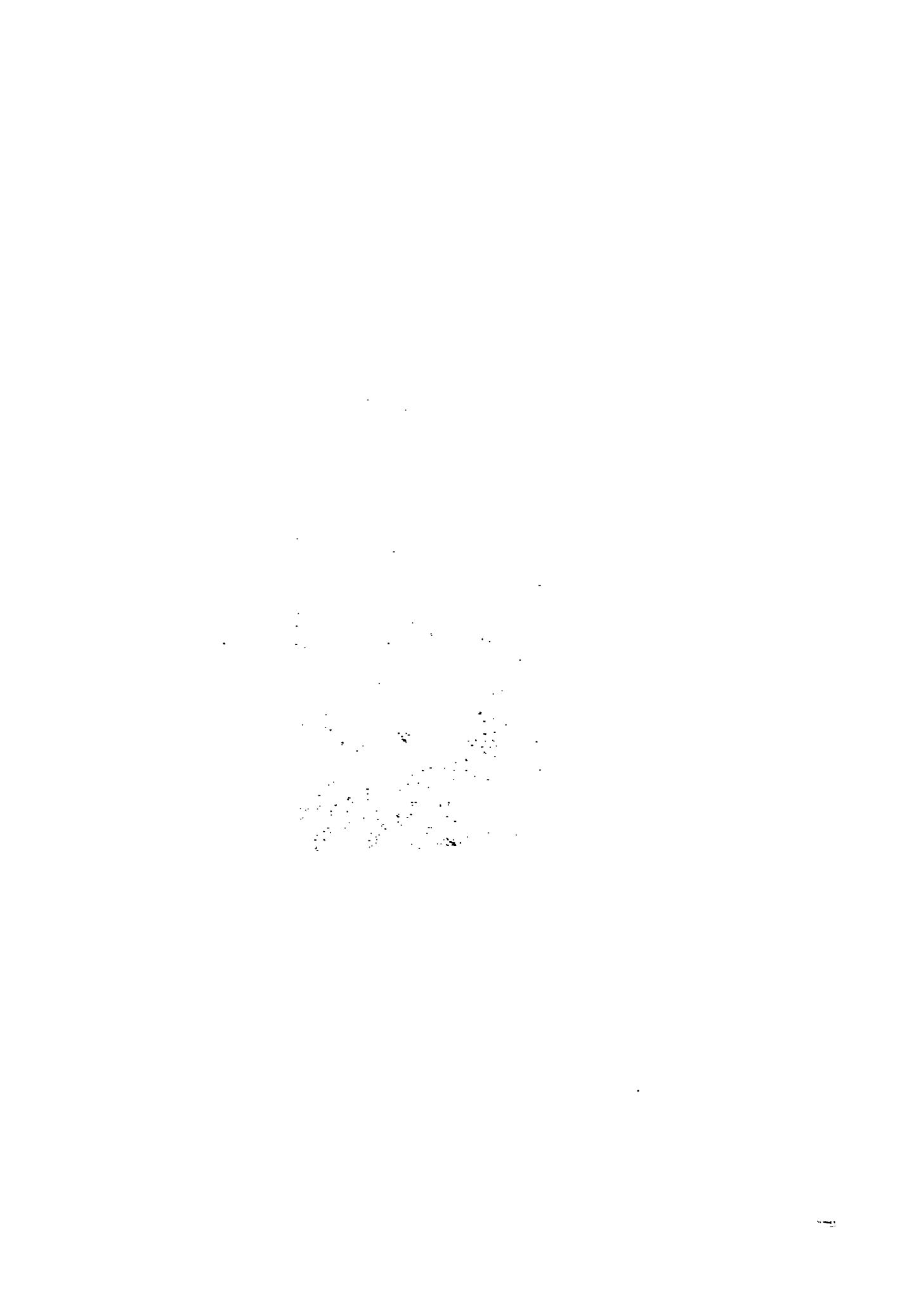
13. "First hear me tell the path that is to be thy journey, and where on the mountain-tops thou shalt rest thy foot when worn and weary, quaffing the light creamy nectar of the stream, when tired out: afterwards, O Watery Minister, thou shalt hear a message that is fit for thine ears to drink in."

[And in fairest colors of a poet's brush he paints the northward journey of the cloud to the home where the lonely spouse awaits her banished lord's return.]

Translation of A. V. W. Jackson.



KANT.



IMMANUEL KANT

(1724-1804)

BY JOSIAH ROYCE

THE external events of the life of Immanuel Kant are neither numerous nor startling. He was born in Königsberg in East Prussia, in the year 1724, on the 22d of April. He died in his native place on the 12th of February, 1804. He never traveled beyond about a distance of sixty miles from the city; was never occupied except as scholar, private tutor, university official, and writer. He saw very little of the great world at any time. He was not celebrated, in any national sense, until he was nearly sixty years of age. His personal relations were for the most part, and until his later years, almost as restricted as his material circumstances. He was in all the early part of his life decidedly poor. By dint of very strict economy he acquired a moderate amount of property before his death, but he was never rich. He carefully avoided all roads to purely worldly position or power. Yet by dint of intellectual prowess, fortified by a profound moral earnestness,—although one somewhat coldly austere,—he acquired an influence over the thought, first of his country, and then of Europe, which has been in many ways transforming. Amongst philosophical thinkers he stands in the first rank in the very small group of those philosophers who can be regarded as genuine originators. As an original thinker, in fact, he is the only modern philosopher who can be put beside Plato and Aristotle. Other modern thinkers have represented individual ideas of more or less independence and importance; Kant alone has the honor of having transformed by his work some of the most fundamental tendencies of modern speculation.

Of Kant the man, numerous characterizations have been given by his friends and admirers. Most of these accounts relate especially to his appearance and life in his later years. Of his youth we know much less. On his father's side Kant was of Scottish descent, his grandparents having emigrated from Scotland to East Prussia. Kant's parents were members of the Pietistic party in the Lutheran Church, and Kant's early education was thus under influences decidedly emotional in their religious character,—although the poverty, the hard labor, and the sterling character of his parents prevented the wasting

of time in devotional extravagances such as often characterized the Pietistic movement; and the philosopher later looked back upon his early training not only with a deep feeling of devotion, but with a genuine intellectual respect. The family was large. There were three sons and seven daughters. One of Kant's brothers later became a minister. One of the sisters survived the philosopher. But six of the children died young; and Immanuel himself inherited a delicate constitution which had a great deal to do, in later years, both with the sobriety and with the studious contemplativeness of his life's routine. At eight years of age, Kant attended the gymnasium called the Fredericianum, in Königsberg. Here he spent eight years and a half, much under the eye and the influence of the director of the gymnasium, Dr. F. A. Schultz,—Pietist, professor of theology, and pastor. Schultz was a scholarly, independent, and extremely active man,—severe as a disciplinarian, stimulating as a thinker and worker. As Kant himself grew into youth, he formed literary ambitions, showed skill as a Latin writer and reader, but gave no evidences as yet of philosophical tendencies. He was not regarded as an especially promising boy: he is said to have been sensitive; he was certainly weak in body and small in stature. He entered the University in 1740; struggled with poverty and pedantry for about four years; was influenced by the philosophical teaching, especially of Martin Knutzen; and earned some necessary means as private tutor. A familiar anecdote of his university period relates that Kant occasionally was obliged to borrow clothing from his friends while his own was mending; and the story adds that on such occasions the friend might be obliged to stay at home himself. In any case, Kant's university life is described as one of few recreations and of pretty constant labor. Its result was seen at once after graduation, however, in the somewhat ambitious publication with which Kant's literary career opened. This was a study of the then current problem of the theory of kinetic forces,—or "living forces," as in the terminology of that time the title-page of this essay calls them. The essay was at once philosophical and quasi-mathematical. It was not in any positive sense an important contribution to the discussion; but it was obviously the work of a man in earnest. It was written in a spirit that combined in an attractive way ambition and modesty; and it contained in one passage a somewhat prophetic statement of the course that Kant had laid out for himself.

Kant's mother died in 1737. In 1746 his father followed. The years immediately subsequent to his university course, and to the publication of the foregoing treatise, were passed as private tutor; and it was at the beginning of this period that Kant traveled farthest from his native city. Our philosopher's work as tutor in private

families was of considerable advantage for his knowledge of the world, and brought him into contact with somewhat distinguished local magnates. Nine years in all were passed in this occupation.

The year 1755 begins a new and important period of Kant's career. In this year he became tutor, or *privat-docent*, at the University, defended a dissertation upon metaphysics as he took his place in the University, and published a treatise on the 'Natural History and Theory of the Heavens.' In the latter essay he not only showed in various ways the most important features of his earlier methods of work, but had the honor of forestalling Lambert and Laplace in a number of suggestions, which have since become famous, relating to the evolution of the solar system. From this moment dates a long-continued and extremely laborious effort towards self-development. As a university teacher, Kant was singularly successful. His range of lectures was large. Physical science, and especially physical geography, logic, and metaphysics were prominent among his topics. Affiliated at first with the then current highly formal and dogmatic Wolffian philosophy of the universities, Kant was from the outset an essentially independent expositor of doctrine, and soon became more and more an independent thinker. He united the necessarily somewhat pedantic method due to his own early training, with a marvelous humanity of spirit, and much brilliancy of expression as a lecturer. Some of his students listened with great enthusiasm. Herder, who attended his lectures in 1762 and 1763, never forgot, even in the midst of a bitter opposition which years later grew up in his mind towards Kant, the early influence of the master upon him. At the time or near it, the young Herder could hardly use expressions too enthusiastic concerning his master. "Heavenly hours" he names the time spent in such instruction. Kant, he tells us, unites learning and depth in the finest fashion with something resembling "the humor of 'Tristram Shandy.'" He is a profound observer "in the pathology of our mind," he shows "a creative philosophical imagination," and has his own Socratic method of bringing everything into relation with man. In æsthetic as in ethical directions Herder finds his teacher equally great. Kant is "altogether a social observer, altogether a finished philosopher, a philosopher of humanity, and in this humane philosophy a German Shaftesbury."

Some amongst Kant's writings belonging to this period show literary powers which make this enthusiastic characterization more intelligible than the writings of his later period would serve to do. Kant had unquestionably the power to become a popular writer of distinction, if not of extraordinary rank. But he was disposed to sacrifice his literary gifts for the sake of a cause which as the years went by became constantly dearer to him. For worldly distinction

he had small desire. University advancement came to him very slowly. Official favor he did not seek. His work as a teacher was always precious to him. But most of all he prized what he once called his mistress, namely Metaphysics. At certain central problems he worked with a constantly increasing devotion and intensity. His own contributions to philosophy became during the years between 1762 and 1766 somewhat numerous: but he himself, even at the time, made comparatively little of them; for he found them fragmentary, and as he himself says, regarded philosophical insight as an ideal whole, in which very little could be accomplished unless that whole were surveyed at a glance. Of his own development during these years, the philosopher himself has given us some indications in notes preserved among his papers. "Of my science," he says (namely, of philosophy), "I taught at first what most appealed to me. I attempted to make some contributions of my own to the common treasury; in other respects I attempted to correct errors: yet all the while I expected to extend the dogmas of tradition. But when one attempts with real earnestness to find truth, one spares at last not even his own productions. One submits everything that one has learned or has believed to a thorough-going criticism; and so it slowly came to pass that I found my entire dogmatic theory open to fundamental objections." Later on, Kant declared that he regarded all his metaphysical writings as rendered entirely worthless by his later critical philosophy. Thus unsparingly did the great critic assail his own thought first and most of all. He was even aware that in doing so he deliberately adopted, in his later treatises, a method of exposition that lacked all literary charms. "My method," he says in notes relating to his later style, "is not very much disposed to enchain the reader or to please him. My writings seem scholastic, dryly contemplative,—yes, even meagre, and far enough from the tone of genius. It seems, to be sure, as if there were nothing more tasteless than metaphysics; but the jewels that are beauty's adornment lay once in dark mines, or at least were seen only in the dim workshop of the artist."

The fruits of Kant's long labors ripened first in the year 1781, when he published his 'Critique of Pure Reason,' the most famous philosophical treatise of the last two centuries. This theoretical treatise was followed by a more popular exposition of a portion of the doctrine of the 'Critique' itself in 1783. To this more popular exposition, which also contained extensive replies to critics, Kant gave the name of 'Prolegomena to Every Future Metaphysic.' In 1785 and 1788 he published works bearing on his ethical doctrine; in 1790 a philosophical treatise upon æsthetics, and upon the presence of design in nature; in 1793 appeared an 'Essay upon the Philosophy of

Religion.' During the years between 1781 and 1795 Kant also printed a large number of philosophical papers upon various subjects, ethical, historical, and polemical. The long period of preparation had thus given place to a time of great philosophical activity; but after 1795 the now aged philosopher began to feel the effects of his always delicate constitution with rapidly increasing severity. He grew unable to follow the current discussions which his own writings had by this time provoked. He planned a large philosophical work which was to set the crown upon his systematic labors; but he was unable to give this treatise any final form. His last few years were beset with increasing physical infirmity and mental ineffectiveness, although he preserved to the last his high moral courage and his rigid self-control. At the end he wasted away, and died of marasmus in 1804.

In person Kant was small and spare, weak of muscle, and scarcely five feet high. His cheeks were sunken, his cheek-bones high, his chest was small; his shoulders were slightly deformed. His forehead was high, narrow at the base and broad at the top. His head was decidedly large in proportion to the rest of his body; and the capacity of his skull, as measured in 1880 (when his remains were transferred to a chapel raised in his honor), was declared to be uncommonly great. The physical details here given are found in much fuller statement in the excellent life of Kant by Dr. Stuckenberg, published by Macmillan in 1882. The physical habits of Kant have been often described in works of literary gossip. What especially attracts attention is that rigid regularity of routine which was determined by the philosopher's sensitive health. His constitution was intolerant of medicine; and he early learned that he could combat his numerous minor infirmities only by careful diet, by mental self-control (in which he acquired great skill), and by strict habit of life. His care extended to his breathing, in an almost Oriental fashion. He cured his pains, on occasions, by control over his attention; and by the same means worked successfully against sleeplessness. He was troubled with defective vision; and in general he narrowly escaped hypochondriac tendencies by virtue of a genuinely wholesome cheerfulness of intellectual temper. In intellectual matters themselves Kant was always characterized by an extraordinary power of thoughtful analysis; by a strenuous disposition to pursue, without haste and without rest, any line of inquiry which had once engaged his attention; by keen suspicion of all his instincts and acquired presuppositions; and by a somewhat fatalistic willingness to wait as long as might be necessary for light. No thinker ever had originality more obviously thrust upon him by the situation, and by his unwearied devotion to his task. From the outset, indeed, he had a sense that his work was destined to have important results; but this sense was something very far

different from vanity, and was accompanied by none of that personal longing for brilliancy and originality which has determined for good or for ill the life work of so many literary men and thinkers. Not naturally an iconoclast, Kant was driven by his problems to become one of the most revolutionary of thinkers. Not naturally an enthusiast, he was led to results which furnished the principal philosophical food for the most romantic and emotional age of modern German literature. Devoted at the outset to the careful exposition of doctrines which he had accepted from tradition, Kant was led by the purely inner and normal development of his work to views extraordinarily independent.

The process of his thought constitutes as it were one long and connected nature process, working with the fatal necessity of the ebb and flow of the tide, and is as independent of his personal caprices as of the merely popular tendencies of the period in which he grew up. Yet when Frederick Schlegel later classed the thinkers of pure reason with the French Revolution, as one of the characteristic processes of the century, he expressed a view which the student of intellectual life can well appreciate and easily defend. But the expression suggests not alone the importance of the critical philosophy, but also its character as a sort of natural development of the whole intellectual situation of that age.

Morally speaking, Kant was characterized by three features. Of these the first is his relatively cool intellectual attitude towards all problems. He has no sympathy with romantic tendencies; although later many a romantic soul came to sympathize profoundly with him. He is opposed to mysticism of every form; and not so much suspects the emotions of human nature, as clearly sees what he takes to be their essential and fundamental capriciousness. The second trait is a thorough regard for lawfulness of action. Reasonable guidance is for him the only possible guidance. Emotions must deceive; the plan of life is as plan alone worthy of consideration. Kant has small interest in noble sentiments, but very great natural respect for large and connected personal and social undertakings, when guided by ideas. The third characteristic of the philosopher, in this part of his nature, is that sincerely cheerful indifference to fortune which made him, amidst all his frequently keen criticism of the weakness of human nature and of the vanities of life, withal a critic who just escapes pessimism by dint of his assurance that, after all, reason must triumph in the universe. Kant was a fine observer of human nature, and as such was fond of lecturing on what we might call the comparative psychology of national and social types. He was widely read in the anthropological literature of his day. Accordingly, his observations on man's moral nature, in his lectures as in his

published treatises, often show the breadth of reading and the humane shrewdness of judgment which were the source of the charm that the young Herder so richly found in his teaching. Yet Kant's accounts of human nature, without being cynical, always appear somewhat coldly disillusioned. What saves this aspect of his work from seeming cynical is the genuine tone of moral seriousness with which he views the more rational aspects of human tasks. In one passage of his lectures on psychology, in connection with the theory of pleasure and pain, he briefly sums up his view of the happiness possible to any mortal man. This view at first sight is somewhat uninviting. From the nature of the case, Kant reasons, every pleasure has to be attended with a corresponding experience of pain. Life in general seems to be naturally something of a burden. Moreover, every human desire has by nature other desires opposing it. Our tendencies, as they naturally are, are profoundly deceitful. Yet despite all this, Kant asserts that life has its very deep comforts. But what are these? Kant replies:—“The deepest and easiest means of quieting all pains is the thought that a reasonable man should be expected to have at his control,—namely, the thought that life in general, so far as the enjoyment of it goes, has no genuine worth at all; for enjoyment depends upon fortune: but its worth consists alone in the use of life, in the purposes to which it is directed. And this aspect of life comes to man not by fortune, but only through wisdom. This consequently is in man's power. Whoever is much troubled about losing life will never enjoy life.”

These three traits of Kant's moral attitude towards life unite to give some of his more mature historical essays and critical studies a character which deserves to be better known than it now is, by students who are less interested in the metaphysical aspect of his doctrine. In judging the course of human history, Kant sometimes seems to be accepting the doctrine of Hobbes, that by nature all men are at war with all. In fact, however, Kant sees deeper. The situation has another aspect. The warfare is still fundamental. Every man is at war not only with his fellows, but by nature with himself. He desires freedom, but he desires also power. Power he can get only through social subordination. This, man more or less feels from the outset. His need of his fellow-man is as prominent in his own mind as is his disposition to war with his fellow. Kant accordingly speaks of man as a being “who cannot endure his fellow-man, and cannot possibly do without him.” Thus there is that in man which wars against the very warfare itself; and Kant's general psychological theory of the inner opposition and division of the natural man comes to appear somewhat like the Pauline doctrine of the Epistle to the Romans. But Nature's chaos is Reason's opportunity.

It is upon this very basis that Kant founds his ethical theory; according to which the moral law can find in our natures no possible basis except the fundamental and supreme demand of the Pure Reason, that this universal but obviously senseless conflict shall cease through voluntary subordination to what Kant calls the Categorical Imperative. The Categorical Imperative is the principle of consistency in conduct; stated abstractly, the principle, So act at any time that you could will the maxim of your act to become a universal law for all reasonable beings. This maxim a man can obey; because he is not merely a creature with this nature, so capricious and so inwardly divided against itself, but a rational being with free-will, capable of subordinating caprice to reason. The whole moral law is thus summed up in the maxim, Act now as if your act determined the deed of every man for all time; or more simply, Act upon absolutely consistent principles. And now, in the course of history, Kant sees the progressive process of the realization of this one universal principle of the reason, in the organization of a rational human society.

Kant's true originality as a thinker lies most in his theoretical philosophy. Of this in the present place it is impossible to give any really significant account. If one must sum up in the fewest words the most general idea of this doctrine, one is disposed to say: Kant found philosophical thought concerned with the problem, how human knowledge is related to the real world of truth. This problem had assumed its then customary shape in connection with discussions both of traditional theology and of science. What we now call the conflict of religion and science really turned for that age, as for ours, upon the definition and the solution of this fundamental problem of the scope and the limits of knowledge. But what philosophers up to Kant's time had not questioned, was that *if* human knowledge in any region, as for instance in the region of natural science, has validity,—accomplishes what it means to accomplish,—then this validity and this success must involve a real acquaintance with the world absolutely real, beyond the boundaries of human experience. Thus materialistic philosophy had maintained that if natural science is valid, man knows a world of absolutely real matter, which explains all things and is the ultimate truth. Theological doctrine had held in a similar way that if the human reason is valid at all, then the absolute nature of God, of the soul, or of some other transcendent truth, must in some respect be within our range. Now Kant undertook, by virtue of a new analysis of human knowledge, to prove, on one hand, that human reason cannot know absolute truth of any kind except moral truth. Herein, to be sure, his doctrine seemed at one with those skeptical views which had questioned in former times the validity of human knowledge altogether. But Kant did not agree

with the skeptics as to their result. On the other hand, he maintained that the real success and the genuine validity of human science depend upon the very fact that we are not able to know, in theoretical realms, any absolute or transcendent truth whatsoever. For, as Kant asserts, in dealing with nature as science knows nature, we are really dealing with the laws of human experience as such, and not with any absolute or transcendent truth whatever. It is however the nature of the human understanding, the constitution of human experience, that is expressed in all natural laws that we are able to discover; in all the truth that science maintains or that the future can disclose. Thus, as Kant states the case, it is the understanding that gives laws to nature. And the limitation of knowledge to the realm of experience, and our failure to be able to know in theoretical terms any transcendent truth, are not signs of the failure of human knowledge in its essential human purposes, but are conditions upon which depends the very validity of our knowledge within its own realm. In trying to know more than the world of experience, we try an experiment which, if successful, could only end in making all knowledge impossible. Space, time, such fundamental ideas as the idea of causality,—all these are facts which represent no fundamental truth beyond experience whatever. They are facts determined solely by the facts of human nature. They hold within our range, and not beyond it. Of things in themselves we know nothing. But on this very ignorance, Kant maintains, is founded not only the validity of our natural sciences, but the possibility of retaining, against the assaults of materialism and of a purely negative skepticism, the validity of our moral consciousness and the essential spirit of religious faith. In this unique combination of critical skepticism, of moral idealism, and of a rationalistic assurance of the validity for all men of the *a priori* principles upon which natural science rests, lies the essential significance of the philosophy of Kant,—a significance which only a much fuller exposition, and a study of the history of thought, could make explicit.

Isaiah Royce.

A COMPARISON OF THE BEAUTIFUL WITH THE PLEASANT
AND THE GOOD

From 'The Critique of Judgment'

AS REGARDS the Pleasant every one is content that his judgment, which he bases upon private feeling, and by which he says of an object that it pleases him, should be limited merely to his own person. Thus he is quite contented that if he says, "Canary wine is pleasant," another man may correct his expression and remind him that he ought to say, "It is pleasant *to me*." And this is the case not only as regards the taste of the tongue, the palate, and the throat, but for whatever is pleasant to any one's eyes and ears. To one, violet color is soft and lovely; to another, it is washed out and dead. One man likes the tone of wind instruments, another that of strings. To strive here with the design of reproving as incorrect another man's judgment which is different from our own, as if the judgments were logically opposed, would be folly. As regards the Pleasant, therefore, the fundamental proposition is valid: *Every one has his own taste*,—the taste of Sense.

The case is quite different with the Beautiful. It would on the contrary be laughable if a man who imagined anything to his own taste, thought to justify himself by saying, "This object [the house we see, the coat that person wears, the concert we hear, the poem submitted to our judgment] is beautiful *for me*." For he must not call it *beautiful* if it merely pleases him. Many things may have for him charm and pleasantness; no one troubles himself at that: but if he gives out anything as beautiful, he supposes in others the same satisfaction; he judges not merely for himself, but for every one, and speaks of beauty as if it were a property of things. Hence he says, "The *thing* is beautiful;" and he does not count on the agreement of others with this his judgment of satisfaction, because he has found this agreement several times before, but he *demands* it of them. He blames them if they judge otherwise; and he denies them taste, which he nevertheless requires from them. Here then we cannot say that each man has his own particular taste. For this would be as much as to say that there is no taste whatever; *i. e.*, no æsthetical judgment which can make a rightful claim upon every one's assent.

At the same time we find as regards the Pleasant that there is an agreement among men in their judgments upon it, in regard to which we deny taste to some and attribute it to others; by this not meaning one of our organic senses, but a faculty of judging in respect of the Pleasant generally. Thus we say of a man who knows how to entertain his guests with pleasures of enjoyment for all the senses, so that they are all pleased, "He has taste." But here the universality is only taken comparatively: and there emerge rules which are only *general*, like all empirical ones, and not *universal*; which latter the judgment of Taste upon the Beautiful undertakes or lays claim to. It is a judgment in reference to sociability, so far as this rests on empirical rules. In respect to the Good it is true that judgments make rightful claim to validity for every one; but the Good is represented only by means of a concept as the object of a universal satisfaction, which is the case neither with the Pleasant nor with the Beautiful.

This particular determination of the universality of an æsthetical judgment, which is to be met with in a judgment of taste, is noteworthy, not indeed for the logician, but for the transcendental philosopher. It requires no small trouble to discover its origin; but we thus detect a property of our cognitive faculty which without this analysis would remain unknown.

First we must be fully convinced of the fact that in a judgment of taste about the Beautiful, the satisfaction in the object is imputed to *every one*,—without being based on a concept, for then it would be the Good. Further, this claim to universal validity so essentially belongs to a judgment by which we describe anything as *beautiful*, that if this were not thought in it, it would never come into our thoughts to use the expression at all, but everything which pleases without a concept would be counted as pleasant. In respect of the latter, every one has his own opinion; and no one assumes in another, agreement with his judgment of taste, which is always the case in a judgment of taste about beauty.

He who fears can form no judgment about the Sublime in nature; just as he who is seduced by inclination and appetite can form no judgment about the Beautiful. The former flies from the sight of an object which inspires him with awe; and it is impossible to find satisfaction in a terror that is seriously felt. Hence the pleasurable arising from the cessation of an

uneasiness is *a state of joy*. But this, on account of the deliverance from danger which is involved, is a state of joy when conjoined with the resolve that we shall no more be exposed to the danger; we cannot willingly look back upon our sensations of danger, much less seek the occasion for them again.

Bold, overhanging, and as it were threatening, rocks; clouds piled up in the sky, moving with lightning flashes and thunder peals; volcanoes in all their violence of destruction; hurricanes with their track of devastation; the boundless ocean in a state of tumult; the lofty waterfall of a mighty river; and such like,—these exhibit our faculty of resistance as insignificantly small in comparison with their might. But the sight of them is the more attractive, the more fearful it is, provided only that we are in security; and we willingly call these objects sublime, because they raise the energies of the soul above their accustomed height, and discover in us a faculty of resistance of a quite different kind, which gives us courage to measure ourselves against the apparent almighty of nature.

Now, in the immensity of nature, and in the insufficiency of our faculties to take in a standard proportionate to the æsthetical estimation of the magnitude of its *realm*, we find our own limitation; although at the same time in our rational faculty we find a different, non-sensuous standard, which has that infinity itself under it as a unity, in comparison with which everything in nature is small, and thus in our mind we find a superiority to nature even in its immensity. And so also the irresistibility of its might, while making us recognize our own physical impotence, considered as beings of nature, discloses to us a faculty of judging independently of, and a superiority over, nature; on which is based a kind of self-preservation, entirely different from that which can be attacked and brought into danger by external nature. Thus humanity in our person remains unhumiliated, though the individual might have to submit to this dominion. In this way nature is not judged to be sublime in our æsthetical judgments in so far as it excites fear; but because it calls up that power in us, which is not nature, of regarding as small the things about which we are solicitous (goods, health, and life), and of regarding its might, to which we are no doubt subjected in respect of these things, as nevertheless without any dominion over us and our personality, to which we must bow where our highest fundamental propositions, and their assertion

or abandonment, are concerned. Therefore nature is here called sublime merely because it elevates the imagination to a presentation of those cases in which the mind can make felt the proper sublimity of its destination, in comparison with nature itself.

This estimation of ourselves loses nothing through the fact that we must regard ourselves as safe in order to feel this inspiring satisfaction; and that hence, as there is no seriousness in the danger, there might be also (as might seem to be the case) just as little seriousness in the sublimity of our spiritual faculty. For the satisfaction here concerns only the *destination* of our faculty which discloses itself in such a case, so far as the tendency to this destination lies in our nature, whilst its development and exercise remain incumbent and obligatory. And in this there is truth and reality, however conscious the man may be of his present actual powerlessness when he turns his reflection to it.

No doubt this principle seems to be too far-fetched and too subtly reasoned, and consequently seems to go beyond the scope of an æsthetical judgment; but observation of men proves the opposite, and shows that it may lie at the root of the most ordinary judgments, although we are not always conscious of it. For what is that which is, even to the savage, an object of the greatest admiration? It is a man who shrinks from nothing, who fears nothing, and therefore does not yield to danger, but rather goes to face it vigorously with the most complete deliberation. Even in the most highly civilized state this peculiar veneration for the soldier remains, though only under the condition that he exhibit all the virtues of peace, gentleness, compassion, and even a becoming care for his own person; because even by these it is recognized that his mind is unsubdued by danger. Hence whatever disputes there may be about the superiority of the respect which is to be accorded them, in the comparison of a statesman and a general, the æsthetical judgment decides for the latter. War itself, if it is carried on with order and with a sacred respect for the rights of citizens, has something sublime in it, and makes the disposition of the people who carry it on thus, only the more sublime, the more numerous are the dangers to which they are exposed, and in respect of which they behave with courage. On the other hand, a long peace generally brings about a predominant commercial spirit, and along with it, low

selfishness, cowardice, and effeminacy; and debases the disposition of the people.

It appears to conflict with this solution of the concept of the sublime, so far as sublimity is ascribed to might, that we are accustomed to represent God as presenting himself in his wrath and yet in his sublimity, in the tempest, the storm, the earthquake, etc.; and that it would be foolish and criminal to imagine a superiority of our minds over these works of his, and as it seems, even over the designs of such might. Hence it would appear that no feeling of the sublimity of our own nature, but rather subjection, abasement, and a feeling of complete powerlessness, is a fitting state of mind in the presence of such an object; and this is generally bound up with the idea of it during natural phenomena of this kind. In religion in general, prostration, adoration with bent head, with contrite, anxious demeanor and voice, seems to be the only fitting behavior in presence of the Godhead; and hence most peoples have adopted and still observe it. But this state of mind is far from being necessarily bound up with the idea of the *sublimity* of a religion and its object. The man who is actually afraid, because he finds reasons for fear in himself, whilst conscious by his culpable disposition of offending against a Might whose will is irresistible and at the same time just, is not in the frame of mind for admiring the Divine greatness. For this a mood of calm contemplation and a quite free judgment are needed. Only if he is conscious of an upright disposition pleasing to God, do those operations of might serve to awaken in him the idea of the sublimity of this Being, for then he recognizes in himself a sublimity of disposition conformable to his will; and thus he is raised above the fear of such operations of nature, which he no longer regards as outbursts of His wrath. Even humility, in the shape of a stern judgment upon his own faults,—which otherwise, with a consciousness of good intentions, could be easily palliated from the frailty of human nature,—is a sublime state of mind, consisting in a voluntary subjection of himself to the pain of remorse, in order that the causes of this may be gradually removed. In this way religion is essentially distinguished from superstition. The latter establishes in the mind, not reverence for the sublime, but fear and apprehension of the all-powerful Being to whose will the terrified man sees himself subject, without according him any high esteem. From this nothing can arise but a seeking of

favor and flattery, instead of a religion which consists in a good life.

Sublimity therefore does not reside in anything of nature, but only in our mind, in so far as we can become conscious that we are superior to nature within, and therefore also to nature without us, so far as it influences us. Everything that excites this feeling in us,—*e. g.*, the *might* of nature which calls forth our forces,—is called then, although improperly, sublime. Only by supposing this idea in ourselves, and in reference to it, are we capable of attaining to the idea of the sublimity of that Being which produces respect in us, not merely by the might that it displays in nature, but rather by means of the faculty which resides in us of judging it fearlessly and of regarding our destination as sublime in respect of it.

Translation of J. H. Bernard.

OF REASON IN GENERAL

From 'The Critique of Pure Reason'

ALL our knowledge begins with the senses, proceeds thence to the understanding, and ends with reason. There is nothing higher than reason, for working up the material of intuition and comprehending it under the highest unity of thought. As it here becomes necessary to give a definition of that highest faculty of knowledge, I begin to feel considerable misgivings. There is of reason, as there is of the understanding, a purely formal—that is, logical—use, in which no account is taken of the contents of knowledge; but there is also a real use, in so far as reason itself contains the origin of certain concepts and principles, which it has not borrowed either from the senses or from the understanding. The former faculty has been long defined by logicians as the faculty of mediate conclusions, in contradistinction to immediate ones (*consequentia immediata*); but this does not help us to understand the latter, which itself produces concepts. As this brings us face to face with the division of reason into a logical and a transcendental faculty, we must look for a higher concept for this source of knowledge, to comprehend both concepts; though, according to the analogy of the concepts of the understanding, we may expect that the logical concept will give us the key to the transcendental, and that the table of the

functions of the former will give us the genealogical outline of the concepts of reason.

In the first part of our transcendental logic we defined the understanding as the *faculty of rules*; and we now distinguish reason from it by calling it the *faculty of principles*.

The term "principle" is ambiguous, and signifies commonly some kind of knowledge only that may be used as a principle; though in itself, and according to its origin, it is no principle at all. Every general proposition, even though it may have been derived from experience by induction, may serve as a major in a syllogism of reason; but it is not on that account a principle. Mathematical axioms—as for instance, that between two points there can be only one straight line—constitute even general knowledge *a priori*; and may therefore, with reference to the cases which can be brought under them, rightly be called principles. Nevertheless it would be wrong to say that this property of a straight line, in general and by itself, is known to us from principles, for it is known from pure intuition only.

I shall therefore call it knowledge from principles, whenever we know the particular in the general by means of concepts. Thus every syllogism of reason is a form of deducing some kind of knowledge from a principle; because the major always contains a concept which enables us to know, according to a principle, everything that can be comprehended under the conditions of that concept. As every general knowledge may serve as a major in such a syllogism, and as the understanding supplies such general propositions *a priori*, these no doubt may, with reference to their possible use, be called principles.

But if we consider these principles of the pure understanding in themselves, and according to their origin, we find that they are anything rather than knowledge from concepts. They would not even be possible *a priori*, unless we relied on pure intuition (in mathematics) or on conditions of a possible experience in general. That everything which happens has a cause, can by no means be concluded from the concept of that which happens; on the contrary, that very principle shows in what manner alone we can form a definite empirical concept of that which happens.

It is impossible therefore for the understanding to supply us with synthetical knowledge from concepts; and it is really that kind of knowledge which I call principles absolutely; while all general propositions may be called principles relatively.

It is an old desideratum, which at some time however distant may be realized, that instead of the endless variety of civil laws, their principles might be discovered; for thus alone the secret might be found of what is called simplifying legislation. Such laws, however, are only limitations of our freedom under conditions by which it always agrees with itself; they refer to something which is entirely our own work, and of which we ourselves are the cause, by means of these concepts. But that objects in themselves, as for instance material nature, should be subject to principles, and be determined according to mere concepts, is something, if not impossible, at all events extremely contradictory. But be that as it may,—for on this point we have still all investigations before us,—so much at least is clear, that knowledge from principles by itself is something totally different from mere knowledge of the understanding; which in the form of a principle may no doubt precede other knowledge, but which by itself, in so far as it is synthetical, is not based on mere thought, nor contains anything general according to concepts.

If the understanding is a faculty for producing unity among phenomena according to rules, reason is the faculty for producing unity among the rules of the understanding according to principles. Reason therefore never looks directly to experience or to any object, but to the understanding; in order to impart *a priori*, through concepts, to its manifold kinds of knowledge, a unity that may be called the unity of reason, and is very different from the unity which can be produced by the understanding.

This is a general definition of the faculty of reason, so far as it was possible to make it intelligible without the help of illustrations.

Translation of F. Max Müller.

HOW IS METAPHYSICS POSSIBLE AS SCIENCE?

From the 'Prolegomena'

METAPHYSICS as a natural disposition of the reason is real; but it is also in itself dialectical and deceptive, as was proved in the analytical solution of the third main problem. Hence to attempt to draw our principles from it, and in

their employment to follow this natural but none the less fallacious illusion, can never produce science, but only an empty dialectical art; in which one school may indeed outdo the other, but none can ever attain a justifiable and lasting success. In order that as science it may lay claim not merely to deceptive persuasion, but to insight and conviction, a critique of the reason must exhibit in a complete system the whole stock of conceptions *a priori*, arranged according to their different sources,—the sensibility, the understanding, and the reason; it must present a complete table of these conceptions, together with their analysis and all that can be deduced from them, but more especially the possibility of synthetic knowledge *a priori* by means of their deduction, the principles of its use, and finally their boundaries. Thus criticism contains, and it alone contains, the whole plan well tested and approved—indeed, all the means—whereby metaphysics may be perfected as a science; by other ways and means this is impossible. The question now is not, however, how this business is possible, but only how we are to set about it; how good heads are to be turned from their previous mistaken and fruitless path to a non-deceptive treatment; and how such a combination may be best directed towards the common end.

This much is certain: he who has once tried criticism will be sickened forever of all the dogmatical trash he was compelled to content himself with before because his reason, requiring something, could find nothing better for its occupation. Criticism stands to the ordinary school metaphysics exactly in the same relation as *chemistry* to *alchemy*, or as *astronomy* to fortune-telling *astrology*. I guarantee that no one who has comprehended and thought out the conclusions of criticism, even in these 'Prolegomena,' will ever return to the old sophistical pseudo-science. He will rather look forward with a kind of pleasure to a metaphysics, certainly now within his power, which requires no more preparatory discoveries, and which alone can procure for the reason permanent satisfaction. For this is an advantage upon which metaphysics alone can reckon with confidence, among all possible sciences; namely, that it can be brought to completion and to a durable position, as it cannot change any further, nor is it susceptible of any increase through new discoveries: since the reason does not here find the sources of its knowledge in objects and in their intuition, which cannot teach it anything,

but in itself; so that when the principles of its possibility are presented completely, and without any misunderstanding, nothing remains for pure reason to know *a priori*, or even with justice to ask. The certain prospect of so definite and perfect a knowledge has a special attraction about it, even if all its uses (of which I shall hereafter speak) be set aside.

All false art, all empty wisdom, lasts its time; but it destroys itself in the end, and its highest cultivation is at the same time the moment of its decline. That as regards metaphysics this time has now come, is proved by the state to which it has declined among all cultivated nations, notwithstanding the zeal with which every other kind of science is being worked out. The old arrangement of the university studies preserves its outlines still; a single academy of sciences bestirs itself now and then, by holding out prizes, to induce another attempt to be made therein: but it is no longer counted among fundamental sciences; and any one may judge for himself how an intellectually gifted man to whom the term "great metaphysician" were applied, would take this well-meant, but scarcely by any one coveted, compliment.

But although the period of the decline of all dogmatic metaphysics is undoubtedly come, there are many things wanting to enable us to say that the time of its re-birth by means of a thorough and complete critique of the reason has already appeared. All transitional phases from one tendency to its opposite pass through the state of indifference; and this moment is the most dangerous for an author, but as it seems to me the most favorable for the science. For when, through the complete dissolution of previous combinations, party spirit is extinguished, men's minds are in the best mood for listening gradually to proposals for a combination on another plan. If I say that I hope that these 'Prolegomena' will perhaps make research in the field of criticism more active, and will offer to the general spirit of philosophy, which seems to be wanting in nourishment on its speculative side, a new and very promising field for its occupation, I can already foresee that every one who has trodden unwillingly and with vexation the thorny way I have led him in the 'Critique' will ask me on what I ground this hope. I answer, *On the irresistible law of necessity.*

That the spirit of man will ever wholly give up metaphysical investigations, is just as little to be expected as that in order

not always to be breathing bad air we should stop breathing altogether. Metaphysics will always exist in the world, then; and what is more, exist with every one, but more especially with reflecting men, who in default of a public standard will each fashion it in his own way. Now, what has hitherto been termed metaphysics can satisfy no acute mind; but to renounce it entirely is impossible: hence a critique of the pure reason itself must be at last *attempted*, and when obtained must be *investigated* and subjected to a universal test; because otherwise there are no means of relieving this pressing requirement, which means something more than mere thirst for knowledge.

Translation of Ernest Belford Bax.



JOHN KEATS.



JOHN KEATS

(1795-1821)

BY LOUISE IMOGEN GUINEY

EARLY all people who read poetry have a favoritism for Keats; he is in many respects the popular hero of English literature. He was young, and chivalrously devoted to his art; he has a mastery of expression almost unparalleled; he is neither obscure nor polemic; and he has had from the first a most fecundating influence on other minds: in Hood, in Tennyson, in Rossetti and Matthew Arnold, in Lanier and Lowell, in Yeats and Watson, one feels the breath and touch of Keats like an incantation. It is a test of the truly original genius that it shall stand in line with the past and the future of its race; that it shall be essentially filial and paternal. Newman says somewhere in his ever lucid manner: "Good is not only good, but reproductive of good; this is one of its attributes; nothing is excellent, beautiful, perfect, desirable, for its own sake, but it overflows, and spreads the likeness of itself all around it. . . . A great good will impart great good." And as he might have added, it will have derived it. Keats first woke and knew himself reading Spenser's world of faëry, where abstract harmonies wander,

"And the gloom divine is all around,
And underneath is the mossy ground."

That was really his opening event. His outer story is soon told. Let it count as it can that Keats was of commonplace stock, born on the 31st of October, 1795, early orphaned, having a small competence wasted prematurely through the fault of others; that he had careful schooling in his boyhood, and kind friends then and famous friends after to spur him on to achieve his best, never having set foot in a university save as a passing guest; that he was apprenticed to a country surgeon, and got absorbed, little by little and with exclusive passion, in literature; that he was small in person, but muscularly made, with a head and face of alert and serious beauty; and that his behavior in all the relations of life was cheerful, disinterested, modest, honorable, kind; that his health broke,—but not because of his anxieties, of which a fevered love-affair was chief,—and that he died in exile at Rome on the 23d of February, 1821, aged five-and-twenty, uncertain of the fate of his third and last book, in

which lay his whole gathered force, his brave bid for human remembrance.

Keats's early attempts were certainly over-colored. 'Endymion,' despite its soft graces and two enchanting lyric interludes, is a disquieting performance. Yet it turned out to be, as he knew, a rock under his feet whence he could make a progress, and not a quicksand which he had to abandon in order to be saved. Like Mozart's or Raphael's, his work is singularly of a piece. His ambition in his novice days was great and conscious: "I that am ever all athirst for glory!" he cries in a sonnet composed in 1817. Everything he wrote was for a while embroidered and interrupted with manifold invocations to his Muse, or melodiously irrelevant remarks concerning his own unworthiness and pious intentions. And there is nothing finer in the history of English letters than his growth, by self-criticism, from these molluscous moods into the perception and interpretation of objective beauty. His dominant qualities, bad and good, exist from the first, and all along: they seem never to have moved from their own ground. But they undergo the most lovely transformations; in his own Hebraic phrase, they "die into life," into the perfected splendor of the Keats we know. He embraced discipline. Knowing no Greek (it was part of Shelley's generous plan, when both were unwittingly so near the grave, to "keep Keats's body warm, and teach him Greek and Spanish"), the little London poet turned loyally to Greek ideals: the most unlikely loadstones, one would think, for his opulent and inebriate imagination. Towards these ideals, and not only towards the entrancing mythologies extern to them, he toiled. Recognizing the richness and redundancy of his rebellious fancy, he therefore set before himself truth, and the calm report of it; height and largeness; severity, and poise, and restraint. The processes are perceptible alike in lyric, narrative, and sonnet, taken in the lump and chronologically; the amazing result is plain at last in the recast and unfinished 'Hyperion,' and in the incomparable volume of 1820, containing 'Lamia,' 'Isabella,' 'The Eve of Saint Agnes,' and the Odes. It is as if a dweller in the fen country should elect to build upon Jura. This may be the award of a vocation and a concentrated mind, or even the happy instinct of genius. It betokens, no less, sovereignty of another sort. "Keats had flint and iron in him," says Mr. Matthew Arnold; "he had character." Even as the gods gave him his natural life of the intellect, he matched them at their own game; for he earned his immortality.

Now, what is the outstanding extraneous feature of Keats's poetry? It is perhaps the musical and sculptural effect which he can make with words: a necromancy which he exercises with hardly a rival, even "among the greatest"; and among these he justly hoped to

stand. Observe that a facility of this sort cannot be a natural endowment, since we must still, as Sir Philip Sidney bewails, "be put to school to learn our mother-tongue"; and that it implies ascetic diligence in the artist compassing it. Moreover, Keats's craftsmanship is no menace to him. It is true that he carries, in general, no such hindering burden of thought along his lyre as Donne, Dryden, Wordsworth, Browning; but neither, once having learned his strength, does he ever fall into the mere teasing ecstasy of symbolic sound, as Shelley does often, as Swinburne does more often than not. Keats, unlike Shelley or a cherub, is not all wing; he "stands foursquare" when he wills, or moves like the men of the Parthenon frieze, with a health and joyous gravity entirely carnal. The most remarkable of all his powers is this power of deliciously presenting the inconceivable, without strain or fantasticality, so that it takes rank at once among laws which any one might have seen and said—laws necessary to man in his higher moods. Neither Virgil, nor Dante, nor Milton,—although he touches deep truths, and Keats only their beautiful analogies,—has a more illumining habit of speech. Mr. Bradford Torrey, in a recent essay in the *Atlantic Monthly*, cited, as master instances of "verbal magic" in English, a passage from Shakespeare, another from Wordsworth, which have long had the profound admiration of feeling hearts. These are—

"—boughs that shake against the cold,
Bare ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang,"

and again—

"—old unhappy far-off things,
And battles long ago."

The condition of the best "magic" is surely that it shall be unaccountable; but the magnificent lines just cited are not at all so,—at least fundamentally, to any acquainted with what may be called their historic context. Shakespeare eyeing the melancholy winter trees as he writes his sonnet, and sympathetically conscious of the glorious abbey churches newly dismantled on every side, unroofed, emptied, discolored, their choral voices hushed; Wordsworth conjecturing the matter of his Scots girl-gleaner's song to have been (as indeed it must have been, caught from her aged grandsire's lips at home!) a memory of the Forty-five, an echo of the romantic Jacobite insurrection, enough in itself to inspire poets forever;—these are but transmuting their every-day tradition and impression into literature. But the "younger brother" is not so to be tracked; when we come to the finest definite images of his pages, such as

"Magic casements opening on the foam
Of perilous seas, in faëry lands forlorn,"

we feel that he lived in Illyria, rather than in the capital of his Sacred Majesty George the Fourth. Some conception which defies genesis is under his every stanza; word on word is wrought of miracles. Yet the whole is fragrant of obedience, temperance, labor. This it is which makes the art of Keats a very heartening spectacle, over and above its extreme solace and charm; and his own clan will always be his most vehement adorers, because they, better than any, have insight into his heroic temper.

Time, accumulatively wise with the imparted second thoughts of all men of genius, has not failed to make huge excisions in Keats's dramatic, satiric, and amatory work; and to name the earliest and the latest verses among utterances forgivably imperfect. But striking away from Keats's fame all which refuses to cohere, leaves large to the eye what a noble and endearing shrine of song! Far more effectually than any other at our command, the lad John Keats, being but heard and seen, bears in upon the docile intelligence what is meant by pure poesy; the most elemental and tangible, as well as the most occult and uncataloguable (if one may coin so fierce a word!) of mortal pleasures. Although he must always call forth personal love and reverence, his value is unmistakably super-personal. Keats is the Celt, the standard-bearer of revealed beauty, among the English, and carries her colors triumphantly into our actual air.

Louise Imogen Guiney.

FROM 'THE EVE OF ST. AGNES'

ST. AGNES'S Eve—Ah, bitter chill it was!
 The owl, for all his feathers, was a-cold;
 The hare limped trembling through the frozen grass,
 And silent was the flock in woolly fold;
 Numb were the Beadsman's fingers, while he told
 His rosary, and while his frosted breath,
 Like pious incense from a censer old,
 Seemed taking flight for heaven, without a death,
 Past the sweet Virgin's picture, while his prayer he saith.

His prayer he saith, this patient, holy man;
 Then takes his lamp, and riseth from his knees,
 And back returneth, meagre, barefoot, wan,
 Along the chapel isle by slow degrees,
 The sculptured dead, on each side, seem to freeze.

Emprisoned in black, purgatorial rails.
 Knights, ladies, praying in dumb orat'ries,
 He passeth by; and his weak spirit fails
 To think how they may ache in icy hoods and mails. . . .

A casement high and triple-arched there was,
 All garlanded with carven imageries
 Of fruits, and flowers, and bunches of knot-grass,
 And diamonded with panes of quaint device,
 Innumerable of stains and splendid dyes,
 As are the tiger-moth's deep-damasked wings:
 And in the midst, 'mong thousand heraldries,
 And twilight saints, and dim emblazonings,
 A shielded scutcheon blushed with blood of queens and kings.

Full on this casement shone the wintry moon,
 And threw warm gules on Madeline's fair breast,
 As down she knelt for heaven's grace and boon;
 Rose-bloom fell on her hands together prest,
 And on her silver cross soft amethyst,
 And on her hair a glory, like a saint:
 She seemed a splendid angel, newly drest,
 Save wings, for heaven;—Porphyro grew faint:
 She knelt, so pure a thing, so free from mortal taint. . . .

Soon, trembling in her soft and chilly nest,
 In sort of wakeful swoon, perplexed she lay,
 Until the poppied warmth of sleep oppressed
 Her soothèd limbs, and soul fatigued away:
 Flown, like a thought, until the morrow-day;
 Blissfully havened both from joy and pain;
 Clasped like a missal where swart Paynims pray;
 Blinded alike from sunshine and from rain,
 As though a rose should shut, and be a bud again. . . .

And still she slept an azure-lidded sleep,
 In blanchèd linen, smooth and lavendered,
 While he from forth the closet brought a heap
 Of candied apple, quince, and plum, and gourd;
 With jellies soother than the creamy curd,
 And lucent syrups, tinct with cinnamon;
 Manna and dates, in argosy transferred
 From Fez; and spicèd dainties, every one,
 From silken Samarcand to cedared Lebanon. . . .

She hurried at his words, beset with fear,
 For there were sleeping dragons all around,
 At glaring watch, perhaps, with ready spear:
 Down the wide stairs a darkling way they found.—
 In all the house was heard no human sound.
 A chain-drooped lamp was flickering by each door;
 The arras, rich with horseman, hawk, and hound,
 Fluttered in the besieging wind's uproar;
 And the long carpets rose along the gusty floor.

They glide like phantoms into the wide hall;
 Like phantoms to the iron porch they glide,
 Where lay the Porter, in uneasy sprawl,
 With a huge empty flagon by his side;
 The wakeful bloodhound rose and shook his hide,
 But his sagacious eye an inmate owns;
 By one and one the bolts full easy slide;
 The chains lie silent on the footworn stones;
 The key turns, and the door upon its hinges groans.

FROM 'ENDYMION'

A THING of beauty is a joy for ever;
 Its loveliness increases: it will never
 Pass into nothingness; but still will keep
 A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
 Full of sweet dreams, and health, and quiet breathing.
 Therefore, on every morrow, are we wreathing
 A flowery band to bind us to the earth,
 Spite of despondence, of the inhuman dearth
 Of noble natures, of the gloomy days,
 Of all the unhealthy and o'er-darkened ways
 Made for our searching: yes, in spite of all,
 Some shape of beauty moves away the pall
 From our dark spirits. Such the sun, the moon,
 Trees old and young, sprouting a shady boon
 For simple sheep; and such are daffodils
 With the green world they live in; and clear rills
 That for themselves a cooling covert make
 'Gainst the hot season; the mid-forest brake,
 Rich with a sprinkling of fair musk-rose blooms:
 And such too is the grandeur of the dooms
 We have imagined for the mighty dead;
 All lovely tales that we have heard or read:

An endless fountain of immortal drink,
 Pouring unto us from the heaven's brink.
 Nor do we merely feel these essences
 For one short hour; no, even as the trees
 That whisper round a temple become soon
 Dear as the temple's self, so does the moon,
 The passion poesy, glories infinite,
 Haunt us till they become a cheering light
 Unto our souls, and bound to us so fast,
 That, whether there be shine, or gloom o'ercast,
 They always must be with us, or we die.

FROM 'HYPERION'

DEEP in the shady sadness of a vale,
 Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,
 Far from the fiery noon, and eve's one star,
 Sat gray-haired Saturn, quiet as a stone,
 Still as the silence round about his lair.
 Forest on forest hung about his head
 Like cloud on cloud. . . .
 Along the margin-sand large foot-marks went,
 No further than to where his feet had strayed,
 And slept there since. Upon the sodden ground
 His old right hand lay nerveless, listless, dead,
 Unsceptred; and his realmless eyes were closed;
 While his bowed head seemed listening to the Earth,
 His ancient mother, for some comfort yet.
 It seemed no force could wake him from his place;
 But there came one who with a kindred hand
 Touched his wide shoulders, after bending low
 With reverence, though to one who knew it not.
 She was a goddess of the infant world. . . .
 Her face was large as that of Memphian Sphinx,
 Pedestaled haply in a palace court,
 When sages looked to Egypt for their lore.
 But oh! how unlike marble was that face:
 How beautiful, if sorrow had not made
 Sorrow more beautiful than Beauty's self.
 There was a listening fear in her regard,
 As if calamity had but begun;
 As if the vanward clouds of evil days
 Had spent their malice, and the sullen rear
 Was with its storèd thunder laboring up.

ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE

MY HEART aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
 My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
 Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
 One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
 'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
 But being too happy in thine happiness,—
 That thou, light-wingèd Dryad of the trees,
 In some melodious plot
 Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
 Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

Oh for a draught of vintage! that hath been
 Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
 Tasting of Flora and the country green,
 Dance, and Provençal song, and sunburnt mirth!
 Oh for a beaker full of the warm South,
 Full of the true, the blushing Hippocrene,
 With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
 And purple-stainèd mouth:
 That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,
 And with thee fade away into the forest dim;

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
 What thou among the leaves hast never known.—
 The weariness, the fever, and the fret,
 Here where men sit and hear each other groan;
 Where palsy shakes a few sad, last gray hairs,
 Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
 Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
 And leaden-eyed despairs,
 Where Beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
 Or new Love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! away! for I will fly to thee,
 Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
 But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
 Though the dull brain perplexes and retards:
 Already with thee! tender is the night,
 And haply the Queen Moon is on her throne,
 Clustered around by all her starry Fays;
 But here there is no light,
 Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
 Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
 Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs,
 But, in embalmèd darkness, guess each sweet
 Wherewith the seasonable month endows
 The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
 White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
 Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
 And mid-May's eldest child,
 The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
 The murmurous haunt of flies on summer eves.

Darkling I listen; and, for many a time
 I have been half in love with easeful Death,—
 Called him soft names in many a musèd rhyme,
 To take into the air my quiet breath,—
 Now more than ever seems it rich to die;
 To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
 While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
 In such an ecstasy!
 Still wouldest thou sing, and I have ears in vain—
 To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not born for death, immortal Bird!
 No hungry generations tread thee down;
 The voice I hear this passing night was heard
 In ancient days by emperor and clown;
 Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
 Through the sad heart of Ruth, when, sick for home,
 She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
 The same that oftentimes hath
 Charmed magic casements, opening on the foam
 Of perilous seas, in faëry lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
 To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
 Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
 As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
 Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
 Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
 Up the hillside; and now 'tis buried deep
 In the next valley-glades:
 Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
 Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

ODE ON A GRECIAN URN

THOU still unravished bride of quietness!
 Thou foster-child of silence and slow time!
 Sylvan historian, who canst thus express
 A flowery tale more sweetly than our rhyme:
 What leaf-fringed legend haunts about thy shape
 Of deities or mortals, or of both,
 In Tempe or the dales of Arcady?
 What men or gods are these? What maidens loth?
 What mad pursuit? What struggle to escape?
 What pipes and timbrels? What wild ecstasy?

 Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard
 Are sweeter; therefore, ye soft pipes, play on;
 Not to the sensual ear, but more endeared,
 Pipe to the spirit ditties of no tone:
 Fair youth, beneath the trees, thou canst not leave
 Thy song, nor ever can those trees be bare;
 Bold Lover, never, never canst thou kiss,
 Though winning near the goal—yet do not grieve:
 She cannot fade, though thou hast not thy bliss;
 For ever wilt thou love, and she be fair!

 Ah, happy, happy boughs! that cannot shed
 Your leaves, nor ever bid the Spring adieu;
 And happy melodist, unwearied,
 For ever piping songs for ever new;
 More happy love! more happy, happy love!
 For ever warm and still to be enjoyed,
 For ever panting, and for ever young;
 All breathing human passion far above,
 That leaves a heart high-sorrowful and cloyed,
 A burning forehead, and a parching tongue.

 Who are these coming to the sacrifice?
 To what green altar, O mysterious priest,
 Lead'st thou that heifer lowing at the skies,
 And all her silken flanks with garlands drest?
 What little town by river or sea shore,
 Or mountain-built with peaceful citadel,
 Is emptied of this folk, this pious morn?
 And, little town, thy streets for evermore
 Will silent be; and not a soul to tell
 Why thou art desolate, can e'er return.

O Attic shape! Fair attitude! with brede
 Of marble men and maidens overwrought,
 With forest branches and the trodden weed;
 Thou, silent form, dost tease us out of thought
 As doth eternity: Cold Pastoral!
 When old age shall this generation waste,
 Thou shalt remain in midst of other woe
 Than ours, a friend to man, to whom thou say'st,
 "Beauty is truth, truth beauty,"—that is all
 Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

FANCY

EVER let the Fancy roam,
 Pleasure never is at home;
 At a touch sweet pleasure melteth,
 Like to bubbles when rain pelteth:
 Then let wingèd Fancy wander
 Through the thought still spread beyond her:
 Open wide the mind's cage door,
 She'll dart forth, and cloudward soar.
 O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
 Summer's joys are spoilt by use,
 And the enjoying of the Spring
 Fades as does its blossoming;
 Autumn's red-lipped fruitage too,
 Blushing through the mist and dew,
 Cloys with tasting: what do then?
 Sit thee by the ingle when
 The sear fagot blazes bright,
 Spirit of a winter's night;
 When the soundless earth is muffled,
 And the cakèd snow is shuffled
 From the plowboy's heavy shoon;
 When the Night doth meet the Noon
 In a dark conspiracy
 To banish Even from her sky.
 Sit thee there, and send abroad,
 With a mind self-overawed,
 Fancy, high commissioned: send her!
 She has vassals to attend her:
 She will bring in spite of frost
 Beauties that the earth had lost;

She will bring thee, altogether,
All delights of summer weather;
All the buds and bells of May,
From dewy sward or thorny spray;
All the heapèd Autumn's wealth,
With a still, mysterious stealth;
She will mix these pleasures up
Like three fit wines in a cup,
And thou shalt quaff it: thou shalt hear
Distant harvest carols clear;
Rustle of the reapèd corn;
Sweet birds anthemizing the morn:
And in the same moment—hark!
'Tis the early April lark,
Or the rooks, with busy caw,
Foraging for sticks and straw.
Thou shalt at one glance behold
The daisy and the marigold;
White-plumed lilies, and the first
Hedge-grown primrose that hath burst;
Shaded hyacinth, alway
Sapphire queen of the mid-May;
And every leaf and every flower
Pearlèd with the self-same shower
Thou shalt see the field-mouse peep
Meagre from its cellèd sleep;
And the snake all winter-thin
Cast on sunny bank its skin;
Freckled nest-eggs thou shalt see
Hatching in the hawthorn-tree,
When the hen-bird's wing doth rest
Quiet on her mossy nest;
Then the hurry and alarm
When the bee-hive casts its swarm;
Acorns ripe down-pattering,
While the autumn breezes sing.

O sweet Fancy! let her loose;
Everything is spoilt by use:
Quickly break her prison-string
And such joys as these she'll bring.—
Let the wingèd Fancy roam,
Pleasure never is at home.

TO AUTUMN

SEASON of mists and mellow fruitfulness,
Close bosom-friend of the maturing sun;
Conspiring with him how to load and bless
With fruit the vines that round the thatch-eaves run;
To bend with apples the mossed cottage-trees,
And fill all fruit with ripeness to the core;
To swell the gourd, and plump the hazel shells
With a sweet kernel; to set budding more
And still more, later flowers for the bees,
Until they think warm days will never cease,
For Summer has o'er-brimmed their clammy cells.

Who hath not seen thee oft amid thy store?
Sometimes whoever seeks abroad may find
Thee sitting careless on a granary floor,
Thy hair soft-lifted by the winnowing wind;
Or on a half-reaped furrow sound asleep,
Drowsed with the fume of poppies, while thy hook
Spares the next swath and all its twinèd flowers:
And sometimes like a gleaner thou dost keep
Steady thy laden head across a brook;
Or by a cider-press, with patient look,
Thou watchest the last oozings hours by hours.

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?
Think not of them, thou hast thy music too,—
While barrèd clouds bloom the soft-dying day.
And touch the stubble plains with rosy hue;
Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river sallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge crickets sing; and now with treble soft
The redbreast whistles from a garden croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

LA BELLE DAME SANS MERCI

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,*
 Alone and palely loitering?
 The sedge is withered from the lake,
 And no birds sing.

Ah, what can ail thee, wretched wight,
 So haggard and so woe-begone?
 The squirrel's granary is full,
 And the harvest's done.

I see a lily on thy brow,
 With anguish moist and fever dew;
 And on thy cheek a fading rose
 Fast withereth too.

I met a lady in the meads
 Full beautiful, a faëry's child;
 Her hair was long, her foot was light,
 And her eyes were wild.

I set her on my pacing steed,
 And nothing else saw all day long;
 For sideways would she lean, and sing
 A faëry's song.

I made a garland for her head,
 And bracelets too, and fragrant zone:
 She looked at me as she did love,
 And made sweet moan.

She found me roots of relish sweet,
 And honey wild, and manna dew;
 And sure in language strange she said,
 "I love thee true."

She took me to her elfin grot,
 And there she gazed and sighed deep,
 And there I shut her wild sad eyes—
 So kissed to sleep.

And there we slumbered on the moss,
 And there I dreamed—ah! woe betide—

* In the version by Lord Houghton of this poem, this line and its repetition in the second stanza run, "Oh, what can ail thee, knight-at-arms!" and that form of the line is often met, with other changes.

The latest dream I ever dreamed
On the cold hillside.

I saw pale kings, and princes too,
Pale warriors, death-pale were they all;
Who cry'd—“La belle Dame sans merci
Hath thee in thrall!”

I saw their starved lips in the gloom
With horrid warning gapèd wide,
And I awoke, and found me here
On the cold hillside.

And this is why I sojourn here
Alone and palely loitering,
Though the sedge is withered from the lake,
And no birds sing.

SONNET

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO CHAPMAN'S HOMER

MUCH have I traveled in the realms of gold,
And many goodly States and kingdoms seen;
Round many western islands have I been
Which bards in fealty to Apollo hold.
Oft of one wide expanse had I been told
That deep-browed Homer ruled as his demesne;
Yet did I never breathe its pure serene
Till I heard Chapman speak out loud and bold:
Then felt I like some watcher of the skies
When a new planet swims into his ken;
Or like stout Cortez when with eagle eyes
He stared at the Pacific—and all his men
Looked at each other with a wild surmise—
Silent, upon a peak in Darien.

SONNET

ON SEEING THE ELGIN MARBLES

MY SPIRIT is too weak: mortality
Weighs heavily on me like unwilling sleep;
And each imagined pinnacle and steep
Of godlike hardship, tells me I must die,
Like a sick eagle looking at the sky.
Yet 'tis a gentle luxury to weep

That I have not the cloudy winds to keep,
Fresh for the opening of the morning's eye.
Such dim-conceivèd glories of the brain
 Bring round the heart an undescribable feud;
So do these wonders a most dizzy pain,
 That mingles Grecian grandeur with the rude
Wasting of old Time—with a billowy main—
 A sun—a shadow of a magnitude.

SONNET

WRITTEN ON A BLANK PAGE IN SHAKESPEARE'S POEMS,
FACING 'A LOVER'S COMPLAINT'

BRIGHT star, would I were steadfast as thou art:
 Not in lone splendor hung aloft the night,
 And watching, with eternal lids apart,
 Like nature's patient, sleepless eremite,
The moving waters at their priestlike task
 Of pure ablution round earth's human shores,
Or gazing on the new soft-fallen mask
 Of snow upon the mountains and the moors;
No—yet still steadfast, still unchangeable,
 Pillowed upon my fair love's ripening breast,
To feel for ever its soft fall and swell
 Awake for ever in a sweet unrest;
Still, still to hear her tender-taken breath,
 And so live ever—or else swoon to death.

JOHN KEBLE

(1792-1866)

THE 'Christian Year,' a small volume of religious poems, appeared in 1827. The verses had all the scholarly simplicity resulting from classical study, and critics quickly recognized their artistic workmanship. But the immediate and astonishing popularity of the work was due to its personal character. "It was the most soothing, tranquillizing, subduing work of the day," said Newman: "if poems can be found to enliven in dejection and to comfort in anxiety, to cool the over-sanguine, to refresh the weary, and to awe the worldly, to instill resignation into the impatient and calmness into the fearful and agitated, they are these." Many men and women found solace in these voicings of their own religious life.

The author, John Keble, was not ambitious of literary fame. He had written his poems from time to time as he felt the need of self-expression, and it was only after long persuasion from his friends that he consented to make them public.

There is something of the mellow brightness of a summer Sunday about his life and work. "Dear John Keble," as his associates called him, was a most ardent churchman. With a rare patience and sympathy for repentant sinners he combined an implacable condemnation of wrong-doing, which won him respect as well as love. Throughout the religious storm which, emanating from Oxford, shook all England,—which forced John Henry Newman unwillingly away from his friends and his church,—Keble was a staunch support to more vacillating spirits. His sermon upon apostasy preached in 1833 stirred up people's consciences, and may be said to have initiated the Tractarian movement. He himself wrote several of the more important 'Tracts for the Times.'

His entire life was passed in intimate connection with the church. He was born at Fairford, Gloucestershire, in 1792, but was very young when his father became vicar of Coln-St.-Aldwynd. The elder Keble was a sweet-natured man and a fine classical student, who took charge himself of his son's early education; and so successfully that



JOHN KEBLE

at fifteen John Keble was admitted to Corpus Christi College, Oxford. From that time the University became very dear to him; and later he exercised an important influence over a long succession of undergraduates. He was appointed a Fellow of Oriel College in 1811, and was a tutor in Oxford for several years. Then he returned to his country home, and led a serene yet earnest life with his family while serving as his father's curate. The great success of 'The Christian Year' resulted in his appointment as professor of poetry at Oxford in 1833,—a congenial position, which he filled most capably. Soon after his father's death in 1835, he married and became vicar of Hursley near Winchester, where he lived until his death in 1866.

He was not a prolific writer, and his occasional poems were carefully and frequently remodeled. In 1846 he published a second volume, called 'Lyra Innocentium'; but although graceful and pleasing, it was less cordially received than 'The Christian Year.'

THE NIGHTINGALE

LESSONS sweet of spring returning,
 Welcome to the thoughtful heart!
 May I call ye sense of learning,
 Instinct pure, or heaven-taught art?
 Be your title what it may,
 Sweet and lengthening April day,
 While with you the soul is free,
 Ranging wild o'er hill and lea.

Soft as Memnon's harp at morning
 To the inward ear devout,
 Touched by light, with heavenly warning
 Your transporting chords ring out.
 Every leaf in every nook,
 Every wave in every brook,
 Chanting with a solemn voice,
 Minds us of our better choice.

Needs no show of mountain hoary,
 Winding shore or deepening glen,
 Where the landscape in its glory
 Teaches truth to wandering men:
 Give true hearts but earth and sky,
 And some flowers to bloom and die,—
 Homely scenes and simple views
 Lowly thoughts may best infuse.



CHRIST IN GETHSEMANE.

Photogravure from a painting by Hoffmann.

See the soft green willow springing
 Where the waters gently pass,
 Every way her free arms flinging
 O'er the moss and reedy grass.
 Long ere winter blasts are fled,
 See her tipped with vernal red,
 And her kindly flower displayed
 Ere her leaf can cast a shade.

Though the rudest hand assail her,
 Patiently she droops awhile,
 But when showers and breezes hail her,
 Wears again her willing smile.
 Thus I learn contentment's power
 From the slighted willow bower,
 Ready to give thanks and live
 On the least that Heaven may give.

If, the quiet brooklet leaving,
 Up the stony vale I wind,
 Haply half in fancy grieving
 For the shades I leave behind,
 By the dusty wayside drear,
 Nightingales with joyous cheer
 Sing, my sadness to reprove,
 Gladlier than in cultured grove.

Where the thickest boughs are twining
 Of the greenest, darkest tree,
 There they plunge, the light declining;
 All may hear, but none may see.
 Fearless of the passing hoof,
 Hardly will they fleet aloof;
 So they live in modest ways,
 Trust entire, and ceaseless praise.

CHRIST IN THE GARDEN

From 'The Christian Year'

O LORD my God, do thou thy holy will—
 I will lie still;
 I will not stir, lest I forsake thine arm,
 And break the charm
 Which lulls me, clinging to my Father's breast,
 In perfect rest.

Wild Fancy, peace! thou must not me beguile
 With thy false smile;
 I know thy flatteries and thy cheating ways;
 Be silent, Praise,
 Blind guide with siren voice, and blinding all
 That hear thy call.

• • • • •
 Mortal! if life smile on thee, and thou find
 All to thy mind,
 Think who did once from heaven to hell descend,
 Thee to befriend:
 So shalt thou dare forego, at His dear call,
 Thy best, thine all.

“O Father! not my will, but thine, be done.—”
 So spake the Son.
 Be this our charm, mellowing earth’s ruder noise
 Of griefs and joys:
 That we may cling forever to Thy breast
 In perfect rest!

MORNING

From the ‘Episcopal Church Hymnal’

NEW every morning is the love
 Our wakening and uprising prove;
 Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
 Restored to life, and power, and thought.

New mercies each returning day
 Hover around us while we pray;
 New perils past, new sins forgiven,
 New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
 Be set to hallow all we find,
 New treasures still of countless price
 God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
 As more of heaven in each we see;
 Some softening gleam of love and prayer
 Shall dawn on every cross and care.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we need to ask;
Room to deny ourselves, a road
To bring us daily nearer God.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love,
Fit us for perfect rest above;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray.

EVENING HYMN

From the 'Episcopal Church Hymnal'

SUN of my soul, thou Savior dear,
It is not night if thou be near;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Savior's breast.

Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin:
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night
Like infant's slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

GOTTFRIED KELLER

(1815-1890)

THE German Cantons of Switzerland, which during the early eighteenth century occupied so prominent a place in the annals of German culture, have in the present century done much to regain this prominence. The brilliantly imaginative and richly colored paintings of Arnold Böcklin, Conrad Ferdinand Meyer's semi-historical romances charged with the emotional fervor of our own time, and above all, the exquisite tales of Gottfried Keller, with their blending of the humorous and the tragic, of the romantic and the realistic, declare the energy of Teutonic genius beyond the bounds of the fatherland. Keller is the most distinguished novelist in German literature since Goethe wrote his 'Wilhelm Meister' and Kleist his 'Michael Kohlhaas.' His work has the freshness and vitality, the human charm, which make it of universal interest. His touch is as firm and sure as it is tender and sympathetic; his technique is that of the realist, but his heart is a poet's. If his writings won their way slowly, the hold they have at last obtained upon the public is the firmer. Keller has taken his place in the front rank among German writers of fiction in this century, and his title is secure.

Gottfried Keller was born at Zürich of humble parentage on July 19th, 1815. While he was still a boy, he heard some say, "The great Goethe is dead;" and ever afterward that name haunted him. He describes finding the fifty volumes of Goethe's works tied together on his bed; he attacked the knot, and "the golden fruit of eighty years fell asunder." From that hour he read and re-read Goethe, discovering new beauties with each perusal. Nevertheless he mistook his vocation, and expended much fruitless effort in an attempt to become a landscape painter. Gradually, and only after several years of unhappy struggling, it became clear to him that his talents were a poet's, not a painter's; even his sketch-books contained more writing than drawing. His lyric poems and critical essays attracted attention; he received a government stipend which enabled him to study at the University of Heidelberg. In 1850 he went to Berlin, and



GOTTFRIED KELLER

spent several years in poverty and obscurity. He wished to become a dramatist, but of his dramatic plans none was ever executed. Instead there appeared a new volume of poems, and in 1854 his first great novel, 'Der Grüne Heinrich' (Green Henry). This auto-biographic romance had cost him five years of almost reluctant effort; for in it he lays bare the "truth and poetry" from his own life. The central theme is practically the same as that of 'Wilhelm Meister': it is the story of a young man's mistake in the choice of a profession; of his misdirected efforts, and his intellectual growth. With fineness of observation and fullness of poetic fancy Keller has told the tale of his own artistic and religious development and mental struggle. This novel received a thorough revision in after years, and was republished in its new form in 1879. The author burned all the unsold copies of the first edition.

But the work upon which Keller's fame most securely rests is the collection of tales bearing the title 'Die Leute von Seldwyla' (Seldwyla Folk): "The immortal Seldwylars," Paul Heyse called them. These tales have no other connection with one another than this, that they all treat of the simple country people who dwell in the imaginary but typically Swiss village of Seldwyla. So faithfully realistic is the delineation of Swiss character that many of Keller's countrymen remonstrated against this frank exposure of their national foibles; but this realism is realism with a soul, and over all these delightful pages plays the fancy of a true poet, with his genial humor and loving insight into the human heart. No short story in German literature surpasses in beauty, pathos, and tragic significance the famous tale of 'Romeo and Juliet of the Village.' In it are reproduced in humble bucolic surroundings the conditions which brought about the tragedy in Verona. Two peasants are rival claimants for a strip of land; one has a son, the other a daughter: these love each other, are united; but, conscious of the hopelessness of their situation, they go to death together. In 'The Smith of his Own Fortunes' satirical humor prevails, but not without sympathy and an ultimate human reconciliation. But few of these tales have been done into English, and yet they are among the most finished and delicate bits of short-story telling in modern literature.

With the appearance of these volumes Keller's fame became established; and when in after years he returned to Zürich he was at least "a writer," he said, "even though an insignificant one." In 1861 he received the post of secretary for the Canton Zürich, and for fifteen years faithfully performed the duties of his office. The position was no sinecure, and left him little leisure for literary work. Nevertheless he had written a few tales and poems, and after his retirement from office he devoted himself diligently to literature.

A volume of legends had appeared in 1872; in 1876 came two volumes of Swiss tales, entitled 'Zürich Stories,' and others appeared in 1881 with the title of 'Das Sinngedicht' (The Epigram). His latest important work was the less satisfactory, satirical novel of 'Martin Salander,' published in 1886. It has the qualities of truth and sincerity; but as he said himself, it is deficient in beauty.

Keller was an extremely modest man, and under a bluff exterior was concealed a shy nature. He was surprised at his own literary eminence; and when upon the occasion of his seventieth birthday, for which his distinguished countryman Böcklin designed the medallion, all Germany did him homage, he was deeply touched, and thought too much praise had been bestowed upon his "yarns." He died in the fullness of his fame, on July 15th, 1890.

THE FOUNDING OF A FAMILY

From 'The Smith of his Own Fortunes,' in 'Seldwyla Folk'

[John Kabys, having exhausted his meagre patrimony in idle expectation of a fortune which did not appear, was at last forced to earn his own livelihood, and accordingly opened a barber-shop in his native town. Here one day he casually learned from a customer that a wealthy old gentleman in Augsburg had been making inquiries if there were still Kabyses in Seldwyla. Acting upon this hint, John went to Augsburg, and the scenes of the following extract took place. The fact that John in his efforts to render his position more secure subsequently became the father of his uncle's heir, thus supplanting himself, gives a touch of humorous irony to the title of the tale.]

"COME up with me to the hall of knights!" said Mr. Litumlei. They went; when the old man had paced solemnly up and down a few times, he began: "Hear my purpose and my proposition, my dear grand-nephew! You are the last of your race; this is a serious fate! But I have one not less serious to bear! Look upon me: Well, then! I am the first of mine!"

Proudly he drew himself up; and John looked at him, but could not discover what it all meant. The other then continued: "'I am the first of mine,' means the same as—'I have determined to found a race as great and glorious as you here see painted on the walls of this hall!' You see, these are not my ancestors, but the members of an extinct patrician family of this city. When I came here thirty years ago, this house happened to be for sale with all its contents and memorials; and I acquired the whole apparatus at once, as a foundation for the realization

of my favorite idea. For I possessed a large fortune, but no name, no ancestors; and I don't even know the baptismal name of my grandfather who married a Kabys. I indemnified myself at first by explaining the painted ladies and gentlemen here as my ancestors, and by making some of them Litumleis, others Kabyses, by means of such tickets as you see: but my family recollections extended to only six or seven persons; the rest of this mass of pictures—the result of four centuries—mocked my efforts. All the more urgently I was thrown upon the future, upon the necessity of inaugurating a lasting race myself, whose honored ancestor I am. Long ago I had my portrait painted, and a genealogical tree as well, at whose root stands my name. But an ill star obstinately pursues me! I already have my third wife, and as yet not one of them has presented me with a girl, to say nothing of a son and heir to the family name. My two former wives, from whom I procured a divorce, have since out of malice had several children by other husbands; and my present wife, whom I have had now seven years, would undoubtedly do the same if I should let her go.

"Your appearance, dear grand-nephew, has given me the idea of resorting to an artificial assistance, such as in history was frequently made use of in dynasties great and small. What do you say to this?—You live with us as a son of the house; I will make you my legal heir! In return, you will perform the following: You sacrifice externally your own family traditions (for you are the last of your race anyway); and at my death—*i. e.*, on your accession as my heir,—you assume my name! I spread the report privately that you are a natural son of mine, the fruit of a mad prank in my youth; you adopt this view and do not contradict it! Later on perhaps a written document about it might be composed,—a memoir, a little novel, a noteworthy love story in which I cut a fiery though imprudent figure, and sow misery for which I atone in old age. Finally you bind yourself to accept from my hand whatever wife I shall choose for you from among the distinguished daughters of the city, for the further prosecution of my design. This in all and in detail is my proposition."

During this speech John had turned red and white alternately; not from shame or fright, but from astonishment and joy at the fortune that had arrived at last, and at his own wisdom which had brought it to him. But he by no means allowed himself

to be disconcerted, but pretended that only with great reluctance could he make up his mind to sacrifice his honored family name and his legitimate birth. In polite and well-chosen words he requested twenty-four hours to consider; and then he began to walk up and down in the beautiful garden, deeply immersed in thought. The lovely flowers—carnations, roses, gillyflowers, crown-imperials, lilies, the geranium beds and jasmine bowers, the myrtle and oleander trees—all ogled him politely and did him homage as their master.

When he had enjoyed for half an hour the perfume, the sunshine, the shade, and the freshness of the fountain, he went with an earnest mien out into the street, turned the corner and entered a bakery, where he indulged in three warm patties with two glasses of fine wine. Then he returned to the garden and again walked for half an hour, but this time smoking a cigar. He discovered a bed of small tender radishes. He pulled a bunch of them from the ground, cleaned them at the fountain, whose stone Tritons blinked at him submissively, and betook himself to a cool brewery, where with his radishes he drank a mug of foaming beer. He enjoyed a pleasant chat with the burghers, and endeavored to transform his native dialect into the softer Suabian, as in all probability he was going to be a man of eminence among these people.

He purposely let the noonday hour go by, and was late at his meal. In order to carry out there a discriminating lack of appetite, he previously ate three Munich white-sausages and drank a second mug of beer, which tasted still better to him than the first. Finally, however, he wrinkled his brow and betook himself with the same to dinner, where he stared at the soup.

Little Litumlei, who generally became passionate and willful at unexpected obstacles, and could not bear contradiction, already felt wrathful anxiety lest his last hope of founding a family should turn to water, and he regarded his incorruptible guest with distrustful glances. At last he could no longer bear the uncertainty as to whether he should be an ancestor or not, and he requested his scrupulous relative to shorten those twenty-four hours and come to a conclusion at once. For he feared lest his nephew's austere virtue should increase with every hour. He fetched with his own hand a bottle of very old Rhine wine from the cellar, of which John had as yet had no suspicion. As the released spirits of summer wafted their invisible odors over the crystal glasses,

that clinked so musically, and as with every drop of the liquid gold that passed over his tongue a little flower garden seemed to spring up under his nose, then was the steadfast heart of John Kabys softened, and he gave his consent. The notary public was quickly summoned, and over some excellent coffee a last will and testament was set down in due legal form. In conclusion the artificial-natural son and the race-founding arch-father embraced each other; but it was not like a warm embrace of flesh and blood, but far more solemn, like the collision rather of two great elements whose orbits meet.

So John sat in fortune's lap. He now had nothing to do but to cherish the consciousness of his agreeable destiny, to behave with some consideration towards his father, and to spend an abundance of pocket-money in whatever way best suited him. All this was carried out in the most respectable, unassuming manner, and he dressed like a nobleman. He did not need to purchase any more valuables: his genius now revealed itself, in that what he procured years ago still amply sufficed, thus resembling an accurately constructed design which was now completed in detail by the fullness of fortune. The battle of Waterloo thundered and lightened on his contented breast; chains and dangling ornaments were rocked upon a well-filled stomach; through the gold glasses looked a pair of pleased proud eyes; the cane adorned more than it supported a man that was cautious; and the cigar-case was filled with good weeds which he smoked appreciatively in his Mazeppa holder. The wild horse was already of a brilliant brown hue, while the Mazeppa upon it was just turning a light pink, almost flesh-color; so that the twofold work of art, the carver's and the smoker's, excited the just admiration of connoisseurs. Papa Litumlei, too, was greatly taken with it, and diligently set about learning to color meerschaums under the instruction of his foster-son. A whole collection of such pipes was purchased; but the old man was too restless and impatient for this noble art. The young man had to help him continually and make improvements, which again inspired the former with respect and confidence.

Soon, however, the two men found a still more important employment; for papa now insisted that they should make up together and bring to paper that novel through which John was to be promoted to a natural-sonship. It was to be a secret family document in the form of fragmentary memoirs. To avoid

arousing the jealousy of Mrs. Litumlei and disquieting her, it had to be composed in secret session; and was to be shut up surreptitiously in the family archives which still remained to be founded, in order that in future times, when the family should be in full bloom, it might see the light and tell the story of the blood of the Litumleis.

John had already made up his mind, upon the death of the old man, to call himself not plain Litumlei but Kabys-de-Litumlei; for he had an excusable weakness for his own name, which he had wrought so neatly. It was furthermore his intention on that occasion summarily to burn the document they were about to create, through which he was to lose his legitimacy of birth and receive a dissolute mother. For the present however he had to take his part in the work; and this slightly clouded his serenity. But he wisely accommodated himself to circumstances, and one morning shut himself up in a garden room with the old man to begin the work. There they sat opposite each other at table, and suddenly discovered that their undertaking was more difficult than they had thought, inasmuch as neither of them had ever written a hundred consecutive lines in his life. They positively could not find a beginning; and the nearer they put their heads together, the further off was every idea. Finally it occurred to the son that they really ought first to have a quire of fine stout paper to establish a substantial document. That was evident; they started at once to buy it, and wandered in concord through the city. When they had found what they sought, they advised each other, as it was a warm day, to go to a tavern, there to refresh themselves and collect their thoughts. They drank several mugs with satisfaction, and ate nuts, bread, sausages; till suddenly John said he had now devised a beginning for the story, and would run straight home to write it down, that he might not forget it. "Run quickly, then," said the old man; "in the mean time I will stay here and make up the continuation; I feel that it is on the way to me already!"

So John hastened back to the room with the quire of paper, and wrote:—

"It was in the year 17—, when it was a prosperous year. A pitcher of wine cost 7 florins, a pitcher of cider $\frac{1}{2}$ florin, and a measure of cherry brandy 4 batz, a two-pound loaf of white bread 1 batz, 1 ditto rye bread $\frac{1}{2}$ batz, and a sack of potatoes 8 batz. The hay too had turned out well, and oats were two florins

a bushel. The peas and beans turned out well too, and flax and hemp had not turned out well; on the other hand again, the olives and tallow or suet had: so that all in all, the remarkable condition of things came about that society was well supplied with food and drink, scantily clad, and then again well lighted. So the year came summarily to a close, and every one was justly curious to experience how the new year would come in. The winter showed itself a proper regular winter, cold and clear; a warm covering of snow lay upon the fields and protected the young seed. But nevertheless a singular thing took place at last. It snowed, thawed, and froze again during the month of January, in so frequent alternation that not only did many people fall sick, but also there came to be such a multitude of icicles that the whole country looked like a huge glass magazine, and every one wore a small board on the head in order not to be pricked by the points of the falling icicles. For the rest, the prices of staples still remained firm, as above remarked, and fluctuated at last towards a remarkable spring."

At this point the little old man came eagerly running in, seized the sheet, and without reading what had been written and without saying a word, he wrote straight on:—

"Then *he* came, and was called Adam Litumlei. He wouldn't stand a joke, and was born anno 17—. He came rushing along like a spring storm. He was one of *Those*. He wore a red velvet coat, with a feather in his hat, and a sword. He wore a gold-embroidered waistcoat, with the motto 'Youth hath no virtue!' He wore golden spurs and rode upon a white charger; this he stabled at the best inn, and cried, 'What the devil do I care? for it is spring, and youth must sow its wild oats!' He paid cash for everything, and every one marveled at him. He drank the wine, he ate the roast; he said, 'All this amounts to nothing!' Further he said, 'Come, my lovely darling, thou art more to me than wine and roasts, than silver and gold! What do I care? Think what thou wilt, what must be must be!'"

Here he suddenly came to a standstill and positively could get no further. They read together what had been written, found it was not bad, and spent eight days pulling themselves together again,—during which time they led a dissipated life, for they went frequently to the beer-house in order to get a new start; but fortune did not smile every day. Finally John caught another thread, ran home, and continued:—

"These words the young Mr. Litumlei addressed to a certain Liselein Federspiel, who lived in a remote quarter of the city, where the gardens are, and just beyond is a little wood or grove. She was one of the most charming beauties the city had ever produced, with blue eyes and small feet. Her figure was so fine that she didn't need a corset; and out of the money thus saved, for she was poor, she was enabled little by little to buy a violet-colored silk gown. But all this was enhanced by a general sadness that trembled not only over her lovely features but over the whole harmony of Miss Federspiel's form, so that whenever the wind was still you might believe you heard the mournful tones of an *Æolian* harp. A very memorable May month had now come, into which all four seasons seemed to be compressed. At first there was snow, so that the nightingales sang with snowflakes on their heads as if they wore white nightcaps; then followed such a hot spell that the children went bathing in the open air and the cherries ripened, and the records have preserved a rhyme about it:—

'Ice and snowflake,
Boys bathe in the lake,
Cherries ripe and blossoming vine,
All in one May month might be thine.'

"These natural phenomena made men meditative and affected them in different ways. Miss Liselein Federspiel, who was especially pensive, speculated about it too, and realized for the first time that she bore her weal and woe, her virtue and her fall, in her own hand; and because she now held the scales and weighed this responsible freedom, was just why she became so sad about it. Now as she stood there, that audacious red-jacket came along and said without delay, 'Federspiel, I love thee!' whereupon by a singular accident she suddenly altered her previous line of thought and broke out into ringing laughter."

"Now let me go on," cried the old man, who came running up in a great heat and read over the young man's shoulder. "It's just right for me now!" and he continued the story as follows: "'There's nothing to laugh at!' said he, 'for I don't take a joke!' In short, it came about as it had to come: on the hill in the little wood sat my Federspiel on the green sward and kept on laughing; but the knight had already mounted his white horse and was flying away into the distance so fast that in a few

minutes, in the aerial perspective that took place, he appeared blue. He vanished, returned no more; for he was a devil of a fellow!"

"Ha, now it's done!" shouted Litumlei, as he threw down the pen; "I've done my part, now bring it to a conclusion. I am completely exhausted by these hellish inventions! By the Styx! I don't wonder that the ancestors of great houses are valued so highly and are painted life-size, for I know what trouble the founding of mine costs! But haven't I given the thing bold treatment?"

John then proceeded:—

"Poor Miss Federspiel experienced great dissatisfaction when she suddenly noticed that the seductive youth had vanished at the same time almost with the remarkable May month. But she had the presence of mind quickly to declare herself that the occurrence had not occurred, in order to restore the former condition of equally balanced scales. But she enjoyed this epilogue of innocence only a short time. The summer came; they began to reap; it was yellow before one's eyes wherever one looked, from all the golden bounty; prices sank again materially; Liselein Federspiel stood on the hill and looked at it all; but she could see nothing for very grief and remorse. Autumn came; every wine-stock was a flowing spring; there was an incessant drumming on the earth from the falling pears and apples; people drank and sang, bought and sold. Every one supplied himself; the whole country was a fair; and cheap and abundant as everything was, luxuries were nevertheless prized and cherished and thankfully accepted. Only the luxury that Liselein brought remained unvalued and not worth asking about, as if the human hordes that were swimming in superfluity could not find use for one single little mouth more. She therefore wrapped herself in her virtue and bore, a month before her time, a lively little boy whose condition in life was in every way calculated to make him the smith of his own fortune.

"This son passed so bravely through a very varied career that by a strange fate he was finally united with his father, brought up by him in honor, and made his heir; and this is the second ancestor of the race of Litumlei."

Under this document the old man wrote: "Examined and confirmed, Johann Polycarpus Adam Litumlei." And John signed it likewise. Then Mr. Litumlei put his seal upon it with the

coat-of-arms, consisting of three half fish-hooks golden, in a field blue, and seven square brook-stilts white and red, on a green bar sinister.

But they were surprised that the document was no larger; for they had written scarcely one sheet full of the whole quire. Nevertheless, they deposited it in the archives, to which purpose they devoted for the present an old iron chest; and they were contented and in good spirits.

Translated by Charles Harvey Genung.

THOMAS À KEMPIS

(1380-1471)

BY JOHN MALONE

N A little nook with a little book." Good old monk of the peaceful Holland lowlands, how well you knew the best delight of man! Your own "little book" survives to us, an imperishable witness of the truth and love that lived in your gentle heart! Next to the Bible, the 'Imitation of Christ' of Thomas à Kempis is the book most generally read by Christian people. Of the making of books, of the love for them, and of the joy a good book gives to the children of the world, Thomas knew the full glory.

Kempen, a rustic village not many miles northwest of Düsseldorf in Rhenish Prussia, was so named in old time from the flatness of the country, the *campus*. The parents of Thomas were very humble working-people of this place; and the family name of Hämmerken is attributed to the father's probable position as a worker in metal. Thomas Hämmerken, sometimes called Haemmerlein, or in Latin *Malleolus*, the "little hammer," was born to John and Gertrude in 1380, and was carefully schooled in virtue, patience, and poverty under their low roof-tree; until at the age of thirteen he was, according to the custom of the time, sent to try his way to a religious life. His brother John, fifteen years older, had made the name À Kempis a distinguished one amongst the "Brothers of the Common Life," a house of Augustinian Canons Regular at Deventer in Overijssel, lower Netherlands. The chivalry of the lowly in those ages of faith expressed itself with gracious hospitality to all "poor scholars"; and we may be sure the boy who walked the long road down to the brink of the Zuyder Zee met no stint of God-speeds from the country folk. But brother John had gone from Deventer to join Gerard Groot at Windesheim, so away trudged the sturdy little wayfarer to the new journey's end. Fondly welcomed there, he took a letter from John to Florentius at Deventer. Under the wise direction of this great man the little À Kempis entered the public school, then under the rectorship of John Boheme. While studying there the usual course of reading, writing, music, Latin, catechism, and Bible history, Thomas lived at the house of a pious lady, Zedera, widow of a knight, John of Runen.

From about 1393-4 Thomas continued in the work of ordinary school life under the care of Florentius, who was the most dear

friend and associate of brother John. In the mean time John à Kempis had been made the first prior of the new convent or monastery of Mount St. Agnes near Zwolle, the famous Agnetenberg, to be forever so for the life work of the rosy-cheeked schoolboy of Deventer. Zutphen, the death place of Sir Philip Sidney, is near by the schoolhouse of À Kempis. Thomas went to his brother at Mount St. Agnes in 1399, and entered upon preparation for the life of a monk of that house and rule. In addition to their priestly teaching and monastic duties, the "Brothers of the Common Life" were famous bookmakers. The beautiful manuscripts which with such devout care and worshipful art they slowly perfected with pen and brush, in the clean and wholesome scriptorium, are gems of wonderful delight in the great treasure-houses of such priceless things to us and ages of men. John à Kempis was a worthy master of his brother. They brought with them from the little smithy in Kempen a good endowment of hand cunning. The prior was a fine miniature-maker, as well as an expert in the work of producing the perfectly written books for which the monastery was growing well renowned. Thomas soon became, and remained to the end of his life in spite of age, an expert calligrapher. He was invested with the habit of the order and admitted to the priesthood at the age of thirty-four, in 1414. They did not do things in a hurry, those foregoers of our father Knickerbocker. Thomas began to write his first missal in the year after his ordination, and is said to have finished it in 1417. The first *missal!* What years of slow and patient practice upon lesser works there must have been! Ripe in mind and full of holy thought, Thomas, it is believed, began the 'Imitation' either just before or soon after his entry into the priesthood. The execution of this marvelous "booklet," as it was called by its first readers, engaged about ten years. It was produced as a series of instructive meditations, given out from time to time to the brothers of the order. For that reason its four books are divided, yet dependent upon each other. At this time, and probably while engaged upon the 'Imitation,' he wrote the 'Little Alphabet of the Monk in the School of Christ' after Psalm cxix. This curious and somewhat droll work is sometimes called the 'Saint's Alphabet.'

The quiet of the teachers and book-writers at Agnetenberg was rudely broken by an angry quarrel between the people of Overyssel and the hierarchy. The country was laid under an interdict for refusing to accept Zweder de Colenborgh as bishop appointed to the see of Utrecht by Pope Martin V. This dire trouble, which began in 1425, culminated in 1429 by the closing of the churches in the banned district. The monastery of St. Agnes, for obeying the order to withdraw its religious ministrations from the people, was obliged to take its people out of the disturbed and enraged province. Thomas

had been elected sub-prior just before this event and he was an active aid in the guidance, on St. Barnabas's day 1429, of the unhoused monks across the Zuyder Zee to the brother house of Lunenkirk in Friesland. Here the brothers lived until the interdict was raised in 1432 by Pope Eugenius IV. It was during this exile that John à Kempis died. He had gone from the Agnetenberg to become rector and confessor of the convent of Bethany near Arnheim, and being ill in 1431 Thomas went to him. The two were together for fourteen months, until November 4th, 1432, when the loving elder brother went a little before through the gateway of Death.

The bitter schism which had tormented the Church since the death of Gregory XI. in 1378, which had survived in rancor the great Councils of Pisa and of Constance, and the horror of the long Bohemian war, was for a time thought to be ended by the same tribunal which restored the monks of St. Agnes to their own house. One may easily imagine therefore that their home-coming was a special occasion of joy; a joy unfortunately not to last. That exemplary evidence against the pretenders who have taken occasion from his humility to filch from the monk of St. Agnes the merit of his best work, the 1441 autograph manuscript of the 'Imitation,' now in the Burgundian Library at Brussels, may well have been begun by Thomas as an offering of thanksgiving for the restored peace of God.

In 1447 the brothers made Thomas their sub-prior for the second time. From the return to Mount St. Agnes until his death in 1471, within the last decade of a century of well-spent life, the days of à Kempis were without event beyond the routine of his teaching, writing, and priestly toil. Like all the brothers he worked to the last moment of physical endurance, and it is said of him that so perfect were his physical faculties that he never needed spectacles for even the most delicate pen tracing.

A portrait is extant which represents him dressed in the habit of the Augustinians, and seated upon a rocky ledge amidst the quiet of a Dutch landscape. An open book is in his hand, another at his feet, with the words in the country's speech, "In een hoecken mit een boecken." This painting, now known as the Gertruidenberg portrait, was found in the abbey of St. Agnes by Franz von Tholen, about one hundred years after the death of à Kempis. It represents a stout, large-browed man of medium size, of Flemish features, with lustrous, far-away-looking, kindly eyes.

Of his death Adrian de But, in his chronicle, says under the year 1471:—

"In this year died Brother Thomas à Kempis of Mount St. Agnes, a professor of the Order of Canons Regular, who published many writings, and composed in rhythm that book on the text 'Who followeth Me.'"

The controversy about the authorship of the 'Imitation' is like that about the works of Shakespeare. Its primary cause is the unassuming greatness of the writer, and his honesty to his rule of life. The fuel upon which it feeds is the incapacity of little-minded men to think of any world beyond the horizon which corrals the human herd. Volumes have been written in this curious phase of vicarious plagiarism; but the plain tale of contemporary testimony, and the undoubted autographs of A Kempis himself, put them outside the bars of evidence.

The language of A Kempis is the Latin of his day, an interesting witness in the growth of modern tongues. It is not classical, but smacks strongly of the land and of the people. The knowledge of the Latin speech was far more common in the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth centuries than is generally supposed. All people not utterly ignorant had a speaking knowledge of it, and filled the current of conversation with crude translations of their common saws. A Kempis is full of the vigor of this growth of new speech. It must have seemed strange to the stickler for classic latinity at the court of Elizabeth to hear Launcelot Gobbo quoting from the 'Imitation': *"Laun.—The old proverb is very well parted between my master Shylock and you, sir: you have the grace of God, sir, and he hath enough."*—'Merchant of Venice,' Act ii., scene 2.

All good books paid their tribute to the mind of A Kempis. His favorites were, first of course the Scriptures, then St. Bernard, St. Gregory the Great, St. Ambrose, and St. Thomas. Aristotle, Ovid, Seneca, and Dante furnished him from time to time with apt illustrations of his thought. A recent writer has well summed up in one happy phrase the sense of Brother Thomas's methods and purpose, by the name "A minnesinger of the love of God." The miscalled mysticism of Thomas is the poesy of a love which disdains all lesser objects and fixes itself to the person of God himself. There is no abstruse life problem in such a bent of soul. The aspiration towards the True, the Beautiful, and the Good, which well sung wins the poet's bay wreath, stays not the willingness of men's ears.

The smaller works of A Kempis are—'The Soliloquy of the Soul,' 'Solitude and Silence,' 'The Little Garden of Roses,' 'The Valley of Lilies,' and a number of similar essays. He wrote also some sweet church hymns, and three books of the 'Lives of the Canons' and the 'Chronicle of St. Agnes.' The first edition of his works was published at Nuremberg by George Pirkheimer, in 1494.



ON THE JOYS OF HEAVEN

From 'The Voice of Christian Life in Song: or, Hymns and Hymn-Writers of Many Lands and Ages'

HIGH the angel choirs are raising
 Heart and voice in harmony;
 The Creator King still praising,
 Whom in beauty there they see.

Sweetest strains, from soft harps stealing;
 Trumpets, notes of triumph pealing;
 Radiant wings and white stoles gleaming,
 Up the steps of glory streaming;
 Where the heavenly bells are ringing,
 Holy, holy, holy! singing
 To the mighty Trinity!
 Holy, holy, holy! crying;
 For all earthly care and sighing
 In that city cease to be!

Every voice is there harmonious,
 Praising God in hymns symphonious;
 Love each heart with light enfolding
 As they stand in peace beholding
 There the Triune Deity!
 Whom adore the seraphim,
 Aye with love eternal burning;
 Venerate the cherubim,
 To their fount of honor turning;
 Whilst angelic thrones adoring
 Gaze upon His majesty.

Oh how beautiful that region,
 And how fair that heavenly legion,
 Where thus men and angels blend!
 Glorious will that city be,
 Full of deep tranquillity,
 Light and peace from end to end!
 All the happy dwellers there
 Shine in robes of purity,
 Keep the law of charity,
 Bound in firmest unity;
 Labor finds them not, nor care.

Ignorance can ne'er perplex,
 Nothing tempt them, nothing vex;
 Joy and health their fadeless blessing,
 Always all things good possessing.

ON CHRISTIAN PATIENCE

From 'Hymns and Poems'

Adversa mundi tolera

FOR Christ's dear sake with courage bear
 Whatever ills betide;
 Prosperity is oft a snare,
 And puffs the heart with pride.

What seemed thy loss will often prove
 To be thy truest gain;
 And sufferings borne with patient love
 A jeweled crown obtain.

By this thou wilt the angels please,
 Wilt glorify the Lord,
 Thy neighbor's faith and hope increase,
 And earn a rich reward.

Brief is this life, and brief its pain,
 But long the bliss to come;
 Trials endured for Christ attain
 A place with martyrdom.

The Christian soul by patience grows
 More perfect day by day;
 And brighter still, and brighter glows
 With heaven's eternal ray;

To Christ becomes more lovable,
 More like the Saints on high;
 Dear to the good; invincible
 Against the Enemy.

OF THE WONDERFUL EFFECT OF DIVINE LOVE

From the 'Imitation of Christ'

I BLESS thee, heavenly Father, Father of my Lord Jesus Christ, because thou hast vouchsafed to be mindful of so poor a wretch as I.

O Father of mercies and God of all comfort, I give thanks to thee, who art sometimes pleased to refresh with thy consolation me who am unworthy of any consolation.

I bless thee and glorify thee evermore, together with thy only begotten Son and the Holy Ghost, the Comforter, to all eternity.

Come then, Lord God, holy one that lovest me! for when thou shalt come into my heart, all that is within me will leap with joy.

Thou art my glory and the rejoicing of my heart.

Thou art my hope and my refuge in the day of my tribulation.

But because I am as yet weak in love and imperfect in virtue, therefore do I stand in need of being strengthened and comforted by thee. Wherefore visit me again and again; and instruct me by all holy discipline.

Free me from evil passions and heal my heart of all inordinate affections; that being inwardly healed and thoroughly cleansed, I may become fit to love, strong to suffer, constant to persevere.

LOVE is a great thing, a great good indeed, which alone makes light all that is burdensome, and bears with even mind all that is uneven.

For it carries a burthen without being burthened; and it makes all that which is bitter sweet and savory.

The love of Jesus is noble, and spurs us on to do great things, and excites us to desire always things more perfect.

Love desires to have its abode above, and not to be kept back by things below.

Love desires to be at liberty and estranged from all worldly affection, lest its inner view be hindered, lest it suffer itself to be entangled through some temporal interest, or give way through mishap. . . .

Nothing is sweeter than love; nothing stronger, nothing higher, nothing broader, nothing more pleasant, nothing fuller or better

in heaven and in earth; for love is born of God, and can rest only in God above all things created.

The lover flies, runs, and rejoices; he is free and not held.

He gives all for all and has all in all, because he rests in One supreme above all, from whom all good flows and proceeds.

He looks not at the gifts, but turns himself above all goods to the Giver.

Love often knows no measure, but warmly glows above all measure.

Love feels no burthen, regards not labors, would willingly do more than it is able, pleads not impossibility, because it feels sure that it can and may do all things.

It is able therefore to do all things; and it makes good many deficiencies, and frees many things for being carried out, where he who loves not faints and lies down.

Love watches, and sleeping, slumbers not; weary, is not tired; straitened, is not constrained; frightened, is not disturbed; but like a living flame and a burning torch, it bursts forth upwards and safely overpasses all.

Whosoever loves knows the cry of this voice.

A loud cry in the ears of God is that ardent affection of the soul which says, My God, my love, thou art all mine and I am all thine.

Enlarge me in thy love, that I may learn to taste with the inner mouth of the heart how sweet it is to love, and to be dissolved and swim in a sea of love.

Let me be possessed by love, going above myself through excess of fervor and awe.

Let me sing the song of love; let me follow thee, my beloved, on high; let my soul lose herself in thy praises, exulting in love.

Let me love thee more than myself, and myself only for thee, and all in thee who truly love thee, as the law of love which shines forth from thee commands. . . .

Love is swift, sincere, pious, pleasant, and delightful; strong, patient, faithful, prudent, long-suffering, manly, and never seeking itself; for where a man seeks himself, there he falls from love. . . .

Love is circumspect, humble, and upright; not soft, not light, not intent upon vain things; sober, chaste, steadfast, quiet, and guarded in all its senses.

Love is submissive and obedient to superiors; mean and contemptible in its own eyes; devout and ever giving thanks to God; always trusting and hoping in him, even when it tastes not the relish of God's sweetness,—for there is no living in love without pain.

Whosoever is not ready to suffer all things, and to stand resigned to the will of the beloved, is not worthy to be called a lover.

He who loves must willingly embrace all that is hard and bitter, for the sake of the beloved.

OF THE DESIRE OF ETERNAL LIFE, AND HOW GREAT ARE
THE BENEFITS PROMISED TO THEM THAT FIGHT

From the 'Imitation of Christ'

Son, when thou perceivest the desire of eternal bliss to be infused into thee from above, and thou wouldest fain go out of the tabernacle of this body, that thou mightest contemplate My brightness without any shadow of change,—enlarge thy heart, and receive this holy inspiration with thy whole desire.

Return the greatest thanks to the Supreme Goodness, which dealeth so condescendingly with thee, mercifully visiteth thee, ardently inciteth thee, and powerfully raiseth thee up, lest by thy own weight thou fall down to the things of earth.

For it is not by thy own thoughtfulness or endeavor that thou receivest this, but by the mere condescension of heavenly grace and Divine regard; that so thou mayest advance in virtues and greater humility, and prepare thyself for future conflicts, and labor with the whole affection of thy heart to keep close to Me, and serve Me with a fervent will.

2. Son, the fire often burneth, but the flame ascendeth not without smoke.

And so the desires of some are on fire after heavenly things, and yet they are not free from the temptation of carnal affection.

Therefore is it not altogether purely for God's honor that they act, when they so earnestly petition Him.

Such also is oftentimes thy desire, which thou hast professed to be so importunate.

For that is not pure and perfect which is alloyed with self-interest.

3. Ask not that which is pleasant and convenient, but that which is acceptable to Me and for My honor; for if thou judgest rightly, thou oughtest to prefer and to follow My appointment rather than thine own desire or any other desirable thing.

I know thy desire, and I have often heard thy groanings.

Thou wouldest wish to be already in the liberty of the glory of the children of God.

Now doth the eternal dwelling, and the heavenly country full of festivity, delight thee.

But that hour is not yet come; for there is yet another time, a time of war, a time of labor and of probation.

Thou desirest to be filled with the Sovereign Good, but thou canst not at present attain to it.

I am He: wait for Me, saith the Lord, until the kingdom of God come.

4. Thou hast yet to be tried upon earth and exercised in many things.

Consolation shall sometimes be given thee, but abundant satiety shall not be granted thee.

Take courage, therefore, and be valiant, as well in doing as in suffering things repugnant to nature.

Thou must put on the new man, and be changed into another person.

That which thou wouldest not, thou must oftentimes do; and that which thou wouldest, thou must leave undone.

What pleaseth others shall prosper, what is pleasing to thee shall not succeed.

What others say shall be hearkened to; what thou sayest shall be reckoned as naught.

Others shall ask, and shall receive; thou shalt ask, and not obtain.

5. Others shall be great in the esteem of men; about thee nothing shall be said.

To others this or that shall be committed; but thou shalt be accounted as of no use.

At this, nature will sometimes repine, and it will be a great matter if thou bear it with silence.

In these, and many such-like things, the faithful servant of the Lord is wont to be tried how far he can deny and break himself in all things.

There is scarce anything in which thou standest so much in need of dying to thyself as in seeing and suffering things that are contrary to thy will, and more especially when those things are commanded which seem to thee inconvenient and of little use.

And because, being under authority, thou darest not resist the higher power, therefore it seemeth to thee hard to walk at the beck of another, and wholly to give up thy own opinion.

6. But consider, son, the fruit of these labors, their speedy termination, and their reward exceeding great; and thou wilt not hence derive affliction, but the most strengthening consolation in thy suffering.

For in regard to that little of thy will which thou now willingly forsakest, thou shalt forever have thy will in heaven.

For there thou shalt find all that thou willest, all that thou canst desire.

There shall be to thee the possession of every good, without fear of losing it.

There thy will, always one with Me, shall not covet any extraneous or private thing. There no one shall resist thee, no one complain of thee, no one obstruct thee, nothing shall stand in thy way; but every desirable good shall be present at the same moment, shall replenish all thy affections and satiate them to the full.

There I will give thee glory for the contumely thou hast suffered; a garment of praise for thy sorrow; and for having been seated here in the lowest place, the throne of My kingdom forever.

There will the fruit of obedience appear, there will the labor of penance rejoice, and humble subjection shall be gloriously crowned.

Now, therefore, bow thyself down humbly under the hands of all, and heed not who it was that said or commanded this.

But let it be thy great care, that whether thy superior or inferior or equal require anything of thee, or hint at anything, thou take all in good part, and labor with a sincere will to perform it.

Let one seek this, another that; let this man glory in this thing, another in that, and be praised a thousand thousand times: but thou, for thy part, rejoice neither in this nor in that, but in the contempt of thyself, and in My good pleasure and honor alone.

This is what thou hast to wish for, that whether in life or in death, God may be always glorified in thee.

THAT A MAN SHOULD NOT BE TOO MUCH DEJECTED, EVEN
WHEN HE FALLETH INTO SOME DEFECTS

From the 'Imitation of Christ'

My son, patience and humility in adversities are more pleasing to Me, than much comfort and devotion when things go well.

Why art thou so grieved for every little matter spoken against thee?

Although it had been much more, thou oughtest not to have been moved.

But now let it pass: it is not the first that hath happened, nor is it anything new; neither shall it be the last, if thou live long.

Thou art courageous enough, so long as nothing adverse befalleth thee.

Thou canst give good counsel also, and canst strengthen others with thy words; but when any tribulation suddenly comes to thy door, thou failest in counsel and in strength.

Observe then thy great frailty, of which thou too often hast experience in small occurrences.

It is notwithstanding intended for thy good, when these and such-like trials happen to thee.

Put it out of thy heart the best thou canst; and if tribulation have touched thee, yet let it not cast thee down nor long perplex thee.

Bear it at least patiently, if thou canst not joyfully.

Although thou be unwilling to hear it, and conceivest indignation thereat, yet restrain thyself, and suffer no inordinate word to pass out of thy mouth, whereby [Christ's] little ones may be offended.

The storm which is now raised shall quickly be appeased, and inward grief shall be sweetened by the return of grace.

Be more patient of soul, and gird thyself to greater endurance.

All is not lost, although thou do feel thyself very often afflicted or grievously tempted.

Thou art a man, and not God; thou art flesh, not an angel.

How canst thou look to continue alway in the same state of virtue, when an angel in heaven hath fallen, as also the first man in Paradise?

OMAR KHAYYÁM

1050 (?)–1123 (?)

BY NATHAN HASKELL DOLE

 IN A reed-grown marshy plain at the foot of the Elbruz Mountains stands an ancient city of Khorássán. It existed before the days of Alexander the Great, who is said to have destroyed it. It was then rebuilt by Shapúr, for whom it was named. From the lofty hills, fertile to the very top, twelve thousand streams water the province, and the river Saka lends its beauty to this city, which is blessed above others with a pure and temperate climate. Exquisite fruits and flowers abound. Here bloom the roses,

“With petals closed against the winds’ disgrace”;

fields of tulips droop their heavy heads; the violet and narcissus, the jessamine and eglantine and lily, of which the Persian poets have sung so eloquently, scent the air with their perfumes. Here the soft languorous night has since ages immemorial listened to the amorous chanting of the bulbul and the monotonous complaint of the ring-dove, dear to lovers. This city and the villages scattered about in its vicinity were famous by reason of the poets who there first saw the light. Nishápúr itself was the birthplace of the great poet and astronomer Omar, called Khayyám or the Tent-maker. His whole name was Ghias ud-dín Abul Fath Omar Ibn Ibrahim al-Khayyám. The date of his birth is not exactly known; but there is a tradition that he died in the year 1123 of our era (517 A. H.), and that he finished his school education in 1042.

When Omar was a youth, Nishápúr boasted the presence of one of the greatest and wisest men of Khorássán, “a man highly honored and reverenced.” This was the Imám Muaffek, who had the reputation of being such a perfect teacher that “every one who studied the Koran and the traditions of the prophets under him would assuredly attain to honor and happiness.” In his school Omar was instructed in Mussulman lore, and made the acquaintance of two youths who equally with himself won the fame promised the Imám’s faithful pupils. One of these was Nizam ul Mulk, who became Vizier to two successive Shahs; the other was Hassan Ibn Sabah, afterwards founder of the Iranian Ismailites, the terrible Shaikh of the Assassins. Nizam

ul Mulk in his Testament (Wasáyá) tells how the friendship of the three was formed:—

“Both Omar and Hassan were of the same age as I was, and equally remarkable for excellence of intelligence and power of intellect. We became friends, and when we went out from the Imám's class we used to repeat to one another the lesson we had just heard. . . . One day that miscreant Hassan said to us, ‘It is the general opinion that the disciples of Imám Muaffik attain to fortune; and no doubt one of us will do so, even though all may not. What agreement or compact is there now between us?’ I said, ‘Whatever you please.’ He answered, ‘Whichever of us may attain to fortune shall share it with the others, and not engross it himself.’ We agreed to those terms, and a compact was made accordingly.”

He goes on to tell how after his appointment as Vizier to the Shah Alp Arslan, Omar Khayyám appeared before him; but instead of accepting preferment at court he said, “The greatest favor which you can do me is to let me live in retirement, where under your protection I may occupy myself in amassing the riches of learning and in praying for your long life.”

Accordingly Nizam ul Mulk assigned Omar a yearly pension of 1200 gold miskals and allowed him to retire to his native city, where he devoted himself especially to the study of mathematics and astronomy. On the succession of Malik Shah he was appointed Astronomer Royal at Merv, in which capacity he compiled some astronomical tables called *Zij-i-Maliksháni*. He was one of the eight learned men employed to revise the ancient Persian calendar; a work comparable to the reform of the Julian calendar under Pope Gregory XIII. five centuries later, and by some authorities considered even preferable to it. There is in existence a work on algebra which Omar compiled, and a study of ‘The Difficulties of Euclid's Definitions’ is preserved in the Library at Leyden. A Persian biographer who lived at Nishá-púr, and may have known Omar personally, reflects the general impression made by the astronomer-poet on his contemporaries:—

“Omar al-Khayyám, Imám of Khorássán, and the greatest scholar of his time, was versed in all the learning of the Greeks. He was wont to exhort men to seek the One Author of all by purifying the bodily actions to secure the sanctification of the soul. He also used to recommend the study of politics as laid down in Greek authors. The later Sufis have caught at the apparent sense of part of his poems and accommodated them to their own canon, making them a subject of discussion in their assemblies and conventicles, but the esoteric sense consists in axioms of natural religion and principles of universal obligation. When the men of his time anathematized his doctrines, and drew forth his opinions from the concealment in which he had veiled them, he went in fear of his life, and placed a check on the sallies of his tongue and his pen. He made the pilgrimage, but it was from accident rather than piety,

still betraying his unorthodox views. On his arrival at Baghdad, the men who prosecuted the same ancient studies as he, flocked to meet him; but he shut the door in their faces, as one who had renounced those studies and cultivated them no longer. On his return to his native city he made a practice of attending the morning and evening prayers, and of disguising his private opinions; but for all that they were no secret. In astronomy and in philosophy he was without a rival, and his eminence in those sciences would have passed into a proverb had he only possessed self-control.»

It is extremely probable that Sharastani's account of him—making him out an arrant hypocrite—was tinged by prejudice. The "Epicurean audacity of thought" expressed in his poems caused him to be looked on by his own people with suspicion. Edward Fitzgerald in the introduction to his translation or paraphrase says:—

"He is said to have been especially hated and dreaded by the Sufis, whose practice he ridiculed, and whose faith amounts to little more than his own when strip of the mysticism and formal recognition of Islamism under which Omar would not hide. Their poets, including Hāfiẓ, who are (with the exception of Firdausi) the most considerable in Persia, borrowed largely indeed of Omar's material, but turning it to a mystical use more convenient to themselves and the people they addressed,—a people quite as quick of doubt as of belief; as keen of bodily sense as of intellectual; and delighting in a cloudy composition of both, in which they could float luxuriously between heaven and earth, and this world and the next, on the wings of a poetical expression that might serve indifferently for either. Omar was too honest of heart as well as of head for this. Having failed (however mistakenly) of finding any Providence but Destiny, and any world but this, he set about making the most of it; preferring rather to soothe the soul through the senses into acquiescence with things as he saw them, than to perplex it with vain disquietude after what they *might be.*»

Contentedly living in his beautiful city of Nishápúr, where the roses which he loved so passionately wafted their fragrance across his terrace, occupied with those lofty questions which come home with doubly powerful insistence to an astronomer, he looked at the world with curiously quizzical eyes. Occasionally, as a recreation perhaps, he would compose an exquisitely perfect little quatrain or Rubá'í'y, the conventional form of which called for the first two lines and the last to rhyme, the rhymes being in many cases triple, quadruple, or even quintuple. The third line was generally left blank, though there are instances of the same rhyme occurring in all four lines. Like the conventional Japanese poems, these Rubáiyát are each entirely distinct and disconnected. In the manuscripts that have come down to the present time they are always copied in alphabetical order, arranged in accordance with the letter that ends the rhyme.

Edward Fitzgerald ingeniously "tessellated" a selection of these quatrains into a sort of Persian mosaic, making of them a sort of loosely connected elegy, and thus gave extraordinary emphasis to one

part of Omar Khayyám's many-sided genius. It is safe to say that Omar himself had no such consistent scheme of pessimism. If one may judge at all from the manuscripts, he was a creature of many varying moods. At one time his audacious impiety is colossal:—

“On that dread day, when wrath shall rend the sky,
And darkness dim the bright stars' galaxy,
I'll seize the Loved One by his skirt, and cry
‘Why hast thou doomed these guiltless ones to die?’”

At another time he is full of hope; the future life seems to gleam on his inner sight:—

“Death's terrors spring from baseless fantasy,
Death yields the tree of immortality;
Since 'Isa [Jesus] breathed new life into my soul,
Eternal death has washed its hands of me.”

At another he is a fatalist:—

“When Allah mixt my clay, he knew full well
My future acts, and could each one foretell;
Without his will no act of mine was wrought:
Is it then just to punish me in hell?

“'Twas writ at first, whatever was to be,
By pen unheeding bliss or misery,
Yea, writ upon the tablet once for all:
To murmur or resist is vanity.”

In his liberality toward other creeds he stands at the very antipodes of the narrow-minded Muslim of his day, or of ours:—

“Pagodas, just as mosques, are homes of prayer;
'Tis prayer that church-bells chime unto the air:
Yea, Church and Ka'ba, Rosary and Cross,
Are all but divers tongues of world-wide prayer.

“Hearts with the light of love illuminated well,
Whether in mosque or synagogue they dwell,
Have *their* names written in the book of love,
Unvext by hopes of heaven or fears of hell.

“They say, when the last trump shall sound its knell
Our Friend will sternly judge and doom to hell.
Can aught but good from perfect goodness come?
Compose your trembling hearts, 'twill all be well.”

Again he paraphrases the words of the Christ:—

“If you seek Him, abandon child and wife,
Arise, and sever all these ties to life:
All these are bonds to check you on your course;
Arise, and cut these bonds as with a knife.”



He goes so far as to say that it is better to be a drunkard and see the light of God than be in darkness in the sanctuary:—

“In taverns better far commune with thee
 Than pray in mosques and fail thy face to see!
 Oh, first and last of all thy creatures thou;
 'Tis thine to burn and thine to cherish me.”

Omar loved to indulge in sophistries and paradoxes; to mystify and confuse. He delighted in drawing on himself the hatred of his Sufi opponents, and then teasing them with the flashing wit of his keen retort. How can one tell whether he was at heart a cynic or an Epicurean? Was the wine-cup which he exalts in so many stanzas a tavern beaker, or a symbol of the Divine? Was the “cypress-slender minister of wine” an earthly maiden with whom he sported in idle dalliance by the side of the babbling brook while the nightingales chanted around, or was the expression a mystic type of the soul?

What was man in his eyes? At one moment he was the very summary of creation, the “bowl of Jamshed” in which the whole universe is reflected as in a mirror; at another he is a puppet, he is as a drop of water swallowed up in the vast ocean, a bubble sparkling with iridescent hues for a brief instant and then vanishing forever. His ideas of God are no less contradictory. On the one hand God is approachable: he is the friend of man, infinitely merciful, too kind to doom man to a hell which man has no reason to fear because he is a sinner,—for if he were not a sinner, where would Mercy be? Allah is gracious; but if the poor sinner must earn his grace by works, then no grace is it indeed. But on the other hand, God is responsible for the sin in the world: God rolls that merciless “wheel of Fate” which so inexorably crushes the king on his throne and the ant on the ant-hill. What complaints he utters about that rolling orb!

“The wheel on high, still busied with despite,
 Will ne'er unloose a wretch from his sad plight;
 But when it lights upon a smitten heart,
 Straightway essays another blow to smite.

“Dark wheel! how many lovers hast thou slain
 Like Mahmud and Ayaz, O inhumane!
 Come, let us drink! thou grantest not two lives;
 When one is spent, we find it not again.”

The bitter fatalism, worthy of Koheleth, soon translates itself into practical acceptance of all the good things of earth:—

“In the sweet Spring a grassy bank I sought,
 And thither wine and a fair Hour brought;
 And though the people called me graceless dog,
 Gave not to Paradise another thought.

“Life void of wine and minstrels with their lutes,
 And the soft murmurs of Irakian flutes,
 Were nothing worth: I scan the world and see,
 Save pleasure, life yields only bitter fruits.

“O soul! lay up all earthly goods in store;
 Thy mead with pleasure's flowerets spangle o'er;
 And know 'tis all as dew that decks the flowers
 For one short night, and then is seen no more!

“Like tulips in the Spring your cups lift up,
 And with a tulip-cheeked companion sup
 With joy your wine, or e'er this azure wheel
 With some unlooked-for blast upset your cup.”

The Prophet promises for the Faithful in the Paradise to come, multiplied joys: feasts of many courses, rivers running with wine and milk, and exquisite Houris, star-eyed maidens with bodies made of musk or saffron; but Omar says if those things are to be in the world to come, then surely it is right to enjoy their counterparts on earth. He invites us to the tavern, there to forget the sorrows of life; he comes forth from the tavern to mock at the hypocritical sages who in reality envy him his freedom.

A recent writer, James A. Murray, in the Fortnightly Review, eloquently pictures one phase of Omar's poetry:—

“Behind this joyous life lies the very shadow of death. Omar entreats his mistress to pour wine for him while she can, before the potters make vessels from their dust; to love him while the light is in her eyes and the laughter in her voice. It is the old sorrow for the dead, made personal and thereby increased in poignancy and pathos. The lion and the lizard haunt the courts of Jamshed's splendor, the wild ass stamps above the head of Bahram; birds wail over the skull of Kai Kawus, potters mold upon their wheels the ashes of Faridun and Kai Khosru. Those delicate lithe curves were once the more perfect lines of a human body; the glass, the goblet, that one may break in carelessness, thrills with the anguish of a living creature. In like manner Omar prays that when he is dead he may be ground to dust, and mingled into clay with wine, and molded to a stopper for the wine-jar's mouth. For all men have a regeneration which is sometimes beautiful and sometimes base. Roses and tulips spring from the dust of monarchs; beneath purple violets, dark ladies are laid. And still that pitiful refrain continues: of what avail is it, when men are dead, and do not feel or see or hear? It is the spirit of a most noble Hellenic epitaph, strangely distant from the Greeks in its unrestraint:—‘We, the dead, are only bones and ashes: waste no precious ointments or wreaths upon our tomb, for it is only marble; kindle no funeral pyre, for it is useless extravagance. If you have anything to give, give it while I am alive; but if you steep ashes in wine you only make mud, for the dead man does not drink.’

"And now the dust of Omar, as that of all men, brings forth flowers: 'God knows,' he says, 'for whom.' For whom? To-day travelers from all countries make pilgrimage to the sepulchre in that soft garden where he rests. The splendid heaven of Nishápúr is over him; the cool earth embraces him; brown stems, crowned heavily with white and crimson blossom, rise from his ashes, and drop blown petals on his tomb. The ringdove murmurs in that low full-throated moan whose significance is sculptured over the ruins of Persepolis,—the lament for strong dead men and imperious queens. But the dawn is as triumphant, the incense-wind as sweet, the gardens flower-laden, as when Omar knew them more than nine hundred years ago."

But was the grave astronomer the wine-bibber and voluptuary that he paints himself? Must we not read into his praise of the wine-cup and the narcissus-eyed Cup-bearer with his or her slender cypress form, Oriental images meant to convey a deep esoteric meaning? Are not his more serious verses safer tests of his real thought?

"Whilom, ere youth's conceit had waned, methought
Answers to all life's problems I had wrought;
But now, grown old and wise, too late I see
My life is spent, and all my lore is naught.

"Let him rejoice who has a loaf of bread,
A little nest wherein to lay his head,
Is slave to none, and no man slaves for him,—
In truth his lot is wondrous well bestead.

"Sooner with half a loaf contented be,
And water from a broken crock, like me,
Than lord it over one poor fellow-man,
Or to another bow the vassal knee."

But in contemplating all these poems,—and there are a thousand and more attributed to Omar Khayyám, many of them only replicas and variations of certain themes: complaints of Fate and the world's injustice, satires on the hypocrisy and impiety of the pious, love poems, Rubáiyát in praise of spring and flowers, addresses to Allah either in humility or in reproach, and everlasting reiteration of the old Biblical "Eat and drink, for to-morrow you die,"—the question comes, how many were really written by Omar himself. Those attributed to him are differentiated from the great mass of Persian verse by their lack of florid ornamentation and arabesque, by their stately simplicity.

Owing to his unpopularity as a heretic, comparatively few manuscripts have come down to us, and there is no undoubted text. The first known translation is of one quatrain, which exists in Arabic and in Latin. Professor E. B. Cowell was the first to make known to English readers the wealth of his poetic and philosophic thought.

But as his prose versions and comments appeared in a magazine published in India, it excited little attention. It was through Edward Fitzgerald that he became generally known to the English-speaking world. For some time it was thought that the quatrains were of English origin; but at last the truth was told. A new impulse was given to the interest in Omar Khayyám by the publication, in 1884, of the superb illustrations by Elihu Vedder, which interpreted the text in the true Oriental and epicurean spirit. These illustrations are not slavish reproductions of the text, but rather a parallel poem, in keeping with it. Faithful service to the poet also was performed in Germany by Baron von Hammer-Purgstall, by Graf von Schack, and by Friedrich von Bodenstedt; in France by Garcin de Tassy, and by J. B. Nicolas. Besides Fitzgerald's rendering, English versions, prose and verse, more or less complete, have been made by Justin Huntly McCarthy, E. H. Whinfield (whose translations are used in this sketch), and others. There are also Hungarian and Norwegian versions, and an edition in the original has been published in St. Petersburg.

The modernness of Omar's spirit, his view of the world, half pessimistic and half defiant, his good humor and good cheer, his wit and bonhomie, all make him appeal to a very wide circle of nineteenth-century readers. They find in him echoes of their own doubts and questionings; they too look upon the universe as the plaything of a Fate which they cannot pretend to explain or change; and they too somehow complacently feel that the Power above them "is a good Fellow" who will not without cause damn them to the Prophet's Hell. At the same time they recognize the claims of the perfect life.

Well sings old Omar in more serious mood,—
Or else some critic of the Mollah brood,—
 "In all this changing world whereat I gaze,
Save Goodness only there is nothing good."

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read "N. H. Dole", with a small oval-shaped mark or initial below it.

RUBÁIYÁT

I

WAKE! for the Sun, who scattered into flight
 The Stars before him from the Field of Night,
 Drives Night along with them from Heaven,
 and strikes
 The Sultán's Turret with a Shaft of Light.

II

Before the phantom of False morning died,
 Methought a Voice within the Tavern cried,
 "When all the Temple is prepared within,
 Why nods the drowsy Worshiper outside?"

III

And as the Cock crew, those who stood before
 The Tavern shouted—"Open then the Door!
 "You know how little while we have to stay,
 And once departed, may return no more."

IV

Now the New Year reviving old Desires,
 The thoughtful Soul to Solitude retires,
 Where the WHITE HAND OF MOSES on the Bough
 Puts out, and Jesus from the Ground suspires.

V

Iram indeed is gone with all his Rose,
 And Jamshyd's Seven-ringed Cup where no one knows;
 But still a Ruby kindles in the Vine,
 And many a Garden by the Water blows.

VI

And David's lips are lockt; but in divine
 High-piping Pehlevi, with "Wine! Wine! Wine!
 Red Wine!"—the Nightingale cries to the Rose,
 That sallow cheek of hers t' incarnadine.

VII

Come, fill the Cup, and in the fire of Spring
 Your Winter garment of Repentance fling:
 The Bird of Time has but a little way
 To flutter—and the Bird is on the Wing.

VIII

Whether at Naishápúr or Babylon,
 Whether the Cup with sweet or bitter run,—
 The Wine of Life keeps oozing drop by drop,
 The Leaves of Life keep falling one by one.

IX

Each Morn a thousand Roses brings, you say:
 Yes, but where leaves the Rose of Yesterday?
 And this first Summer month that brings the Rose
 Shall take Jamshyd and Kaikobád away.

X

Well, let it take them! What have we to do
 With Kaikobád the Great, or Kaikhosrú?
 Let Zál and Rustum bluster as they will,
 Or Hátim call to Supper—heed not you.

XI

With me along the strip of Herbage strown
 That just divides the desert from the sown,
 Where name of Slave and Sultán is forgot—
 And Peace to Mahmúd on his golden Throne!

XII

A Book of Verses underneath the Bough,
 A Jug of Wine, a Loaf of Bread—and Thou
 Beside me singing in the Wilderness—
 Oh, Wilderness were Paradise enow!

XIII

Some for the Glories of This World; and some
 Sigh for the Prophet's Paradise to come:
 Ah, take the Cash, and let the Credit go,
 Nor heed the rumble of a distant Drum!

XIV

Look to the blowing Rose about us—“Lo,
 Laughing,” she says, “into the world I blow,
 At once the silken tassel of my Purse
 Tear, and its Treasure on the Garden throw.”

xv

And those who husbanded the Golden grain,
 And those who flung it to the winds like Rain,
 Alike to no such aureate Earth are turned
 As, buried once, Men want dug up again.

xvi

The Worldly Hope men set their Hearts upon
 Turns Ashes—or it prospers; and anon,
 Like Snow upon the Desert's dusty Face,
 Lighting a little hour or two—is gone.

xvii

Think, in this battered Caravanserai
 Whose Portals are alternate Night and Day,
 How Sultán after Sultán with his Pomp
 Abode his destined Hour, and went his way.

xviii

They say the Lion and the Lizard keep
 The Courts where Jamshyd gloried and drank deep:
 And Bahrám, that great Hunter—the Wild Ass
 Stamps o'er his Head, but cannot break his Sleep.

xix

I sometimes think that never blows so red
 The Rose as where some buried Cæsar bled;
 That every Hyacinth the Garden wears
 Dropt in her Lap from some once lovely Head.

xx

And this reviving Herb whose tender Green
 Fledges the River-Lip on which we lean—
 Ah, lean upon it lightly! for who knows
 From what once lovely Lip it springs unseen!

xxi

Ah, my Belovèd, fill the Cup that clears
 To-DAY of past Regrets and future Fears:
 To-morrow!—Why, To-morrow I may be
 Myself with Yesterday's Seven thousand Years.

XXII

For some we loved, the loveliest and the best
 That from his Vintage rolling Time hath prest,
 Have drunk their Cup a Round or two before,
 And one by one crept silently to rest.

XXIII

And we, that now make merry in the Room
 They left, and Summer dresses in new bloom,
 Ourselves must we beneath the Couch of Earth
 Descend—ourselves to make a Couch—for whom?

XXIV

Ah, make the most of what we yet may spend,
 Before we too into the Dust descend;
 Dust into Dust, and under Dust to lie,
 Sans Wine, sans Song, sans Singer, and—sans End!

XXV

Alike for those who for To-DAY prepare,
 And those that after some To-MORROW stare,
 A Muezzin from the Tower of Darkness cries,
 «Fools! your Reward is neither Here nor There.»

XXVI

Why, all the Saints and Sages who discussed
 Of the Two Worlds so wisely—they are thrust
 Like foolish Prophets forth; their Words to Scorn
 Are scattered, and their Mouths are stopt with Dust.

XXVII

Myself when young did eagerly frequent
 Doctor and Saint, and heard great argument
 About it and about; but evermore
 Came out by the same door wherein I went.

XXVIII

With them the seed of Wisdom did I sow,
 And with mine own hand wrought to make it grow;
 And this was all the Harvest that I reaped—
 «I came like Water, and like Wind I go.»

XXIX

Into this Universe, and *Why* not knowing,
 Nor *Whence*, like Water willy-nilly flowing;
 And out of it, as Wind along the Waste,
 I know not *Whither*, willy-nilly blowing.

XXX

What, without asking, hither hurried *Whence?*
 And, without asking, *Whither* hurried hence!
 Oh, many a Cup of this forbidden Wine
 Must drown the memory of that insolence!

XXXI

Up from Earth's Centre through the Seventh Gate
 I rose, and on the Throne of Saturn sate:
 And many a Knot unraveled by the Road;
 But not the Master-knot of Human Fate.

XXXII

There was the Door to which I found no Key;
 There was the Veil through which I might not see:
 Some little talk awhile of ME and THEE
 There was—and then no more of THEE and ME.

XXXIII

Earth could not answer; nor the Seas that mourn
 In flowing Purple, of their Lord forlorn;
 Nor rolling Heaven, with all his Signs revealed
 And hidden by the sleeve of Night and Morn.

XXXIV

Then of the THEE IN ME who works behind
 The Veil, I lifted up my hands to find
 A lamp amid the Darkness; and I heard,
 As from Without—“THE ME WITHIN THEE BLIND!”

XXXV

Then to the Lip of this poor earthen Urn
 I leaned, the Secret of my Life to learn;
 And Lip to Lip it murmured—“While you live,
 Drink!—for once dead, you never shall return.”

XXXVI

I think the Vessel, that with fugitive
 Articulation answered, once did live,
 And drink; and Ah! the passive Lip I kissed,
 How many Kisses might it take—and give!

XXXVII

For I remember stopping by the way
 To watch a Potter thumping his wet Clay:
 And with its all-obliterated Tongue
 It murmured—“Gently, Brother, gently, pray!”

XXXVIII

And has not such a Story from of Old
 Down Man’s successive generations rolled
 Of such a clod of saturated Earth
 Cast by the Maker into Human mold?

XXXIX

And not a drop that from our Cups we throw
 For Earth to drink of, but may steal below
 To quench the fire of Anguish in some Eye
 There hidden—far beneath, and long ago.

XL

As then the Tulip for her morning sup
 Of Heavenly Vintage from the soil looks up,
 Do you devoutly do the like, till Heaven
 To Earth invert you—like an empty Cup.

XLI

Perplexed no more with Human or Divine,
 To-morrow’s tangle to the winds resign,
 And lose your fingers in the tresses of
 The Cypress-slender Minister of Wine.

XLII

And if the Wine you drink, the Lip you press,
 End in what All begins and ends in—Yes;
 Think then you are To-DAY what YESTERDAY
 You were—To-MORROW you shall not be less.

XLIII

So when that Angel of the darker Drink
 At last shall find you by the river-brink,
 And, offering his Cup, invite your Soul
 Forth to your Lips to quaff—you shall not shrink.

XLIV

Why, if the Soul can fling the Dust aside,
 And naked on the Air of Heaven ride,
 Were't not a Shame—were't not a Shame for him
 In this clay carcass crippled to abide?

XLV

'Tis but a Tent where takes his one day's rest
 A Sultán to the realm of Death addrest;
 The Sultán rises, and the dark Ferrásh
 Strikes, and prepares it for another Guest.

XLVI

And fear not lest Existence, closing your
 Account, and mine, should know the like no more;
 The Eternal Sáki from that Bowl has poured
 Millions of Bubbles like us, and will pour.

XLVII

When You and I behind the Veil are past,
 Oh, but the long, long while the World shall last,
 Which of our Coming and Departure heeds
 As the Sea's self should heed a pebble-cast.

XLVIII

A Moment's Halt—a momentary taste
 Of BEING from the Well amid the Waste—
 And Lo!—the phantom Caravan has reached
 The NOTHING it set out from—Oh, make haste!

XLIX

Would you that spangle of Existence spend
 About THE SECRET—quick about it, Friend!
 A Hair perhaps divides the False and True—
 And upon what, prithee, may life depend?

L

A Hair perhaps divides the False and True;
 Yes; and a single Alif were the clue—
 Could you but find it—to the Treasure-house
 And peradventure to THE MASTER too;

LI

Whose secret Presence, through Creation's veins
 Running Quicksilver-like, eludes your pains;
 Taking all shapes from Máh to Máhi; and
 They change and perish all—but He remains:

LII

A moment guessed—then back behind the Fold
 Immerst of Darkness round the Drama rolled
 Which, for the Pastime of Eternity,
 He doth Himself contrive, enact, behold.

LIII

But if in vain, down on the stubborn floor
 Of Earth, and up to Heaven's unopening Door,
 You gaze To-DAY, while You are You—how then
 To-MORROW, when You shall be You no more?

LIV

Waste not your Hour, nor in the vain pursuit
 Of This and That endeavor and dispute;
 Better be jocund with the fruitful Grape
 Than sadden after none, or bitter, Fruit.

LV

You know, my Friends, with what a brave Carouse
 I made a Second Marriage in my house;
 Divorced old barren Reason from my Bed,
 And took the Daughter of the Vine to Spouse.

LVI

For "Is" and "Is-NOT" though with Rule and Line
 And "UP-AND-DOWN" by Logic I define,
 Of all that one should care to fathom, I
 Was never deep in anything but—Wine.

LVII

Ah, but my Computations, People say,
 Reduced the Year to better reckoning?—Nay,
 'Twas only striking from the Calendar
 Unborn To-morrow, and dead Yesterday.

LVIII

And lately, by the Tavern Door agape,
 Came shining through the Dusk an Angel Shape
 Bearing a Vessel on his Shoulder; and
 He bid me taste of it; and 'twas—the Grape!

LIX

The Grape, that can with Logic absolute
 The Two-and-Seventy jarring Sects confute;
 The sovereign Alchemist that in a trice
 Life's leaden metal into Gold transmute;

LX

The mighty Mahmúd, Allah-breathing Lord,
 That all the misbelieving and black Horde
 Of Fears and Sorrows that infest the Soul
 Scatters before him with his whirlwind Sword.

LXI

Why, be this Juice the growth of God, who dare
 Blaspheme the twisted tendril as a Snare?
 A Blessing, we should use it, should we not?
 And if a Curse—why, then, Who set it there?

LXII

I must abjure the Balm of Life, I must,
 Scared by some After-reckoning ta'en on trust,
 Or lured with Hope of some Diviner Drink,
 To fill the Cup—when crumbled into Dust!

LXIII

Oh, threats of Hell and Hopes of Paradise!
 One thing at least is certain—*This* Life flies;
 One thing is certain and the rest is Lies:
 The Flower that once has blown forever dies.

LXIV

Strange, is it not? that of the myriads who
 Before us passed the door of Darkness through,
 Not one returns to tell us of the Road,
 Which to discover we must travel too.

LXV

The Revelations of Devout and Learned
 Who rose before us, and as Prophets burned,
 Are all but Stories, which awoke from Sleep
 They told their comrades, and to Sleep returned.

LXVI

I sent my Soul through the Invisible,
 Some letter of that After-life to spell;
 And by-and-by my Soul returned to me,
 And answered, "I Myself am Heaven and Hell:»

LXVII

Heaven but the Vision of fulfilled Desire,
 And Hell the Shadow from a Soul on fire,
 Cast on the Darkness into which Ourselves,
 So late emerged from, shall so soon expire.

LXVIII

We are no other than a moving row
 Of Magic Shadow-shapes that come and go
 Round with the Sun-illumined Lantern held
 In Midnight by the Master of the Show;

LXIX

But helpless Pieces of the Game He plays
 Upon this Chequer-board of Nights and Days;
 Hither and thither moves, and checks, and slays,
 And one by one back in the Closet lays.

LXX

The Ball no question makes of Ayes and Noes,
 But Here or There as strikes the Player goes;
 And He that tossed you down into the Field,
He knows about it all—*HE* knows—*HE* knows!

LXXI

The Moving Finger writes; and having writ,
 Moves on: nor all your Piety nor Wit
 Shall lure it back to cancel half a Line,
 Nor all your Tears wash out a Word of it.

LXXII

And that inverted Bowl they call the Sky,
 Whereunder crawling cooped we live and die,
 Lift not your hands to *It* for help—for *It*
 As impotently moves as you or I.

LXXIII

With Earth's first Clay They did the Last Man knead,
 And there of the Last Harvest sowed the Seed;
 And the first Morning of Creation wrote
 What the Last Dawn of Reckoning shall read.

LXXIV

YESTERDAY *This* Day's Madness did prepare;
 To-MORROW's Silence, Triumph, or Despair:
 Drink! for you know not whence you came, nor why;
 Drink! for you know not why you go, nor where.

LXXV

I tell you this—When, started from the Goal,
 Over the flaming shoulders of the Foal
 Of Heaven Parwín and Mushtari they flung,
 In my predestined Plot of Dust and Soul

LXXVI

The Vine had struck a fibre; which about
 If clings my Being—let the Dervish flout:
 Of my Base metal may be filed a Key
 That shall unlock the Door he howls without.

LXXVII

And this I know: whether the one True Light
 Kindle to Love, or Wrath-consume me quite,
 One Flash of It within the Tavern caught
 Better than in the Temple lost outright.

LXXVIII

What! out of senseless Nothing to provoke
 A conscious Something to resent the yoke
 Of unpermitted Pleasure, under pain
 Of Everlasting Penalties, if broke!

LXXIX

What! from his helpless Creature be repaid
 Pure Gold for what He lent him dross-allayed—
 Sue for a Debt he never did contract,
 And cannot answer—Oh the sorry trade!

LXXX

Oh Thou, who didst with pitfall and with gin
 Beset the Road I was to wander in,
 Thou wilt not with Predestined Evil round
 Enmesh, and then impute my Fall to Sin!

LXXXI

Oh Thou, who Man of baser Earth didst make,
 And e'en with Paradise devise the Snake:
 For all the Sin wherewith the Face of Man
 Is blackened—Man's forgiveness give—and take!

* * *

LXXXII

As under cover of departing Day
 Slunk hunger-stricken Ramazán away,
 Once more within the Potter's house alone
 I stood, surrounded by the Shapes of Clay.

LXXXIII

Shapes of all Sorts and Sizes, great and small,
 That stood along the floor and by the wall:
 And some loquacious Vessels were; and some
 Listened, perhaps, but never talked at all.

LXXXIV

Said one among them—“Surely not in vain
 My substance of the common Earth was ta'en
 And to this Figure molded, to be broke,
 Or trampled back to shapeless Earth again.”

LXXXV

Then said a Second—“ Ne'er a peevish Boy
 Would break the Bowl from which he drank in joy;
 And He that with his hand the Vessel made
 Will surely not in after Wrath destroy.”

LXXXVI

After a momentary silence spake
 Some Vessel of a more ungainly Make:—
 “They sneer at me for leaning all awry:
 What! did the Hand then of the Potter shake?”

LXXXVII

Whereat some one of the loquacious Lot—
 I think a Súfi pipkin—waxing hot—
 “All this of Pot and Potter—Tell me, then,
 Who is the Potter, pray, and who the Pot?”

LXXXVIII

“Why,” said another, “Some there are who tell
 Of one who threatens he will toss to Hell
 The luckless Pots he marred in making—Pish!
 He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well.”

LXXXIX

“Well,” murmured one, “Let whoso make or buy,
 My Clay with long Oblivion is gone dry;
 But fill me with the old familiar Juice,
 Methinks I might recover by-and-by.”

XC

So while the Vessels one by one were speaking,
 The little Moon looked in that all were seeking:
 And then they jogged each other, “Brother! Brother!
 Now for the Porter's shoulder-knot a-creaking!”

XCI

Ah, with the Grape my fading life provide,
 And wash the Body whence the Life has died,
 And lay me, shrouded in the living Leaf,
 By some not unfrequented Garden-side.

XCII

That e'en my buried Ashes such a snare
 Of Vintage shall fling up into the Air,
 As not a True-believer passing by
 But shall be overtaken unaware.

XCIII

Indeed, the Idols I have loved so long
 Have done my credit in this World much wrong:
 Have drowned my Glory in a shallow Cup,
 And sold my Reputation for a Song.

XCIV

Indeed, indeed, Repentance oft before
 I swore—but was I sober when I swore?
 And then and then came Spring, and Rose-in-hand
 My threadbare Penitence apieces tore.

XCV

And much as Wine has played the Infidel,
 And robbed me of my Robe of Honor—Well,
 I wonder often what the Vintners buy
 One half so precious as the stuff they sell.

XCVI

Yet Ah, that Spring should vanish with the Rose!
 That Youth's sweet-scented manuscript should close!
 The Nightingale that in the branches sang,
 Ah whence, and whither flown again, who knows!

XCVII

Would but the Desert of the Fountain yield
 One glimpse—if dimly, yet indeed revealed,
 To which the fainting Traveler might spring,
 As springs the trampled herbage of the field!

XCVIII

Would but some wingèd Angel ere too late
 Arrest the yet unfolded Roll of Fate,
 And make the stern Recorder otherwise
 Enregister, or quite obliterate!

XCIX

Ah Love! could you and I with Him conspire
 To grasp this sorry Scheme of Things entire,
 Would not we shatter it to bits—and then
 Remold it nearer to the Heart's Desire!

* * *

C

Yon rising Moon that looks for us again—
 How oft hereafter will she wax and wane;
 How oft hereafter rising look for us
 Through this same Garden—and for *one* in vain!

CI

And when like her, O Sáki, you shall pass
 Among the Guests Star-scattered on the Grass,
 And in your joyous errand reach the spot
 Where I made One—turn down an empty Glass!

Version of Edward Fitzgerald: fifth edition.

ADDITIONAL RUBÁIYÁT

[These are verses from earlier editions which Fitzgerald either transformed or dropped in others, and one which he never included in his "Eclogue" scheme; but which seem too beautiful or too quaint not to be given.]

I

Opening Verses of the First Edition

A WAKE! for Morning in the Bowl of Night
 Has flung the Stone that puts the Stars to Flight:*

And Lo! the Hunter of the East has caught
 The Sultan's Turret in a Noose of Light.

Dreaming when Dawn's Left Hand was in the Sky
 I heard a Voice within the Tavern cry,
 "Awake, my little ones, and fill the Cup
 Before Life's Liquor in its cup be dry."

* "Flinging a Stone into the Cup was the signal for 'To Horse!' in the Desert." — FITZGERALD.

II

Stanza xxxvii. of the First Edition

AH, FILL the Cup: what boots it to repeat
 How Time is slipping underneath our Feet:
 · Unborn To-morrow, and dead Yesterday,
 Why fret about them if To-day be sweet?

III

Stanza lxiv. of the First Edition

SAID one,—“Folks of a surly Tapster tell,
 And daub his Visage with the Smoke of Hell:
 · They talk of some strict Testing of us—Pish!
 He's a Good Fellow, and 'twill all be well.”

IV

Stanza xiv. of the Second Edition

WERE it not Folly, Spider-like to spin
 The Thread of present Life away to win—
 · What? for ourselves, who know not if we shall
 Breathe out the very Breath we now breathe in!

V

Stanza lxv. of the Second Edition

IF BUT the Vine- and Love-abjuring Band
 Are in the Prophet's Paradise to stand,
 · Alack, I doubt the Prophet's Paradise
 Were empty as the hollow of one's Hand.

VI

Verse given among Fitzgerald's notes to the 'Rubáiyát,' but not included in
 the body of the text

BE OF Good Cheer: the Sullen Month will die,
 And a young Moon requite us by-and-by:
 · Look how the Old one, meagre, bent, and wan
 With Age and Fast, is Fainting from the Sky!

ALEXANDER KIELLAND

(1849-)

 ALEXANDER KIELLAND, one of the foremost of the living authors of Norway, belongs in Norwegian literature to the generation subsequent to Björnson, Ibsen, and Lie, the three great names that most readily recur among the contemporary writers of his native country. In point of fact, he has very little in common with them or their predecessors, but in many ways marks a new tendency in the literature of Norway, which in its most recent development owes not a little to his incentive. In this attitude he and his immediate contemporary Arne Garborg though direct antitheses in some respects, here stand together,—an intermediate development between the oldest and the newest phases of that extraordinary literature that has attracted to it the attention of the world.

Kielland was born in 1849, in Stavanger, Norway. His father was a ship-owner and merchant of abundant means and social position, as had been his ancestors for generations before him. At the University of Christiania he studied law, which however he never practiced, although he duly took his examination at the end of the course. Instead he chose at the outset a business career; and bought a brick and tile factory at Malm, near Stavanger, which he managed with ability until 1881, when it was sold to a stock company.

His first literary work saw the light under these conditions. His career began with a series of short stories, which appeared anonymously in the Christiania Dagblad. These first tales, with others written subsequently, went to make up the material of his first two books, 'Novelletter' (1879), and 'Nye Novelletter' (1880).

Several winters spent in Paris, and the study of modern French literature, established the characteristic tendency of his genius. Many of his novelettes and short stories are so essentially French in method and manner, that except for their environment they might equally well have been the product of French soil. To associate him with Daudet is natural and inevitable; for in his point of view and treatment of material he most resembles that great master of short stories.



ALEXANDER KIELLAND

Kielland's use of the Norwegian language is a revelation, and it flows from his pen in incisive and often sparkling sentences. No one ever before has used the language as he uses it. In his hands it is a medium of the utmost clarity, and transmits every delicate shade of meaning. It lends itself readily to translation, but very little has as yet found its way into English. 'Garman and Worse' has been translated by W. W. Kettlewell (London, 1885), 'Skipper Worse' by the Earl of Ducie (London, 1885), and William Archer has translated a number of short stories which have been published under the title of 'Tales of Two Countries' (1891).

Kielland's first novel, 'Garman and Worse' (1880), demonstrated his seriousness of purpose. It is a social study of *bourgeois* life in the towns of the western coast of Norway, and treats of types of character with which the author has all his life been familiar. Inevitably it is autobiographical, particularly in the incidents of the boyhood of Gabriel Garman. A faithful picture of the life of a small Norwegian town, it is full of clever satire and humorous delineation.

Discontent with existing social conditions ramifying in various directions is the psychological element in most of Kielland's novels. Kielland's second novel, 'Laboring People' (1881), is the pathology as well as the psychology of vice, and treats of the corrupting influence of the upper classes upon the lower. The horrors of the subject are not disguised; and from this book it may be understood why Georg Brandes, in his brilliant essay upon Kielland, should trace in his writings the influence of Balzac and Zola. In point of structure and composition 'Skipper Worse' ranks among the best of his novels; and here as always there is the suggestion of Daudet, for the theme of the story—a study of Pietism in Norway—is similar to that of 'L'Évangéliste.' His strength and earnestness are nowhere better exemplified than in this psychological study.

Kielland's development has been uniform and steady, and his recent work shows an immense increase in power. His later books all indicate the trend of his socialistic tendency. 'Snow' is a protest against blind orthodoxy. The wintry Norwegian landscape is symbolical of the icy fetters of tradition, but there is a hint and promise of spring. In 'Jacob,' however, pessimism settles like a heavy fog, rayless and dispiriting. It is a revolt against senseless optimism and poetic justice, and a plea for what he believes to be reality. Kielland's characteristic is the spirit of liberalism in politics, ethics, and religion. Of aristocratic social connections, a conservative by birth and education, Kielland is the champion of democracy. So outspoken is he, indeed, that the government itself, through a committee appointed to investigate his claims to the customary literary pension, has protested against a literature "opposed to the prevailing moral

and religious ideas of the nation," and refused to sanction his writings by granting the stipend petitioned by his friends. As a compensation, his popularity with the people is unbounded; and in spite of the frowns of the government, he has virtually remained master of the field.

AT THE FAIR

From 'Tales of Two Countries.' Copyright 1891, by Harper & Brothers

IT WAS by the merest chance that Monsieur and Madame Tousseau came to Saint-Germain-en-Laye in the early days of September.

Four weeks ago they had been married in Lyons, which was their home; but where they had passed these four weeks they really could not have told you. The time had gone hop-skip-and-jump: a couple of days had entirely slipped out of their reckoning; and on the other hand they remembered a little summer-house at Fontainebleau, where they had rested one evening, as clearly as if they had passed half their lives there.

Paris was, strictly speaking, the goal of their wedding journey, and there they established themselves in a comfortable little *hôtel garni*. But the city was sultry, and they could not rest; so they rambled about among the small towns in the neighborhood, and found themselves one Sunday at noon in Saint-Germain.

"Monsieur and Madame have doubtless come to take part in the fête?" said the plump little landlady of the Hotel Henri Quatre, as she ushered her guests up the steps.

The fête? They knew of no fête in the world except their own wedded happiness; but they did not say so to the landlady.

They soon learned that they had been lucky enough to drop into the very midst of the great and celebrated fair which is held every year, on the first Sunday of September, in the Forest of Saint-Germain.

The young couple were highly delighted with their good hap. It seemed as though Fortune followed at their heels, or rather ran ahead of them, to arrange surprises. After a delicious tête-à-tête dinner behind one of the clipped yew-trees in the quaint garden, they took a carriage and drove off to the forest.

In the hotel garden, beside the little fountain in the middle of the lawn, sat a ragged condor which the landlord had bought to

amuse his guests. It was attached to its perch by a good strong rope. But when the sun shone upon it with real warmth, it fell a-thinking of the snow-peaks of Peru, of mighty wing-strokes over the deep valleys—and then it forgot the rope.

Two vigorous strokes with its pinions would bring the rope up taut, and it would fall back upon the sward. There it would lie by the hour, then shake itself and clamber up to its little perch again.

When it turned its head to watch the happy pair, Madame Tousseau burst into a fit of laughter at its melancholy mien.

The afternoon sun glimmered through the dense foliage of the interminable straight-ruled avenue that skirts the terrace. The young wife's veil fluttered aloft as they sped through the air, and wound itself right around Monsieur's head. It took a long time to put it in order again, and Madame's hat had to be adjusted ever so often. Then came the relighting of Monsieur's cigar, and that too was quite a business,—for Madame's fan would always give a suspicious little flirt every time the match was lighted; then a penalty had to be paid, and that again took time.

The aristocratic English family which was passing the summer at Saint-Germain was disturbed in its regulation walk by the passing of the gay little equipage. They raised their correct gray or blue eyes; there was neither contempt nor annoyance in their look—only the faintest shade of surprise. But the condor followed the carriage with its eyes until it became a mere black speck at the vanishing-point of the straight-ruled interminable avenue.

“La joyeuse fête des Loges” is a genuine fair, with gingerbread cakes, sword-swallowers, and waffles piping hot. As the evening falls, colored lamps and Chinese lanterns are lighted around the venerable oak which stands in the middle of the fair-ground, and boys climb about among its topmost branches with maroons and Bengal lights.

Gentlemen of an inventive turn of mind go about with lanterns on their hats, on their sticks, and wherever they can possibly hang; and the most inventive of all strolls around with his sweetheart under a great umbrella, with a lantern dangling from each rib.

On the outskirts, bonfires are lighted; fowls are roasted on spits, while potatoes are cut into slices and fried in drippings. Each aroma seems to have its amateurs, for there are always

people crowding round; but the majority stroll up and down the long street of booths.

Monsieur and Madame Tousseau had plunged into all the fun of the fair. They had gambled in the most lucrative lottery in Europe, presided over by a man who excelled in dubious witticisms. They had seen the fattest goose in the world, and the celebrated flea, "Bismarck," who could drive six horses. Furthermore they had purchased gingerbread, shot at a target for clay pipes and soft-boiled eggs, and finally had danced a waltz in the spacious dancing-tent.

They had never had such fun in their lives. There were no great people there—at any rate, none greater than themselves. As they did not know a soul, they smiled to every one; and when they met the same person twice they laughed and nodded to him.

They were charmed with everything. They stood outside the great circus and ballet marquees and laughed at the shouting buffoons. Scraggy mountebanks performed on trumpets, and young girls with well-floured shoulders smiled alluringly from the platforms.

Monsieur Tousseau's purse was never at rest; but they did not grow impatient of the perpetual claims upon it. On the contrary, they only laughed at the gigantic efforts these people would make, to earn perhaps half a franc, or a few centimes.

Suddenly they encountered a face they knew. It was a young American whom they had met at the hotel in Paris.

"Well, Monsieur Whitmore!" cried Madame Tousseau gayly, "here at last you've found a place where you can't possibly help enjoying yourself."

"For my part," answered the American slowly, "I find no enjoyment in seeing the people who haven't money making fools of themselves to please the people who have."

"Oh, you're incorrigible!" laughed the young wife. "But I must compliment you on the excellent French you are speaking to-day."

After exchanging a few more words they lost each other in the crowd: Mr. Whitmore was going back to Paris immediately.

Madame Tousseau's compliment was quite sincere. As a rule the grave American talked deplorable French; but the answer he had made to Madame was almost correct. It seemed as though it had been well thought out in advance—as though a whole

series of impressions had condensed themselves into these words. Perhaps that was why his answer sank so deep into the minds of Monsieur and Madame Tousseau.

Neither of them thought it a particularly brilliant remark; on the contrary, they agreed that it must be miserable to take so gloomy a view of things. But nevertheless his words left something rankling. They could not laugh so lightly as before; Madame felt tired, and they began to think of getting homewards.

Just as they turned to go down the long street of booths in order to find their carriage, they met a noisy crew coming upward.

"Let us take the other way," said Monsieur.

They passed between two booths, and emerged at the back of one of the rows. They stumbled over the tree-roots before their eyes got used to the uncertain light which fell in patches between the tents. A dog which lay gnawing at something or other rose with a snarl, and dragged its prey further into the darkness among the trees.

On this side the booths were made up of old sails and all sorts of strange draperies. Here and there light shone through the openings, and at one place Madame distinguished a face she knew.

It was the man who had sold her that incomparable gingerbread—Monsieur had half of it still in his pocket.

But it was curious to see the gingerbread-man from this side. Here was something quite different from the smiling obsequiousness which had said so many pretty things to her pretty face, and had been so unwearied in lauding the gingerbread—which really was excellent.

Now he sat crouched together, eating some indescribable mess out of a checked pocket-handkerchief—eagerly, greedily, without looking up.

Farther down they heard a muffled conversation. Madame was bent upon peeping in; Monsieur objected, but had to give in.

An old mountebank sat counting a handful of coppers, grumbling and growling the while. A young girl stood before him, shivering and pleading for pardon; she was wrapped in a long waterproof.

The man swore and stamped on the ground. Then she threw off the waterproof and stood half naked in a sort of ballet costume. Without saying a word, and without smoothing her hair

or preening her finery, she mounted the little steps that led to the stage.

At that moment she turned and looked at her father. Her face had already put on the ballet simper, but it now gave place to a quite different expression. The mouth remained fixed, but the eyes tried for a second to send him a beseeching smile. The mountebank shrugged his shoulders, and held out his hand with the coppers; the girl turned, ducked under the curtain, and was received with shouts and applause.

Beside the great oak-tree the lottery man was holding forth as fluently as ever. His witticisms, as the darkness thickened, grew less and less dubious. There was a different ring, too, in the laughter of the crowd; the men were noisier, the mountebanks leaner, the women more brazen, the music falser—so it seemed at least to Madame and Monsieur.

As they passed the dancing-tent the racket of a quadrille reached their ears. "Great heavens!—was it really there that we danced?" said Madame, and nestled closer to her husband.

They made their way through the rout as quickly as they could; they would soon reach their carriage,—it was just beyond the circus marquee. It would be nice to rest and escape from all this hubbub.

The platform in front of the circus marquee was now vacant. Inside, in the dim and stifling rotunda, the performance was in full swing.

Only the old woman who sold the tickets sat asleep at her desk. And a little way off, in the light of her lamp, stood a tiny boy.

He was dressed in tights, green on one side, red on the other; on his head he had a fool's cap with horns.

Close up to the platform stood a woman wrapped in a black shawl. She seemed to be talking to the boy.

He advanced his red leg and his green leg by turns, and drew them back again. At last he took three steps forward on his meagre shanks and held out his hand to the woman.

She took what he had in it, and disappeared into the darkness.

He stood motionless for a moment, then he muttered some words and burst into tears.

Presently he stopped, and said, "Maman m'a pris mon sou!" and fell to weeping again.

He dried his eyes and left off for a time, but as often as he repeated to himself his sad little history—how his mother had taken his sou from him—he was seized with another and a bitterer fit of weeping.

He stooped and buried his face in the curtain. The stiff, wrinkly oil painting must be hard and cold to cry into. The little body shrank together; he drew his green leg close up under him, and stood like a stork upon the red one.

No one on the other side of the curtain must hear that he was crying. Therefore he did not sob like a child, but fought as a man fights against a broken heart.

When the attack was over, he blew his nose with his fingers, and wiped them on his tights. With the dirty curtain he had dabbed the tears all over his face until it was streaked with black; and in this guise, and dry-eyed, he gazed for a moment over the fair.

Then: "Maman m'a pris mon sou"—and he set off again.

The back-sweep of the wave leaves the beach dry for an instant while the next wave is gathering. Thus sorrow swept in heavy surges over the little childish heart.

His dress was so ludicrous, his body so meagre, his weeping was so woefully bitter, and his suffering so great and man-like—

But at home at the hotel—the Pavillon Henri Quatre, where the Queens of France condescended to be brought to bed—there the condor sat and slept upon its perch.

And it dreamed its dream—its only dream—its dream about the snow-peaks of Peru and the mighty wing-strokes over the deep valleys; and then it forgot its rope.

It uplifted its ragged pinions vigorously, and struck two sturdy strokes. Then the rope drew taut, and it fell back where it was wont to fall—it wrenched its claw, and the dream vanished.—

Next morning the aristocratic English family was much concerned, and the landlord himself felt annoyed; for the condor lay dead upon the grass.

Translation of William Archer.

GRACE ELIZABETH KING

(1858-)

SINCE 1886 there appeared in the New Princeton Review a story called 'Monsieur Motte,' which attracted instant attention in this country as in England, and subsequently in France, and announced that America had a new writer who would add distinction to its literature. The story dealt with a certain social phase in the life of New Orleans; it had a touch of Gallic quality, and was a subtle reading of Creole character and of the negro race also; but otherwise it had the note of universality which is found in all genuine original literature.

The writer was Grace Elizabeth King of New Orleans, the daughter of William M. King, during his life a prominent lawyer, and before the war a sugar planter in Louisiana. Miss King passed her childhood in the city and upon her father's plantation, and was educated in the French schools of New Orleans. It is evident from her writings that she was a keen observer of country and city life, and a close student of human nature. New Orleans, when she was a child, had more affiliations with Paris than with New York, and her education was decidedly French; indeed, it may be said that her sympathy for French literature and her comprehension of it were so strong and native, that when lately she made a considerable sojourn in the French capital she did not seem to be in a foreign atmosphere. To her knowledge of French she added an almost equal facility in Spanish; so that she was well equipped for both the investigation and interpretation of the history and romance of Louisiana.

Her first success was followed by several short novels and stories: 'Bonne Maman,' 'Earthlings,' 'Balcony Stories,' some of which were collected in a volume called 'Tales of a Time and Place.' The 'Balcony Stories' were exquisite and subtle creations, and revealed in the author an art, a finish in form, and a refined literary quality which we are accustomed in criticism to call Parisian. No better work in this sort has been done by any modern writer.

It was natural that Miss King, who is an enthusiastic and accurate student, should be attracted to the dramatic and romantic history of



GRACE ELIZABETH KING

the lower Mississippi. The first results of this study were a life of Bienville, the founder of New Orleans; a school history of Louisiana, in collaboration with Professor Fichlin of Tulane University; and a volume on New Orleans, a sort of personal tribute to her beloved city. At this writing she is engaged on a life of De Soto, and as a member of the Louisiana Historical Society is doing excellent work in original research. While she is likely to increase her reputation as a local historian, it is easy to predict that her strong constructive imagination and her bent for fiction will lead her to make use of her knowledge of early Louisiana for a romance, or for romances, that will truly interpret the achievements and chivalry of the early adventurers on our southwest coast. This abundant material for historical novels of a high order she is already trained to handle.

The short stories of Miss King reveal a rare literary artist, and many of them a power of depicting passion and the actualities of life transmuted into ideal pictures by her genius of sympathy. They would be marred unless given entire; and we have preferred to present in this volume a brilliant description of an episode in American history, which has never been so picturesquely and adequately set forth.

THE GLORIOUS EIGHTH OF JANUARY

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IT WAS on the morning of the 2d of December, 1814, as our preferred chronicler of this period, Alexander Walker, relates, that General Jackson and escort trotted their horses up the road that leads from Spanish Fort to the city. On arriving at the junction of Canal Carondelet and Bayou St. John, the party dismounted before an old Spanish villa, the residence of one of the prominent bachelor citizens of the day; where, in the marble-paved hall, breakfast had been prepared for them,—a breakfast such as luxury then could command from Creole markets and cooks, for a guest whom one wished to honor. But, the story goes, the guest of honor partook—and that sparingly—only of hominy. This reached a certain limit of endurance. At a whisper from a servant, the host excused himself, left the table, and passed into the antechamber. He was accosted by his fair friend and neighbor who had volunteered her assistance for the occasion.

"Ah, my friend, how could you play such a trick upon me? You asked me to prepare your house to receive a great general.

I did so. And I prepared a splendid breakfast. And now! I find that my labor is all thrown away upon an old 'Kaintuck' flatboatman, instead of a great general with plumes, epaulettes, long sword, and mustache."

Indeed, to female eyes, trained upon a Galvez, a Carondelet, a Casa Calvo, Andrew Jackson must have represented indeed a very unsatisfactory commandant-general. His dress—a small leatheren cap, a short blue Spanish cloak, frayed trousers, worn and rusty high-top boots—was deficient; and even for a flatboatman, threadbare. But his personality, to equitable female eyes, should have been impressive if not pleasing: a tall, gaunt, inflexibly erect figure; a face sallow, it is true, and seamed and wrinkled with the burden of heavy thought, but expressing to the full the stern decision and restless energy which seemed the very soul of the man; heavy brows shaded his fierce bright eyes, and iron-gray hair bristled thick over his head.

From the villa the party trotted up the Bayou Road to its intersection with the city, where stood a famous landmark in old times: the residence of General Daniel Clarke, a great American in the business and political world of the time. Here carriages awaited them, and a formal delegation of welcome,—all the notabilities, civil and military, the city afforded, headed by Governor Claiborne and the mayor of the city: a group which, measured by after achievements, could not be considered inconsiderable either in number or character.

General Jackson, who talked as he fought—by nature—and had as much use for fine words as for fine clothes, answered the stately eloquence addressed him, briefly and to the point. He had come to protect the city, and he would drive the enemy into the sea or perish in the attempt. It was the eloquence for the people and the time. As an interpreter repeated the words in French, they passed from lip to lip, rousing all the energy they conveyed. They sped with Jackson's carriage into the city, where heroism has ever been most infectious; and the crowd that ran after him through the streets to see him alight, and to cheer the flag unfurled from his headquarters on Royal Street, expressed not so much the conviction that the savior of the city was there in that house, as that the savior of the city was there in every man's soul.

That evening the "Kaintuck" flatboatman was again subjected to the ordeal of woman's eyes. A dinner party of the most

fashionable society had already assembled at a prominent and distinguished house, when the host announced to his wife that he had invited General Jackson to join them. She, as related by a descendant, did what she could under the trying circumstances; and so well prepared her guests for the unexpected addition to their party, that the ladies kept their eyes fixed upon the door with the liveliest curiosity, expecting to see it admit nothing less than some wild man of the woods, some curious specimen of American Indian, in uniform. When it opened and General Jackson entered, grave, self-possessed, martial, urbane, their astonishment was not to be gauged. When the dinner was over and he had taken his leave, the ladies all exclaimed with one impulse to the hostess, "Is this your red Indian! Is this your wild man of the woods! He is a prince."

From now on, the city was transformed into a martial camp. Every man capable of bearing arms was mustered into service. All the French *émigrés* in the community volunteered in the ranks, only too eager for another chance at the English. Prisoners in the Calaboose were released and armed. To the old original fine company of freemen of color another was added, formed of colored refugees from St. Domingo,—men who had sided with the whites in the revolution there. Lafitte, notwithstanding the breaking up and looting of his establishment at Barataria, made good his offer to the State by gathering his Baratarians from the Calaboose and their hiding-places, and organizing them into two companies under the command of Dominique You and Beluche. From the parishes came hastily gathered volunteers, in companies and singly. The African slaves, catching the infection, labored with might and main upon the fortifications ordered by Jackson; and even the domestic servants, it is recorded, burnished their masters' arms and prepared ammunition with the ardor of patriots. The old men were formed into a home guard and given the patrol of the city. Martial law was proclaimed. The reinforcements from the neighboring territories arrived: a fine troop of horse from Mississippi, under the gallant Hinds; and Coffee, with his ever-to-be-remembered brigade of "Dirty Shirts," who after a march of eight hundred miles, answered Jackson's message to hasten by covering in two days the one hundred and fifty miles from Baton Rouge to New Orleans. At the levee, barges and flatboats landed the militia of Tennessee, under Carroll.

On the 10th of December, eight days after Jackson's arrival in the city, the British fleet entered Lake Borgne. In the harbor of Ship Island, in the pass between it and Cat Island, out to Chandeleur Islands, as far as the spy-glass could carry, the eye of the lookout saw; and saw British sails. Never before had so august a visitation honored these distant waters. The very names of the ships and of their commanders were enough to create a panic. The *Tonnant*, the heroic *Tonnant*, of eighty guns, captured from the French at the battle of the Nile, with Vice-Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane and Rear-Admiral Codrington; the *Royal Oak*, seventy-four guns, Rear-Admiral Malcolm; the *Ramillies*, under Sir Thomas Hardy, Nelson's friend; the *Norge*, the *Bedford*, the *Asia*, all seventy-four-gunners; the *Armide*, Sir Thomas Trowbridge; the *Sea Horse*, Sir James Alexander Gordon, fresh from the banks of the Potomac,—there were fifty sail, in all carrying over a thousand guns, commanded by the *élite* of the British navy, steered by West-Indian pilots, followed by a smaller fleet of transports, sloops, and schooners. It seemed only proper that with such ships and such an army as the ships carried, a full and complete list of civil officers should be sent out, to conduct the government of the country to be annexed to his Majesty's dominions,—revenue collectors, printers, clerks, with printing-presses and office paraphernalia. Merchant ships accompanied the squadron to carry home the spoils; and even many ladies, wives of the officers, came along to share in the glory and pleasure of the expedition. "I expect at this moment," remarked Lord Castlereagh in Paris almost at the exact date, "that most of the large seaport towns of America are laid in ashes; that we are in possession of New Orleans, and have command of all the rivers of the Mississippi Valley and the Lakes; and that the Americans are now little better than prisoners in their own country."

The city must indeed have appeared practically defenseless to any foe minded to take it. There was no fortification, properly speaking, at the Balise. Fort St. Philip, on the river below the city, was small, out of repair, badly equipped and poorly munitioned. Back of the city there was pretty, picturesque Spanish Fort, a military bauble; a hasty battery had been thrown up where Bayou Chef Menteur joins Bayou Gentilly; and further out, on the Rigolets, was the little mud fort of Petites Coquilles (now Fort Pike). As every bayou from lake to river was, in high water, a high-road to the city, these had been closed and

rafted by order of the government; and by the same token, Bayou Manchac has remained closed ever since.

Vice-Admiral Cochrane promptly commenced his programme. Forty-five launches and barges, armed with carronades and manned by a thousand soldiers and sailors, were sent to clear the lakes of the American flag.

What the Americans called their fleet on the lakes consisted of six small gunboats, carrying thirty-five guns, commanded by Lieutenant T. Ap Catesby Jones. These had been sent by Commodore Patterson to observe the English fleet, and prevent if possible the landing of their troops. If pressed by a superior force, they were to fall back through the Rigolets upon Fort Petites Coquilles. In obeying his orders, Jones in vain tried to beat through the Rigolets, with the current against him; his boats were carried into the narrow channel between Malheureux Island and Point Clear, where they stuck in the mud. Jones anchored therefore in as close line as he could, across the channel; and after a spirited address to his force of one hundred and eighty-two men, awaited the attack.

It was about ten o'clock of a beautiful December morning. The early fog lifted to show the British halting for breakfast, gay, careless, and light-hearted as if on a picnic party. The surface of the lake was without a ripple, the blue heavens without a cloud. At a signal the advance was resumed. On the flotilla came, in the beautiful order and in the perfect line and time with which the sturdy English oarsmen had pulled it through the thirty-six miles, without pause or break, from Ship Island; each boat with its glittering brass carronade at its prow, its serried files of scarlet uniforms and dazzling crest of bayonets, and the six oars on each side flashing in and out of the water.

The American boats lay silent, quiet, apparently lifeless. Then a flash, a roar, and a shot went crashing through the scarlet line. With an answer from their carronades, the British barges leaped forward and clinched with the gunboats. It was musket to musket, pistol to pistol, cutlass to cutlass, man to man; with shouts and cries, taunts and imprecations, and the steady roar throughout of the American cannon, cutting with deadly aim into the open British barges, capsizing, sinking them,—the water spotting with struggling red uniforms.

Two of the American boats were captured, and their guns turned against the others; and the British barges closing in, the American crews one by one were beaten below their own decks

and overpowered. By half-past twelve the British flag waved triumphant over Lake Borgne.

The British troops were forwarded in transports from the fleet to the Île des Pois, near the mouth of Pearl River: a bare little island and a desolate camp, where, with no tents, the men were drenched with dew and chilled with frosts during the night, and during the day parched with the sun; many died from it. From some fisherman it was learned that about fifty miles west of Île aux Pois there was a bayou that had not been closed and was not defended, and which was navigable by barges for twelve miles, where it joined a canal leading to a plantation on the river a few miles below the city. To test the accuracy of the information, Sir Alexander Cochrane dispatched a boat under charge of the Hon. Captain Spencer, son of the Earl of Spencer, to reconnoitre the route. Arrived at the Spanish fishermen's village on the banks of Bayou Bienvenu, the young captain and a companion, disguising themselves in the blue shirts and tar-paulins of fishermen, paddled in a pirogue through the bayou and canal (Villeré's), walked to the Mississippi, took a drink of its waters, surveyed the country, interviewed some negroes; and returned with the report that the route was not only practicable but easy.

Sixteen hundred men and two cannon were embarked immediately for the bayou. The sky was dark and lowering; heavy rains fell during the whole day; the fires of charcoal, which could be kept burning in daylight, were extinguished at night; and the sharp frost cramped the soldiers into numbness. A detail sent in advance on a reconnaissance surprised and captured four pickets, who were held at the mouth of the bayou until the flotilla came up to it. One of the prisoners, a Creole gentleman, was presented to Sir Alexander Cochrane, the British commander,—a rough-looking, white-haired old gentleman, dressed in plain and much-worn clothing; and to General Keane, a tall, youthful, black-whiskered man in military undress. Their shrewd cross-questioning extracted from the Creole only the false statement that Jackson's forces in the city amounted to twelve thousand men, and that he had stationed four thousand at English Turn. As the untruth had been preconcerted, it was confirmed by the other prisoners, and believed by the British officers.

At dawn the barges entered the bayou. The English sailors standing to their oars, pushed their heavy loads through the

tortuous shallow water. By nine o'clock the detachment was safe on shore. "The place," writes the English authority, an officer during the campaign, "was as wild as it is possible to imagine. Gaze where we might, nothing could be seen except a huge marsh covered with tall reeds. The marsh became gradually less and less continuous, being intersected by wide spots of firm ground; the reeds gave place by degrees to wood, and the wood to inclosed fields."

The troops landed, formed into columns, and pushing after the guides and engineers, began their march. The advance was slow and toilsome enough to such novices in swamping. But cypresses, palmettos, cane-brakes, vines, and mire were at last worried through; the sun began to brighten the ground, and the front ranks, quickening their step, broke joyfully into an open field near the expected canal. Beyond a distant orange grove, the buildings of the Villeré plantation could be seen. Advancing rapidly along the side of the canal and under cover of the orange grove, a company gained the buildings, and spreading out, surrounded them. The surprise was absolute. Major Villeré and his brother, sitting on the front gallery of their residence, jumped from their chairs at the sight of the red-coats before them; their rush to the other side of the house only showed them that they were bagged.

Secured in one of his own apartments, under guard of British soldiers, the young Creole officer found in his reflections the spur to a desperate attempt to save himself and his race from a suspicion of disloyalty to the United States, which under the circumstances might easily be directed against them by the Americans. Springing suddenly through his guards, and leaping from a window, he made a rush for the high fence that inclosed the yard, throwing down the soldiers in his way. He cleared the fence at a bound, and ran across the open field that separated him from the forest. A shower of musket-balls fell around him. "Catch or kill him!" was shouted behind him. But the light, agile Creole, with the Creole hunter's training from infancy, was more than a match for his pursuers in such a race as that. He gained the woods, a swamp,—while they were crossing the field, spreading out as they ran to shut him in. He sprang over the boggy earth, into the swamp; until his feet, sinking deeper and deeper, clogged and stuck. The Britons were gaining; had reached the swamp. He could hear them panting and blowing,

and the orders which made his capture inevitable. There was but one chance: he sprang up a cypress-tree, and strove for the thick moss and branches overhead. Half-way up, he heard a whimpering below. It was the voice of his dog, his favorite setter, whining, fawning, and looking up to him with all the pathos of brute fidelity. There was no choice; it was her life or his, and with his, perhaps the surprise and capture of the city. Dropping to the earth, he seized a billet of wood and aimed one blow between the setter's devoted eyes; with the tears in his own eyes, he used to relate. To throw the body to one side, snatch some brush over it, spring to the tree again, was the work of an instant. As he drew the moss around his crouching figure and stilled his hard breathing, the British floundered past. When they abandoned their useless search, he slid from his covert, pushed through the swamp to the next plantation, and carried the alarm at full speed to the city.

The British troops moved up the road along the levee, to the upper line of the plantation, and took their position in three columns. Headquarters were established in the Villeré residence, in the yard of which a small battery was thrown up. They were eight miles from the city and separated from it by fifteen plantations, large and small. By pushing forward, General Keane in two hours could have reached the city; and the battle of New Orleans would have taken place then and there, and most probably a different decision would have been wrested from victory. The British officers strongly urged this bold line of action; but Keane, believing the statement that General Jackson had an army of about fifteen thousand in New Orleans, a force double his own, feared being cut off from the fleet. He therefore concluded to delay his advance until the other divisions came up. This was on the twenty-third day of December.

"Gentlemen," said Jackson to his aides and secretaries, at half-past one o'clock, when Villeré had finished his report, "the British are below: we must fight them to-night."

He issued his orders summoning his small force from their various posts. Plauche's battalion was two miles away at Bayou St. John, Coffee five miles off at Avart's, the colored battalion at Gentilly. They were commanded to proceed immediately to Montreuil's plantation below the city, where they would be joined by the regulars. Commodore Patterson was directed to get the gunboat Carolina under way. As the Cathedral clock was striking three, from every quarter of the city troops were seen coming

at a quickstep through the streets, each company with its own vernacular music, 'Yankee Doodle,' 'La Marseillaise,' 'Le Chant du Depart.' The ladies and children crowded the balconies and windows to wave handkerchiefs and applaud; the old men stood upon the banquettes waving their hats, and with more sorrow in eyes and heart over their impotence than age had ever yet wrung from them.

Jackson, on horseback, with the regulars drawn up at his right, waited at the gate of Fort St. Charles to review the troops as they passed. The artillery were already below, in possession of the road. The first to march down after them were Beale's Rifles,—or as New Orleans calls them, Beale's famous Rifles,—in their blue hunting-shirts and citizens' hats, their long-bores over their shoulders; sharpshooters and picked shots every one of them; all young, active, intelligent volunteers, from the best in the professional and business circles, asking but one favor, the post of danger. At a hand gallop, and with a cloud of dust, came Hinds's dragoons, delighting General Jackson by their gallant, dare-devil bearing. After them Jackson's companion in arms, the great Coffee, trotted at the head of his mounted gun-men, with their long hair and unshaved faces, in dingy woolen hunting-shirts, copperas-dyed trousers, coonskin caps, and leather belts stuck with hunting-knives and tomahawks. "Forward at a gallop!" was Coffee's order, after a word with General Jackson, and so they disappeared. Through a side street marched a gay, varied mass of color; men all of a size, but some mere boys in age, with the handsome, regular features, flashing eyes, and unmistakable martial bearing of the French. "Ah! here come the brave Creoles," cries Jackson; and Plauche's battalion, which had come in on a run from Bayou St. John, stepped gallantly by.

And after these, under their white commander, defiled the freemen of color, and then passed down the road a band of a hundred Choctaw Indians in their war paint; last of all, the regulars. Jackson still waited, until a small dark schooner left the opposite bank of the river and slowly moved down the current. This was the Carolina, under Commodore Patterson. Then Jackson clapped spurs to his horse, and followed by his aides, galloped after his army.

The veteran corps took the patrol of the now deserted streets. The ladies retired from balcony and window, with their brave smiles and fluttering handkerchiefs; and hastening to their respective posts, assembled in coteries to prepare lint and bandages,

and cut and sew; for many of their defenders and Jackson's warriors had landed on the levee in a ragged if not destitute condition. Before Jackson left Fort St. Charles, a message had been sent to him from one of these coteries, asking what they were to do in case the city was attacked. "Say to the ladies," he replied, "not to be uneasy. No British soldier shall ever enter the city as an enemy, unless over my dead body."

As the rumored war-cry of the British was "Beauty and Booty," many of the ladies, besides thimbles and needles, had provided themselves with small daggers, which they wore in their belts.

Here it is the custom of local pride to pause and enumerate the foes set in array against the men hastening down the levee road.

First, always, there was that model regiment the Ninety-third Highlanders, in their bright tartans and kilts; men chosen for stature and strength, whose broad breasts, wide shoulders, and stalwart figures widened their ranks into a formidable appearance. The Prince of Orange and his staff had journeyed from London to Plymouth to review them before they embarked. Then there were six companies of the Ninety-fifth Rifles; the famous Rifle Brigade of the Peninsular campaign; the Fourteenth Regiment, the Duchess of York's Light Dragoons; two West-Indian regiments, with artillery, rocket brigade, sapper and engineer corps—in all four thousand three hundred men, under command of Major-General John Keane, a young officer whose past reputation for daring and gallantry has been proudly kept bright by the traditions of his New Orleans foes. To these were added General Ross's three thousand men, fresh from their brilliant Baltimore and Washington raid. Choice troops they were: the gallant and distinguished Fourth, or King's Own; the Forty-fourth, East Essex Foot; the Eighty-fifth, Buck Volunteers, commanded by one of the most brilliant officers in the British service, Colonel William Thornton; the Twenty-first Royal, North British Fusileers,—with the exception of the Black Regiments and the Highlanders, all tried veterans, who had fought with Wellington through his Peninsular campaign, from the beginning to his triumphant entry into France.

Only the first boat loads, eighteen hundred men, were in Villeré's field on the afternoon of the twenty-third. They lay around their bivouac fires, about two hundred yards from the levee,

enjoying their rest and the digestion of the bountiful supper of fresh meat, poultry, milk, eggs, and delicacies, which had been added to their rations by a prompt raid on the neighboring plantations. General Keane and Colonel Thornton paced the gallery of the Villeré house, glancing at each turn towards the wood, for the sight of the coming of the next division of the army.

The only hostile demonstration during the afternoon had been the firing of the outpost upon a reconnoitring squad of dragoons, and a bold dash down the road of a detachment of Hinds's horsemen,—who, after a cool, impudent survey of the British camp, had galloped away again under a volley from the Rifles.

Darkness gathered over the scene. The sentinels were doubled, and officers walked their rounds in watchful anxiety. About seven o'clock some of them observed a boat stealing slowly down the river. From her careless approach, they thought she must be one of their own cruisers which had passed the forts below and was returning from a reconnaissance of the river. She answered neither hail nor musket shot, but steered steadily on, veering in close ashore until her broadside was abreast of the camp. Then her anchor was let loose, and a loud voice was heard: "Give them this, for the honor of America." A flash lighted the dark hulk, and a tornado of grape and musket shot swept the levee and field. It was the Carolina and Commodore Patterson: volley after volley followed with deadly rapidity and precision; the sudden and terrible havoc threw the camp into blind disorder. The men ran wildly to and fro seeking shelter, until Thornton ordered them to get under cover of the levee. There, according to the British version, they lay for an hour. The night was so black that not an object could be distinguished at the distance of a yard. The bivouac fires, beat about by the enemy's shot, burned red and dull in the deserted camp.

A straggling fire of musketry in the direction of the pickets gave warning of a closer struggle. It paused a few moments, then a fearful yell, and the whole heavens seemed ablaze with musketry. The British thought themselves surrounded. Two regiments flew to support the pickets; another, forming in close column, stole to the rear of the encampment and remained there as a reserve. After that, all order, all discipline, were lost. Each officer, as he succeeded in collecting twenty or thirty men about him, plunged into the American ranks, and began the fight that Pakenham reported as—"A more extraordinary conflict

has perhaps never occurred: absolutely hand to hand, both officers and men."

Jackson had marshaled his men along the line of a plantation canal (the Rodriguez Canal), about two miles from the British. He himself led the attack on their left. Coffee, with the Tennesseans, Hinds's dragoons, and Beale's rifles, skirting along the edge of the swamp, made the assault on their right. The broadside from the Carolina was the signal to start. It was on the right that the fiercest fighting was done. Coffee ordered his men to be sure of their aim, to fire at a short distance, and not to lose a shot. Trained to the rifle from childhood, the Tennesseans could fire faster and more surely than any mere soldier could ever hope to do. Wherever they heard the sharp crack of a British rifle, they advanced; and the British were as eager to meet them. The short rifle of the English service proved also no match for the long-bore of the Western hunters. When they came to close quarters, neither side having bayonets, they clubbed their guns, to the ruin of many a fine weapon. But the canny Tennesseans, rather than risk their rifles, their own property, used for close quarters their long knives and tomahawks, whose skillful handling they had learned from the Indians.

The second division of the British troops, coming up the Bayou, heard the firing, and pressing forward with all speed, arrived in time to reinforce their right; but the superiority in numbers which this gave them was more than offset by the guns of the Carolina, which maintained their fire during the action, and long after it was over.

A heavy fog, as in Homeric times, obscuring the field and the combatants, put an end to the struggle. Jackson withdrew his men to Rodriguez Canal; the British fell back to their camp.

A number of prisoners were made on both sides. Among the Americans taken were a handful of New Orleans's most prominent citizens, who were sent to the fleet at Ship Island. The most distinguished prisoner made by the Americans was Major Mitchell of the Ninety-fifth Rifles; and to his intense chagrin he was forced to yield his sword, not to regulars, but to Coffee's uncouth Tennesseans. It was this feeling that dictated his answer to Jackson's courteous message requesting that he would make known any requisite for his comfort: "Return my compliments to General Jackson, and say that as my baggage will reach me in a few days I shall be able to dispense with his polite attentions."

The chronicler of the anecdote aptly adds, that had the major persisted in this rash determination, he would never have been in a condition to partake of the hospitalities which were lavished upon him during his detention in New Orleans and Natchez, where the prisoners were sent. On his way to Natchez he became the guest at a plantation famed for its elegance and luxury. At the supper table he met the daughter of the house, a young Creole girl as charming and accomplished as she was beautiful. Speaking French fluently, he was soon engaged in a lively conversation with her. She mentioned with enthusiasm a party of Tennesseans entertained by her father a few days before. Still smarting from his capture, the major could not refrain from saying: "Mademoiselle, I am astonished that one so refined could find pleasure in the society of such rude barbarians." "Major," she replied with glowing face, "I had rather be the wife of one of those hardy, coarsely clad men, who have marched two thousand miles to fight for the honor of their country, than wear a coronet."

To return to the battle-field. The Rodriguez Canal, with its embankment, formed a pretty good line of fortifications in itself. Jackson, without the loss of an hour's time, sent to the city for spades and picks, and set his army to work deepening the canal and strengthening the embankment. For the latter, any material within reach was used: timber, fence rails, bales of cotton (which is the origin of the myth that he fought behind ramparts of cotton bales). His men, most of them handling a spade for the first and last time in their lives, dug as they had fought a few hours before,—every stroke aimed to tell.

General Jackson established his headquarters in the residence of the Macarty plantation, within two hundred yards of his intrenchments.

The British passed a miserable night. Not until the last fire was extinguished, and the fog completely veiled the field, did the Carolina cease her firing and move to the other side of the river. The men, shivering on the damp ground, exposed to the cold moist atmosphere, with now none but their scant half-spoiled rations, were depressed and discouraged; and the officers were more anxious and uncertain than ever, and more completely in error as to the force opposed to them. From the intrepidity and boldness of the Americans, they imagined that at least five thousand had been in the field that night. Other observations

strengthened this misapprehension: each volunteer company, with its different uniform, represented to military minds so many different regiments, a tenfold multiplication of the Americans. Besides, in the din of commands, cries, and answers, as much French was heard as English. The truth began to dawn upon the British, that much as the Creoles hated the Americans, they were not going to allow a foreign invader to occupy a land which they considered theirs by right of original discovery, occupation, and development, whatever might be the flag or form of government over them.

The dawning of the twenty-fourth disclosed in the river another vessel, the Louisiana, in position near the Carolina; and all day the camp lay helpless under their united cannonading. A gloomier Christmas-tide, as our genial chronicler Walker puts it, could hardly be imagined for the sons of Merrie England. Had it been in the day of the cable, they would have known that their hardships and bloodshed were over; that at that very date, the twenty-fourth of December, the peace that terminated the war between the two contending countries was being signed in Ghent. The unexpected arrival, however, on Christmas Day, of the new commander-in-chief, Sir Edward Pakenham, accompanied by a distinguished staff, sent through the hearts of the British a thrill of their wonted all-conquering confidence; and the glad cheers of welcome that greeted Sir Edward from his old companions in arms and veterans of the Peninsula rang over into the American camp.

Well might Jackson's men, as they heard it, bend with more dogged determination over their spades and picks. Sir Edward Pakenham was too well known, in a place so heavily populated from Europe as New Orleans was, not to make the thrill of joy in his own army a thrill of apprehension in an opposing one. It is perhaps from this thrill of apprehension at that moment in their breasts that dates the pride of the people of New Orleans in Pakenham, and the affectionate tribute of homage which they always interrupt their account of the glorious eighth to pay to him.

The son of the Earl of Longford, he came from a family which had been ennobled for its military qualities. From his lieutenancy he had won every grade by some perilous service, and generally at the cost of a wound; few officers, even of that hard-fighting day, had encountered so many perils and hardships,

and had so many wounds to show for them. He had fought side by side with Wellington (who was his brother-in-law) through the Peninsular War; he headed the storming party at Badajoz, actually the second man to mount one of the ladders; and as brigadier of the Old Fighting Third, under Picton, in the absence by illness of his chief, he led the charge at Salamanca, which gained the victory for England and won him his knighthood. An earldom and the governorship of Louisiana, it is said, had been promised him as the reward of his American expedition,—an expedition which the government had at first seriously contemplated confiding to no less a leader than the Iron Duke himself.

Sir Edward's practiced eye soon took in the difficulties and embarrassments of the British position. His council of war was prolonged far into the night; and among the anxiously waiting subalterns outside, the rumor was whispered that their chief was so dissatisfied after receiving Keane's full report that he had but little hope of success, and that he even thought of withdrawing the army and making a fresh attempt in another quarter. But the sturdy veteran Sir Alexander Cochrane would hear of no such word as fail. "If the army," he said, "shrinks from the task, I will fetch the sailors and marines from the fleet, and with them storm the American lines and march to the city. The soldiers can then," he added, "bring up the baggage."

The result of the council was the decision, first to silence the Carolina and Louisiana, then to carry the American lines by storm. All the large cannon that could be spared were ordered from the fleet; and by the night of the twenty-sixth a powerful battery was planted on the levee. The next morning it opened fire on the vessels, which answered with broadsides; a furious cannonading ensued. Pakenham, standing in full view on the levee, cheered his artillerists. Jackson, from the dormer window of the Macarty mansion, kept his telescope riveted on his boats. The bank of the river above and below the American camp was lined with spectators watching with breathless interest the tempest of cannon-balls, bursting shells, hot shot, and rockets, pouring from levee and gunboats. In half an hour the Carolina was struck, took fire, and blew up. The British gave three loud cheers. The Louisiana strained every nerve to get out of reach of the terrible battery now directed full upon her; but with wind and current against her she seemed destined to the fate of the Carolina, when her officers bethought them of towing, and so

moved her slowly up-stream. As she dropped her anchors opposite the American camp, her crew gave three loud cheers in defiant answer to the British. That evening the British army, in two columns, under Keane and Gibbs, moved forward: the former by the levee road, the latter under cover of the woods, to within six hundred yards of the American lines, where they encamped for the night. But there was little sleep or rest for them. The American riflemen, with individual enterprise, bushwhacked them without intercession, driving in their outposts and picking off picket after picket,—a mode of warfare that the English, fresh from Continental etiquette, indignantly branded as barbarous.

Jackson, with his telescope, had seen from the Macarty house the line of Pakenham's action, and set to work to resist it, giving his aides a busy night's work. He strengthened his battery on the levee, added a battery to command the road, reinforced his infantry, and cut the levee so that the rising river would flood the road. The Mississippi proved recreant, however, and fell instead of rising; and the road remained undamaged.

The American force now consisted of four thousand men and twenty pieces of artillery, not counting the always formidable guns of the Louisiana, commanding the situation from her vantage ground of the river. The British columns held eight thousand men.

The morning was clear and frosty; the sun, breaking through the mists, shone with irradiating splendor. The British ranks advanced briskly, in a new elation of spirits after yesterday's success. Keane marched his column as near the levee as possible, and under screen of the buildings of the two plantations, Bienvenu's and Chalmette's, intervening between him and the American line; Gibbs hugged the woods on the right. The Ninety-fifth extended across the field, in skirmishing order, meeting Keane's men on their right. Pakenham, with his staff and a guard composed of the Fourteenth Dragoons, rode in the centre of the line so as to command a view of both columns. Just as Keane's column passed the Bienvenu buildings, the Chalmette buildings were blown up; and then the general saw, through his glasses, the mouths of Jackson's large cannon completely covering his column. And these guns, as our authority states, were manned as guns are not often manned on land. Around one of the twenty-four-pounders stood a band of red-shirted, bewhiskered, desperate-looking men, begrimed with smoke and mud:

they were the Baratarians, who had answered Jackson's orders by running in all the way from their fort on Bayou St. John that morning. The other battery was in charge of the practiced crew of the destroyed Carolina. Preceded by a shower of rockets, and covered by the fire from the artillery in front and their battery on the levee, the British army advanced, solid, cool, steady, beautiful in the rhythm of their step and the glitter of their uniforms and equipments, moving as if on dress parade,—to the Americans a display of the beauty and majesty of power such as they had never seen.

The great guns of the Baratarians and of the crew of the Carolina and those of the Louisiana flashed forth almost simultaneously, and all struck full in the scarlet ranks. The havoc was terrible. For a time Keane held his men firm in a vain display of valor, under the pitiless destructive fire, no shot or bullet missing its aim or falling short. Then the Americans saw the heaving columns change to a thin red streak, which disappeared from view as under the wand of an enchanter, the men dropping into the ditches, burying head and shoulders in the rushes on the banks. Pakenham's face grew dark and gloomy at the sight. Never before, it is said, had a British soldier in his presence quailed before an enemy or sought cover from a fire.

Gibbs had fared no better. He who had led the storming party against Fort Cornelius, who had scaled the parapets of Badajoz and the walls of St. Sebastian, could not but despise the low levee and the narrow ditch of the American fortifications; but after one ineffectual dash at the enemy's lines, his men could be brought to accomplish nothing, remaining inactive in the shelter of the woods until ordered to retire. As the American batteries continued to sweep the field, the British troops could be withdrawn only by breaking into small squads and so escaping to the rear. Sir Thomas Trowbridge, dashing forward with a squad of seamen to the dismounted guns, succeeded with incredible exertion in tying ropes to them and drawing them off.

The British army remained on the Bienvenu plantation. Pakenham and his staff rode back to their headquarters at Villeré's. Another council of war was called. Pakenham's depression was now quite evident, but the stout-hearted Cochrane again stood indomitably firm. He showed that their failure thus far was due to the superiority of the American artillery. They must supply this deficiency by bringing more large guns from the fleet, and

equip a battery strong enough to cope with the few old guns of the Americans. It was suggested that the Americans were intrenched. "So must we be," he replied promptly. It was determined therefore to treat the American lines as regular fortifications, by erecting batteries against them and so attempting to silence their guns. Three days were consumed in the herculean labor of bringing the necessary guns from the fleet. While the British were thus employed, Commodore Patterson constructed a battery on the opposite side of the river, equipped it with cannon from the Louisiana, and manned it by an impressment of every nautical-looking character to be found in the sailor boarding-houses of New Orleans, gathering together as motley a corps as ever fought under one flag: natives of all countries except Great Britain, speaking every language except that of their commander.

On the night of the thirty-first, one half of the British army marched silently to within about four hundred yards of Jackson's line, where they stacked their arms and went to work with spades and picks under the superintendence of Sir John Burgoyne. The night was dark; silence was rigidly enforced; officers joined in the work. Before the dawn of New Year 1815, there faced the American lines three solid *demilunes*, at nearly equal distances apart, armed with thirty pieces of heavy ordnance, furnished with ammunition for six hours, and served by picked gunners of the fleet, veterans of Nelson and Collingswood. As soon as their work was completed, the British infantry fell back to the rear and awaited anxiously the beginning of operations, ready to take advantage of the expected breach in the American works. The sailors and artillerists stood with lighted matches behind their redoubts. A heavy fog hung over the field, so that neither army could see twenty yards ahead. In the American camp, a grand parade had been ordered. At an early hour the troops were astir, in holiday cleanliness and neatness. The different bands sounded their bravest strains; the various standards of the regiments and companies fluttered gayly in the breeze. The British had one glance at it, as the fog rolled up, and then their cannon crashed through the scene. For a moment the American camp trembled; and there was confusion, not of panic, but of men rushing to their assigned posts. By the time the British smoke cleared, every man was in his place, and as the British batteries came into view their answer was ready for them. Jackson strode

down the line, stopping at each battery, waving his cap as the men cheered him.

During the fierce cannonade the cotton bales in the American breastworks caught fire, and there was a moment of serious peril to that part of the line; but they were dragged out and cast into the trench. The English were no happier in their use of hogsheads of sugar in their redoubts, the cannon-balls perforating them easily and demolishing them.

In an hour and a half the British fire began to slacken; and as the smoke lifted, it was seen that their intrenchments were beaten in, the guns exposed, and the gunners badly thinned. Not long after, their batteries were completely silenced and their parapets leveled with the plain. The British battery on the levee had with their hot shot kept the Louisiana at a distance; but now, the Americans turning their attention to it, that battery was reduced to the same condition as the redoubts.

The English army again retired, baffled; and during the night, such of their guns as had not been destroyed were removed. The soldiers did not conceal their discouragement. For two whole days and nights there had been no rest in camp, except for those that were cool enough to sleep in a shower of cannon-balls. From the general down to the meanest sentinel, all had suffered in the severe strain of fatigue. They saw that they were greatly overmatched in artillery, their provisions were scant and coarse, they had, properly speaking, no rest at night, and sickness was beginning to appear.

Sir Edward had one more plan, one worthy of his bold character. It was to storm the American lines on both sides of the river, beginning with the right bank, which would enable the British to turn the conquered batteries on Jackson's lines, and drive him from his position and cut him off from the city.

By the 7th of January, with another heroic exertion, Villeré's canal was prolonged two miles to the river, and the barges to transport the troops to the other bank carried through. During the delay a reinforcement arrived, two fine regiments: Pakenham's own, the Seventh Fusileers, and the Forty-third under Major-General John Lambert, also one of Wellington's apprentices. Pakenham divided his army, now ten thousand strong, into three brigades, under command respectively of Generals Lambert, Gibbs, and Keane. His plan of attack was simple. Colonel Thornton, with fourteen hundred men, was to cross the river during the

night of the seventh, and steal upon and carry the American line before day. At a signal to be given by him, Gibbs was to storm the American left, whilst General Keane should threaten their right; Lambert held the reserve.

Jackson steadied himself for what he understood to be the last round in the encounter. He also had received a reinforcement. A few days before, the long-expected drafted militia of Kentucky, twenty-two hundred men, arrived; but arrived in a condition that made them a questionable addition to his strength. Hurried from their homes without supplies, they had traveled fifteen hundred miles without demur, under the impression that the government would plentifully furnish and equip them in New Orleans. Only about a third were armed, with old muskets, and nearly all of them were in want of clothing. The poor fellows had to hold their tattered garments together to hide their nakedness as they marched through the streets. The government of course did nothing. The citizens, acutely moved, raised a sum of sixteen thousand dollars and expended it for blankets and woolens. The latter were distributed among the ladies; and by them, in a few days, made into comfortable garments for their needy defenders.

The American force now amounted to about four thousand men on the left bank of the river. One division of it, the right, was commanded by General Ross; the other by General Coffee, whose line extended so far in the swamp that his men stood in the water during the day, and at night slept on floating logs made fast to trees,—every man "half a horse and half an alligator," as the song says. The artillery and the fortifications had been carefully strengthened and repaired. Another line of defense had been prepared a mile and a half in the rear, where were stationed all who were not well armed or were regarded as not able-bodied. A third line, for another stand in case of defeat, still nearer the city, was being vigorously worked upon.

Owing to the caving of the banks of the canal, Thornton could get only enough boats launched in the river to carry seven hundred of his men across; these the current of the Mississippi bore a mile and a half below the landing-place selected, and it was daylight before they reached there.

Gibbs and Keane marched their divisions to within sight of the dark line of the American breastworks, and waited impatiently for the signal of Thornton's guns. Not a sound could be heard

from him. In fact, he had not yet landed his men. Although sensible that concert of action with the troops on the right bank had failed, and that his movement was hopelessly crippled, Pakenham, obstinate, gallant, and reckless, would nevertheless not rescind his first orders. When the morning mists lifted, his columns were in motion across the field.

Gibbs was leading his division coolly and steadily through the grape-shot pouring upon it, when it began to be whispered among the men that the Forty-fourth, who were detailed for the duty, had not brought the ladders and fascines. Pakenham, riding to the front and finding it was true, ordered Colonel Mullen and the delinquent regiment back for them. In the confusion and delay, with his brave men falling all around him, the indignant Gibbs exclaimed furiously: "Let me live until to-morrow, and I'll hang him to the highest tree in that swamp!" Rather than stand exposed to the terrible fire, he ordered his men forward. "On they went," says Walker (who got his description from eye-witnesses), "in solid, compact order, the men hurrahing and the rocketers covering their front with a blaze of combustibles. The American batteries played upon them with awful effect, cutting great lanes through the column from front to rear, opening huge gaps in their flanks. . . . Still the column advanced without pause or recoil, steadily; then all the batteries in the American line, including Patterson's marine battery on the right bank, joined in hurling a tornado of iron missiles into that serried scarlet column, which shook and oscillated as if tossed on an angry sea. 'Stand to your guns!' cried Jackson; 'don't waste your ammunition, see that every shot tells;' and again, 'Give it to them, boys! Let us finish the business to-day.'"

On the summit of the parapet stood the corps of Tennessee sharpshooters, with their rifles sighted; and behind them, two lines of Kentuckians to take their places as soon as they had fired. The redcoats were now within two hundred yards of the ditch. "Fire! Fire!" Carroll's order rang through the lines. It was obeyed, not hurriedly, not excitedly, not confusedly, but calmly and deliberately, the men calculating the range of their guns. Not a shot was thrown away. Nor was it one or several discharges, followed by pauses and interruptions: it was continuous; the men firing, falling back, and advancing, with mechanical precision. The British column began to melt away under it like snow before a torrent; but Gibbs still led it on, and the

gallant Peninsula officers, throwing themselves in front, incited and aroused their men by every appeal and by the most brilliant examples of courage. "Where are the Forty-fourth," called the men, "with the fascines and ladders? When we get to the ditch we cannot scale the lines!" "Here come the Forty-fourth!" shouted Gibbs; "here come the Forty-fourth!" There came at least a detachment of the Forty-fourth, with Pakenham himself at the head, rallying and inspiring them, invoking their heroism in the past, reminding them of their glory in Egypt and elsewhere, calling them his countrymen, leading them forward, until they breasted the storm of bullets with the rest of the column. At this moment Pakenham's arm was struck by one ball, his horse killed by another. He mounted the small black Creole pony of his aide, and pressed forward. But the column had now reached the physical limit of daring. Most of the officers were cut down; there were not enough left to command. The column broke. Some rushed forward to the ditch; the rest fell back to the swamp. There they rallied, re-formed, and throwing off their knapsacks advanced again, and again were beaten back; their colonel scaling the breastworks and falling dead inside the lines.

Keane, judging the moment had come for him to act, now wheeled his line into column and pushed forward with the Ninety-third in front. The gallant, stalwart Highlanders, with their heavy, solid, massive front of a hundred men, their muskets glittering in the morning sun, their tartans waving in the air, strode across the field and into the hell of bullets and cannon-balls. "Hurrah! brave Highlanders!" Pakenham cried to them, waving his cap in his left hand. Fired by their intrepidity, the remnant of Gibbs's brigade once more came up to the charge, with Pakenham on the left and Gibbs on the right.

A shot from one of the American big guns crashed into them, killing and wounding all around. Pakenham's horse fell; he rolled into the arms of an officer who sprang forward to receive him; a grape-shot had passed through his thigh; another ball struck him in the groin. He was borne to the rear, and in a few moments breathed his last under an oak. The bent and twisted venerable old tree still stands; Pakenham's oak, it is called.

Gibbs, desperately wounded, lingered in agony until the next day. Keane was carried bleeding off the field. There were no field officers now left to command or rally. Major Wilkinson, however,—we like to remember his name,—shouting to his men

to follow, passed the ditch, climbed up the breastworks, and was raising his head and shoulders over the parapet, when a dozen guns pointed against him riddled him with bullets. His mutilated body was carried through the American lines, followed by murmurs of sympathy and regret from the Tennesseans and Kentuckians. "Bear up, my dear fellow, you are too brave to die," bade a kind-hearted Kentucky major. "I thank you from my heart," faintly murmured the young officer; "it is all over with me. You can render me a favor. It is to communicate to my commander that I fell on your parapet, and died like a soldier and true Englishman."

The British troops at last broke, disorganized; each regiment leaving two-thirds dead or wounded on the field. The Ninety-third, which had gone into the charge nine hundred men strong, mustered after the retreat one hundred and thirty-nine. The fight had lasted twenty-five minutes.

Hearing of the death of Pakenham and the wounding of Gibbs and Keane, General Lambert advanced with the reserve. Just before he received his last wound, Pakenham had ordered one of his staff to call up the reserve; but as the bugler was about to sound the advance, his arm was struck with a ball and his bugle fell to the ground. The order, therefore, was never given; and the reserve marched up only to cover the retreat of the two other brigades.

At eight o'clock the firing ceased from the American lines; and Jackson, with his staff, slowly walked along his fortifications, stopping at each command to make a short address. As he passed, the bands struck up 'Hail Columbia'; and the line of men, turning to face him, burst into loud hurrahs.

But the cries of exultation died away into exclamations of pity and horror as the smoke ascended from the field. A thin, fine red line in the distance, discovered by glasses, indicated the position of General Lambert and the reserve. Upon the field, save the crawling, agonizing wounded, not a living foe was to be seen. From the American ditch, one could have walked a quarter of a mile on the killed and disabled. The course of the column could be distinctly traced by the broad red line of uniforms upon the ground. They fell in their tracks, in some places whole platoons together. Dressed in their gay uniforms, cleanly shaved and attired for the promised victory, there was not, as Walker says, a private among the slain whose aspect did not present

more of the pomp and circumstance of war than any of the commanders of their victors.

About noon, a British officer, with a trumpeter and a soldier bearing a white flag, approached the camp, bearing a written proposition for an armistice to bury the dead. It was signed "Lambert." General Jackson returned it, with a message that the signer of the letter had forgotten to designate his authority and rank, which was necessary before any negotiations could be entered into. The flag of truce retired to the British lines, and soon returned with the full signature, "John Lambert, Commander-in-Chief of the British forces."

On the right bank of the river it was the British who were victorious. The Americans, yielding to panic, fled disgracefully, as people with shame relate to this day. It was on this side of the river that the British acquired the small flag which hangs among the trophies of the Peninsular War, in Whitehall, with the inscription: "Taken at the battle of New Orleans, January 8, 1815." . . .

As soon as the armistice expired, the American batteries resumed their firing. Colonel Thornton with his men recrossed the river during the night of the eighth. From the ninth to the eighteenth a small squadron of the British fleet made an ineffectual attempt to pass Fort St. Philip. Had it timed its action better with Pakenham's, his defeat might at least have cost his enemies dearer.

On the 18th of January took place the exchange of prisoners, and New Orleans received again her sorely missed citizens. Although their detention from the stirring scenes of the camp formed in their lives one of the unforgivable offenses of destiny, their courteous, kindly, pleasant treatment by the British naval officers was one of the reminiscences which gilded the memories of the period.

Sir John Lambert's retreat was the ablest measure of the British campaign. To retire in boats was impracticable; there were not boats enough, and it was not safe to divide the army. A road was therefore opened, along the bank of the bayou, across the prairie to the lake: a severe and difficult task, that occupied nine days. All the wounded except those who could not be removed, the field artillery and stores, were placed in barges and conveyed to the fleet; the ship guns were spiked; and on the night of the eighteenth the army was stealthily and quietly

formed into column. The camp-fires were lighted as usual, the sentinels posted, each one provided with a stuffed dummy to put in his stead when the time came for him to join the march in the rear of the column. They marched all night, reaching the shores of Lake Borgne at break of day.

Early in the morning of the nineteenth, rumors of the retreat of the English began to circulate in the American camp. Officers and men collected in groups on the parapet to survey the British camp. It presented pretty much the same appearance as usual, with its huts, flags, and sentinels. General Jackson, looking through his telescope from Macarty's window, could not convince himself that the enemy had gone. At last General Humbert, one of Napoleon's veterans, was called upon for his opinion. He took a look through the telescope, and immediately exclaimed, "They are gone!" When asked the reason for his belief, he pointed to a crow flying very near one of the sentinels.

While a reconnoitring party was being formed, a flag of truce approached. It brought a courteous letter from General Lambert, announcing the departure of the British army, and soliciting the kind attentions of General Jackson to the sick and wounded, whom he was compelled to leave behind. The circumstances of these wounded men being made known in the city, a number of ladies drove immediately down the coast in their carriages with articles for their comfort.

The British fleet left the Gulf shores on the 17th of March. When it reached England, it received the news that Napoleon had escaped and that Europe was up again in arms. Most of the troops were at once re-embarked for Belgium, to join Wellington's army. General Lambert, knighted for gallantry at New Orleans, distinguished himself at Waterloo.

A handsome tablet in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, commemorates Pakenham's gallant life and heroic death.

Walker relates that the Duke of Wellington, after the battle of New Orleans, always cherished a great admiration for General Jackson, and when introduced to American visitors never failed to inquire after his health.

ALEXANDER WILLIAM KINGLAKE

(1809-1891)

KINGLAKE the historian did not turn literary man of set purpose. After a trip in the Orient he jotted down his reminiscences; talking, as he himself says, to a certain friend, rather than writing for the public. The resulting book, 'Eothen,' was a brilliant success: the author became famous at a bound. In after years his solid literary performance as historian of the Crimean war confirmed the position so easily won.

Alexander William Kinglake was the eldest son of a banker of Taunton, England, where Alexander was born August 5th, 1809. He was reared in a home of refinement, and as a lad was a notable horseman and had a taste for Homer. He went to Eton in due course, and thence in 1828 to Trinity College, Cambridge, where he was the friend of Thackeray and Tennyson. He got his B. A. in 1832, entered Lincoln's Inn, and was called to the bar in 1837. But before beginning his legal career he took the Eastern tour, from which he made literary capital by writing 'Eothen.' The book, which did not appear till 1844, is one of the most enjoyable chronicles of travel in English; full of picturesque description, quiet humor, and suggestive thought,—the whole seeming freshly, spontaneously thrown off, though in reality the work was several times rewritten. 'Eothen' is as far as possible removed from the conventional account of tourist doings. It gives in a charming way the personal and independent impressions of an Englishman of brains, culture, and literary gift. The style is at once easy and elegant. The success of the volume, coming in a day when travel-books were not so numerous as they now are, is not hard to understand.

Kinglake practiced law with only a desultory attention. The success of 'Eothen' made him think of further literary work; and a natural disposition towards travel and an interest in affairs military drew him in the direction of his master work, the Crimean history. In 1845 he went to Algiers, and accompanied the French general St. Arnaud



A. W. KINGLAKE

on his expedition in Algeria. In 1854 he joined the campaign in the Crimea, was present at a battle, and remained with the English army until the opening of the siege. This practical experience paved the way for his acceptance of Lady Raglan's proposal that he should write the history of the campaign, which her husband Lord Raglan conducted. He agreed to do so, and all papers were turned over to his care. Kinglake displayed the most painstaking care and diligence in working up his material, and was also conscientious in polishing his writing. The result is a work that is an authority in its field and an attractive piece of literature. There can be but one opinion with regard to the honesty, care of workmanship, and literary brilliancy which it shows. The historian at times enters too minutely into details, and he is frankly prejudiced; his disapproval of Napoleon III. coloring his view, while his belief in his friend Lord Raglan gives his account something of party bias. But with Kinglake the judgment is always based on moral principle. And he possessed some of the finest qualities of the history-writer. He could make historic scenes vivid and vital; he had sympathy, imagination, knowledge of his subject. His marshaling of events has coherence and unity. The human interest is strong in his pages. In fine, he is among the most readable of modern writers of history.

Kinglake served in Parliament as a Liberal from Bridgewater from 1857 to 1868: his influence was felt in worthy reforms. The preparation of his eight-volume history occupied him for thirty-four years, and it will remain his monument. 'The Invasion of the Crimea, its Origin, and an Account of its Progress down to the Death of Lord Raglan,' the first volume of which appeared in 1863 and the last in 1888, represents the life work of a writer of force and originality. Kinglake was a man of charming personality. His final illness, a cancer of the tongue, was borne with great courage; his death occurring on January 2d, 1891. His dislike of the parading of one's private life is shown in his instructions to his literary executor that none of the manuscripts he left should be published.

THE DESERT

From 'Eothen'

AS LONG as you are journeying in the interior of the desert, you have no particular point to make for as your resting-place.

The endless sands yield nothing but small stunted shrubs: even these fail after the first two or three days; and from that time you pass over broad plains — you pass over newly reared

SONG OF BEOWULF.

The "Song of Beowulf" is the name of a poem of epic character, which relates the heroic deeds of Beowulf, Prince of the Gaetas, especially his struggle with the Grendel, a grizzly monster of the fens and moors, as well as with his mother, both of whom he overcame, and a long time after with a dragon, which victory cost him his life.

The only manuscript in existence is an incorrectly written parchment codex now in the British Museum, which once belonged to Robert Cotton and was much damaged in the burning of the Cottonian library in 1731. The poem consists of 6356 short alliterative verses, and is the oldest large poem in any Teutonic tongue. With some few exceptions its language is pure literary Anglo-Saxon of Sussex and the poem must be referred to a very early stage of Anglo-Saxon culture, when Christianity, although introduced, had not yet suppressed the fierce joy in fighting, in song and feasting and sea-faring, so characteristic of the old Norse heathendom. In its present form it is probably a product of the eighth century, but it is a re-writing of stories that belonged to the fifth century.

þa j sode punnon tanse ii
m. ðær leon for zeald.

ii.

þat ða neosian sýðan miht becom
nean huses hu hit hrimis dene æfter
oþi he se bim hæfdon. Fand þadær
ne æhelinga se dyr hit spefan æfter
mble sorgi ne cuðon ponscaft reia
hit un hælo sum 75 næðis se aro sona
æs heo 7re he ton næste senam hrimis
egna hanon eft se þat hude hrimis
coham fasan mid hæne pæl fylle rica
neosian. ða eft onuhican mid ær dæg
splendles 7ud craeft sumum un dyrne
vapen æfter piste pop up a haren micel
morisen spes mære heoden æhelingi ær god
un blide sæ holode ðryð spyd hegn sorgi
ðreah syð han hie hæf ladan last scau
pedon reisan 7a stes pær fise pin to
sepians lad 7 longsum næf hit lengna

hills—you pass through valleys that the storm of the last week has dug, and the hills and the valleys are sand, sand, sand, still sand, and only sand, and sand, and sand again. The earth is so samely that your eyes turn towards heaven—towards heaven, I mean, in the sense of sky. You look to the Sun, for he is your taskmaster, and by him you know the measure of the work that you have done and the measure of the work that remains for you to do; he comes when you strike your tent in the early morning, and then for the first hour of the day, as you move forward on your camel, he stands at your near side, and makes you know that the whole day's toil is before you;—then for a while and a long while you see him no more, for you are veiled and shrouded, and dare not look upon the greatness of his glory; but you know where he strides overhead, by the touch of his flaming sword. No words are spoken; but your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, your skin glows, your shoulders ache, and for sights you see the pattern and the web of the silk that veils your eyes, and the glare of the outer light. Time labors on: your skin glows, and your shoulders ache, your Arabs moan, your camels sigh, and you see the same pattern in the silk and the same glare of light beyond; but conquering Time marches on, and by-and-by the descending Sun has compassed the heaven, and now softly touches your right arm, and throws your lank shadow over the sand, right along on the way for Persia: then again you look upon his face, for his power is all veiled in his beauty, and the redness of flames has become the redness of roses; the fair, wavy cloud that fled in the morning now comes to his sight once more—comes blushing, yet still comes on—comes burning with blushes, yet hastens, and clings to his side.

Then arrives your time for resting. The world about you is all your own; and there where you will, you pitch your solitary tent: there is no living thing to dispute your choice. When at last the spot had been fixed upon, and we came to a halt, one of the Arabs would touch the chest of my camel, and utter at the same time a peculiar gurgling sound: the beast instantly understood, and obeyed the sign, and slowly sunk under me till she brought her body to a level with the ground; then gladly enough I alighted; the rest of the camels were unloaded, and turned loose to browse upon the shrubs of the desert, where shrubs there were, or where these failed, to wait for the small quantity of food which was allowed them out of our stores. . . .

At the beginning of my journey, the night breeze blew coldly; when that happened, the dry sand was heaped up outside round the skirts of the tent, and so the wind that everywhere else could sweep as he listed along those dreary plains was forced to turn aside in his course, and make way, as he ought, for the Englishman. Then within my tent there were heaps of luxuries,—dining-rooms, dressing-rooms, libraries, bedrooms, drawing-rooms, oratories,—all crowded into the space of a hearth-rug. The first night, I remember, with my books and maps about me, I wanted light; they brought me a taper, and immediately from out of the silent desert there rushed in a flood of life, unseen before. Monsters of moths of all shapes and hues, that never before perhaps had looked upon the shining of a flame, now madly thronged into my tent, and dashed through the fire of the candle till they fairly extinguished it with their burning limbs. Those who had failed in attaining this martyrdom suddenly became serious, and clung despondingly to the canvas.

By-and-by there was brought to me the fragrant tea, and big masses of scorched and scorching toast, that minded me of old Eton days, and the butter that had come all the way to me in this desert of Asia, from out of that poor, dear, starving Ireland. I feasted like a king,—like four kings,—like a boy in the fourth form.

When the cold, sullen morning dawned, and my people began to load the camels, I always felt loath to give back to the waste this little spot of ground that had glowed for a while with the cheerfulness of a human dwelling. One by one the cloaks, the saddles, the baggage, the hundred things that strewed the ground and made it look so familiar—all these were taken away and laid upon the camels. A speck in the broad tracts of Asia remained still impressed with the mark of patent portmanteaus and the heels of London boots; the embers of the fire lay black and cold upon the sand, and these were the signs we left.

My tent was spared to the last; but when all else was ready for the start, then came its fall: the pegs were drawn, the canvas shivered, and in less than a minute there was nothing that remained of my genial home but only a pole and a bundle. The encroaching Englishman was off; and instant, upon the fall of the canvas, like an owner who had waited and watched, the Genius of the Desert stalked in. . . .

I can understand the sort of amazement of the Orientals at the scantiness of the retinue with which an Englishman passes the desert; for I was somewhat struck myself when I saw one of my countrymen making his way across the wilderness in this simple style. At first there was a mere moving speck in the horizon; my party, of course, became all alive with excitement, and there were many surmises: soon it appeared that three laden camels were approaching, and that two of them carried riders; in a little while we saw that one of the riders wore the European dress, and at last the travelers were pronounced to be an English gentleman and his servant; by their side there were a couple, I think, of Arabs on foot: and this was the whole party.

You,—you love sailing: in returning from a cruise to the English coast, you see often enough a fisherman's humble boat far away from all shores, with an ugly black sky above and an angry sea beneath; you watch the grisly old man at the helm, carrying his craft with strange skill through the turmoil of waters, and the boy, supple-limbed, yet weather-worn already, and with steady eyes that look through the blast,—you see him understanding commands from the jerk of his father's white eyebrow, now belaying and now letting go, now scrunching himself down into mere ballast, or bailing out Death with a pipkin. Stale enough is the sight; and yet when I see it I always stare anew, and with a kind of Titanic exultation, because that a poor boat, with the brain of a man and the hands of a boy on board, can match herself so bravely against black Heaven and Ocean: well, so when you have traveled for days and days, over an Eastern desert, without meeting the likeness of a human being, and then at last see an English shooting-jacket and his servant come listlessly slouching along from out the forward horizon, you stare at the wide unproportion between this slender company and the boundless plains of sand through which they are keeping their way.

This Englishman, as I afterwards found, was a military man returning to his country from India, and crossing the desert at this part in order to go through Palestine. As for me, I had come pretty straight from England; and so here we met in the wilderness at about half-way from our respective starting-points. As we approached each other, it became with me a question whether we should speak. I thought it likely that the stranger would accost me; and in the event of his doing so, I was quite ready to

be as sociable and as chatty as I could be, according to my nature, but still I could not think of anything in particular that I had to say to him. Of course among civilized people the not having anything to say is no excuse at all for not speaking, but I was shy and indolent; and I felt no great wish to stop and talk like a morning visitor, in the midst of those broad solitudes. The traveler perhaps felt as I did; for except that we lifted our hands to our caps and waved our arms in courtesy, we passed each other as if we had passed in Bond Street. Our attendants, however, were not to be cheated of the delight that they felt in speaking to new listeners and hearing fresh voices once more. The masters, therefore, had no sooner passed each other than their respective servants quietly stopped and entered into conversation. As soon as my camel found that her companions were not following her, she caught the social feeling and refused to go on. I felt the absurdity of the situation, and determined to accost the stranger, if only to avoid the awkwardness of remaining stuck fast in the desert whilst our servants were amusing themselves. When with this intent I turned round my camel, I found that the gallant officer, who had passed me by about thirty or forty yards, was exactly in the same predicament as myself. I put my now willing camel in motion and rode up towards the stranger; who, seeing this, followed my example and came forward to meet me. He was the first to speak. He was much too courteous to address me as if he admitted of the possibility of my wishing to accost him from any feeling of mere sociability or civilian-like love of vain talk; on the contrary, he at once attributed my advances to a laudable wish of acquiring statistical information: and accordingly, when we got within speaking distance, he said, "I daresay you wish to know how the Plague is going on at Cairo?" And then he went on to say he regretted that his information did not enable him to give me in numbers a perfectly accurate statement of the daily deaths. He afterwards talked pleasantly enough upon other and less ghastly subjects. I thought him manly and intelligent; a worthy one of the few thousand strong Englishmen to whom the Empire of India is committed.

THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE

From 'The Invasion of the Crimea'

AT FIRST, as was natural, the enemy's gunners and riflemen were so far taken by surprise as to be hardly in readiness to seize the opportunity which Lord Cardigan was presenting to them; and indeed for some time the very extravagance of the operation masked its character from the intelligence of the enemy, preventing him from seeing at once that it must result from some stupendous mistake. But the Russians at length perceived that the distance between our Heavy Brigade and Lord Cardigan's squadrons was every moment increasing, and that, whatever might be the true meaning of the enterprise in which our Light Cavalry had engaged, the red squadrons were not under orders to give it that kind of support which the Englishman calls "thorough-going." This once understood, the enemy had fair means of inferring that the phenomenon of ten beautiful squadrons moving down the North Valley in well-ordered lines, was not the commencement of anything like a general advance on the part of the Allies, and might prove after all to be hardly the result of design. Accordingly, with more or less readiness, the forces on the Causeway Heights, the forces on the Fedioukine Hills, and the twelve-gun battery which crossed the lower end of the valley, became all prepared to inflict upon our Light Cavalry the consequences of the fault which propelled it. It is true that the main body of the Russian cavalry, drawn up in rear of the confronting battery, had been cowed by the result of its encounter with Scarlett's dragoons; but when that has been acknowledged as a qualification of what is coming, it may be said that the three sides of the quadrangle in which our cavalry moved were not only lined with Russians, but with Russians standing firm to their duty.

Soon the fated advance of the Light Brigade had proceeded so far as to begin to disclose its strange purpose: the purpose of making straight for the far distant battery which crossed the foot of the valley, by passing for a mile between two Russian forces; and this at such ugly distance from each as to allow of our squadrons going down under a doubly flanking fire of round shot, grape, and rifle-balls, without the opportunity of yet doing any manner of harm to their assailants. Then from the slopes

of the Causeway Heights on the one side and the Fedioukine Hills on the other, the Russian artillery brought its power to bear right and left, with an efficiency every moment increasing; and large numbers of riflemen on the slopes of the Causeway Heights, who had been placed where they were in order to cover the retreat of the Russian battalions, found means to take their part in the work of destroying our horsemen. Whilst Lord Cardigan and his squadrons rode thus under heavy cross-fire, the visible object they had straight before them was the white bank of smoke, from time to time pierced by issues of flame, which marks the site of a battery in action: for in truth the very goal that had been chosen for our devoted squadrons—a goal rarely before assigned to cavalry—was the front of a battery; the front of that twelve-gun battery, with the main body of the Russian cavalry in rear of it, which crossed the lower end of the valley: and so faithful, so resolute, was Lord Cardigan in executing this part of what he understood to be his appointed task, that he chose out one of the guns which he judged to be about the centre of the battery, rode straight at its fire, and made this from first to last his sole guiding star. . . .

Pressing always deeper and deeper into this pen of fire, the devoted brigade, with Lord Cardigan still at its head, continued to move down the valley. The fire the brigade was incurring had not yet come to be of that crushing sort which mows down half a troop in one instant, and for some time a steady pace was maintained. As often as a horse was killed or disabled or deprived of the rider, his fall or his plunge or his ungoverned pressure had commonly the effect of enforcing upon the neighboring chargers more or less of lateral movement, and in this way there was occasioned a slight distension of the rank in which the casualty had occurred; but in the next instant, when the troopers had ridden clear of the disturbing cause, they closed up, and rode on in a line as even as before, though reduced by the loss just sustained. The movement occasioned by each casualty was so constantly recurring, and so constantly followed by the same process,—the process of re-closing the ranks,—that to distant observers the alternate distension and contraction of the line seemed to have the precision and sameness which belong to mechanic contrivance. Of these distant observers there was one—and that too a soldier—who so felt to the heart the true import of what he saw, that in a paroxysm of admiration and grief he burst into

tears. In well-maintained order, but growing less every instant, our squadrons still moved down the valley.

Their pace for some time was firmly governed. When horsemen, too valorous to be thinking of flight, are brought into straits of this kind, their tendency is to be galloping swiftly forward, each man at the greatest pace he can exact from his own charger, thus destroying of course the formation of the line: but Lord Cardigan's love of strict uniform order was a propensity having all the force of a passion; and as long as it seemed possible to exert authority by voice or by gesture, the leader of this singular onset was firm in repressing the fault.

Thus when Captain White, of the 17th Lancers (who commanded the squadron of direction), became "anxious," as he frankly expressed it, "to get out of such a murderous fire, and into the guns," as being "the best of the two evils," and, endea-voring with that view to "force the pace," pressed forward so much as to be almost alongside of the chief's bridle-arm, Lord Cardigan checked this impatience by laying his sword across the captain's breast, telling him at the same time not to try to force the pace, and not to be riding before the leader of the brigade. Otherwise than for this, Lord Cardigan, from the first to the last of the onset, did not speak nor make sign. Riding straight and erect, he never once turned in his saddle with the object of getting a glance at the state of the squadrons which followed him; and to this rigid abstinence—giving proof as such abstinence did of an unbending resolve—it was apparently owing that the brigade never fell into doubt concerning its true path of duty, never wavered (as the best squadrons will, if the leader, for even an instant, appears to be uncertain of purpose), and was guiltless of even inclining to any default except that of failing to keep down the pace.

So far as concerned the first line, this task was now becoming more and more difficult. When the 13th Light Dragoons and the 17th Lancers had passed so far down the valley as to be under effective fire from the guns in their front, as well as from the flanks right and left, their lines were so torn, so cruelly reduced in numbers, as to be hardly any longer capable of retaining the corporate life or entity of the regiment, the squadron, the troop; and these aggregates began to resolve themselves into their component elements—that is, into brave, eager horsemen, growing fiercely impatient of a trial which had thus long denied them their vengeance, and longing to close with all speed upon the

guns which had shattered their ranks. The troopers here and there could no longer be restrained from darting forward in front of the officers; and the moment this license obtained, the ceremonious advance of the line was soon changed to an ungoverned onset. The racing spirit broke out; some striving to outride their comrades, some determining not to be passed.

In the course of the advance, Lieutenant Maxse, Lord Cardigan's second aide-de-camp, was wounded; and when the line had come down to within about a hundred yards of the guns, Sir George Wombwell, the extra aide-de-camp, had his horse killed under him. We shall afterwards see that this last casualty did not end the part which Wombwell was destined to take in the battle; but for the moment of course it disabled him, and there was no longer any staff officer in the immediate personal following of the general who led the brigade.

But although he rode singly, and although as we have seen he rigidly abstained from any retrograde glance, Lord Cardigan of course might infer from the tramp of the regiments close following, and from what (without turning in his saddle) he could easily see of their flanks, that the momentum now gathered and gathering was too strong to be moderated by a commander; and rightly perhaps avoiding the effort to govern it by voice or by gesture, he either became impatient himself, and drew the troops on more and more by first increasing his own speed, or else yielded (under necessity) to the impatience of the now shattered squadrons, and closely adjusted his pace to the flow of the torrent behind him. In one way or in the other, a right distance was always maintained between the leader and his first line. As before when advancing at a trot, so now whilst flinging themselves impetuously deep into the jaws of an army, these two regiments of the first line still had in their front the same rigid hussar for their guide, still kept their eyes fastened on the crimson-red overalls and the white near hind-leg of the chestnut which showed them the straight, honest way—the way down to the mouths of the guns. . . .

Lord Cardigan and his first line had come down to within about eighty yards of the mouths of the guns, when the battery delivered a fire from so many of its pieces at once as to constitute almost a salvo. Numbers and numbers of saddles were emptied: and along its whole length the line of the 13th Light Dragoons and 17th Lancers was subjected to the rending perturbation that

must needs be created in a body of cavalry by every man who falls slain or wounded; by the sinking and the plunging of every horse that is killed or disabled; and again by the wild, piteous intrusion of the riderless charger, appalled by his sudden freedom coming thus in the midst of a battle, and knowing not whether to rush unless he can rejoin his old troop and wedge himself into its ranks. It is believed by Lord Cardigan that this was the time when, in the 13th Light Dragoons, Captain Oldham, the commander of the regiment, and Captain Goad and Cornet Montgomery, and in the 17th Lancers, Captain Winter and Lieutenant Thompson, were killed; when Captain Robert White and Captain Webb and Lieutenant Sir William Gordon were struck down. The survivors of the first line who remained undisabled were feeble by this time, in numbers scarce more than some fifty or sixty; and the object they rode at was a line of twelve guns close supported by the main body of the Russian cavalry, whilst on their right flank as well as on their left there stood a whole mile's length of hostile array, comprising horse, foot, and artillery. But by virtue of innate warlike passion—the gift, it would seem, of high Heaven to chosen races of men—the mere half of a hundred, carried straight by a resolute leader, were borne on against the strength of the thousands. The few in their pride claimed dominion. Rushing clear of the havoc just wrought, and with Cardigan still untouched at their head, they drove thundering into the smoke which enfolded both the front of the battery and the masses of horsemen behind it. . . .

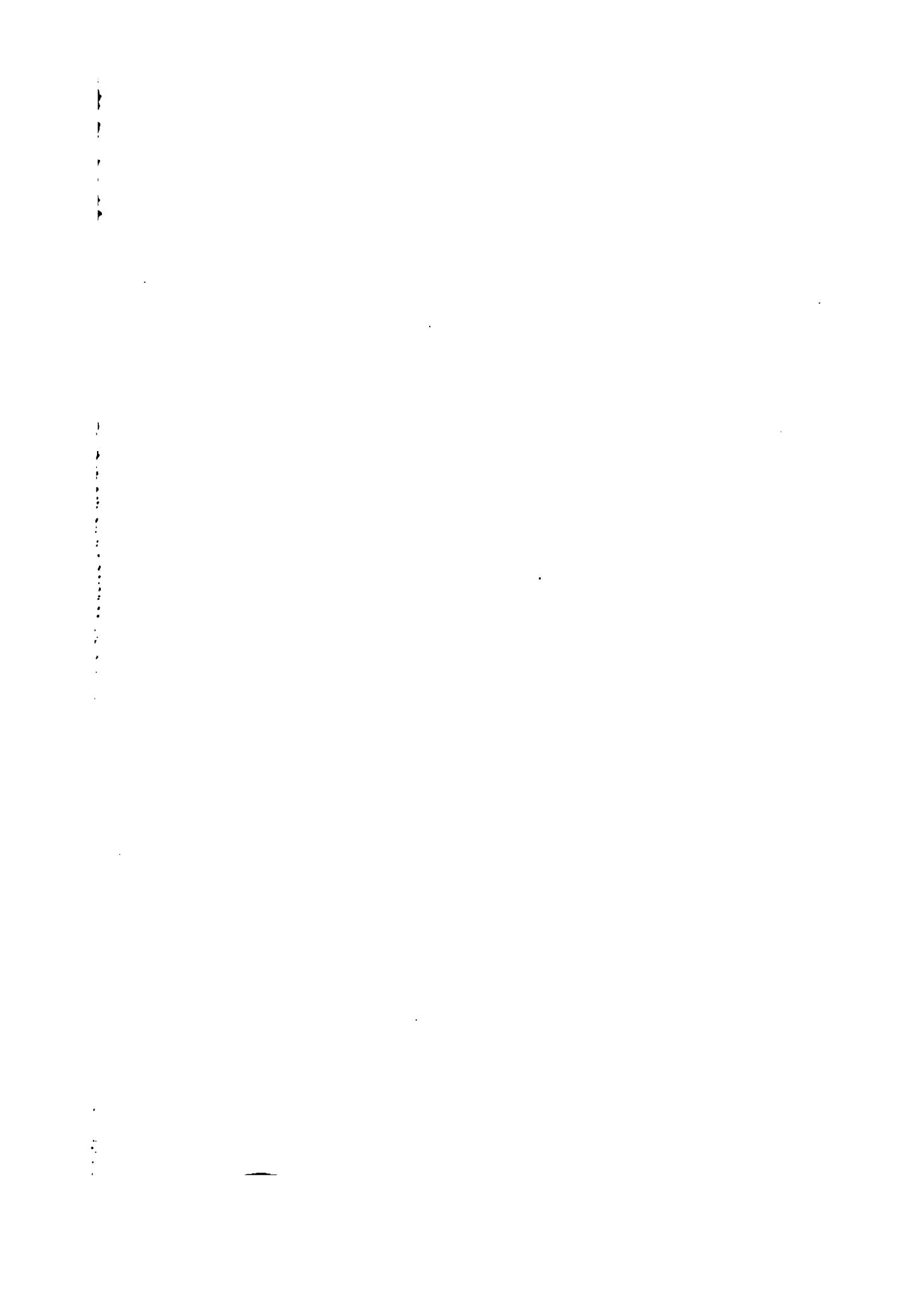
Lord Cardigan and his first line, still descending at speed on their goal, had rived their way dimly through the outer folds of the cloud which lay piled up in front of the battery; but then there came the swift moment when, through what remained of the dimness, men at last saw the brass cannons gleaming with their muzzles toward the chests of our horses; and visibly the Russian artillerymen—unappalled by the tramp and the aspect of squadrons driving down through the smoke—were as yet standing fast to their guns.

By the material obstacle which they offer to the onset of horsemen, field-pieces in action, with their attendant limber-carriages and tumbrils behind them, add so sure a cause of frustration to the peril that there is in riding at the mouths of the guns, that upon the whole the expedient of attacking a battery in front has been forbidden to cavalry leaders by a recognized

maxim of war. But the huge misconception of orders which had sent the brigade down this valley was yet to be fulfilled to its utmost conclusion; and the condition of things had now come to be such that whatever might be the madness (in general) of charging a battery in front, there by this time was no choice of measures. By far the greater part of the harm which the guns could inflict had already been suffered; and I believe that the idea of stopping short on the verge of the battery did not even present itself for a moment to the mind of the leader.

Lord Cardigan moved down at a pace which he has estimated at seventeen miles an hour, and already he had come to within some two or three horses'-lengths of the mouth of one of the guns,—a gun believed to have been a twelve-pounder; but then the piece was discharged, and its torrent of flame seemed to gush in the direction of his chestnut's off fore-arm. The horse was so governed by the impetus he had gathered, and by the hand and the heel of his rider, as to be able to shy only a little at the blaze and the roar of the gun; but Lord Cardigan being presently enwrapped in the new column of smoke now all at once piled up around him, some imagined him slain. He had not been struck. In the next moment, and being still some two horses'-lengths in advance of his squadrons, he attained to the long-sought battery, and shot in between two of its guns.

There was a portion of the 17th Lancers on our extreme left which outflanked the line of the guns, but with this exception the whole of Lord Cardigan's first line descended on the front of the battery: and as their leader had just done before them, so now our horsemen drove in between the guns; and some then at the instant tore on to assail the gray squadrons drawn up in rear of the tumbrils. Others stopped to fight in the battery, and sought to make prize of the guns. After a long and disastrous advance against clouds and invisible foes, they grasped, as it were, at reality. What before had been engines of havoc dimly seen, or only inferred from the jets of their fire and their smoke, were now burnished pieces of cannon with the brightness and the hue of red gold,—cannon still in battery, still hot with the slaughter of their comrades.



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